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Vol. 14 APRIL—JULY, 1921 No. 1-2

JOURNAL

OF THE

Illinois State Historical Society

DOUBLE NUMBER

Published Quarterly by the
Illinois State Historical Society
Springfield, Illinois

Entered at Washington, D. C. as Second Class Matter under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894 accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

[Printed by authority of the State of Illinois.]

SCHNEPP & BARNES, PRINTERS, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
71631—3M

684492

JOURNAL

OF THE

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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CONTENTS.

I.	Officers of the Society	vii
II.	An appeal to the Historical Society and the General Public	ix
III.	T. E. Musselman, A. M., A History of the Birds of Illinois	1
IV.	Charles S. Zane: Lincoln as I Knew Him	74
V.	Charles O. Paullin: Abraham Lincoln in Congress 1847-1849	85
VI.	Colby Beekman: Reminiscences of P. P. Grosboll	90
VII.	N. M. Baker: Pioneers of Macon County	92
VIII.	Mrs. Joseph C. Dole: Pioneers of Coles County	107
IX.	Edwin H. Van Patten: Brief History of David McCoy and Family	122
X.	Mrs. George Spangler: Tazewell and Woodford Counties. Early Marriages and Wills	133
XI.	Lillian Ewertsen: Camp Roosevelt, Builder of Boys	161
XII.	Editorials—	
	Double Number of the Journal	167
	Medill School of Journalism Dedicated	168
	Lincoln Birthday Observances	176
	Wesleyan Social Center University of Illinois	178
	Field Museum Opens	184
	Memorial Trees	189
	Memorial Day Observance	198
	Minor Notes	202
	Gifts to the Library and Society	219

XIII. Necrology—
Major Edward S. Johnson..... 225
William Reid Curran..... 228
Mrs. Benjamin H. Ferguson..... 233
Dr. John F. Snyder..... 239

XIV. List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society..... 247

AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

Objects of Collection Desired by the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.

(MEMBERS PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR LETTER.)

Books and pamphlets on American history, biography, and genealogy, particularly those relating to the West; works on Indian tribes, and American archæology and ethnology; reports of societies and institutions of every kind, educational, economic, social, political, cooperative, fraternal, statistical, industrial, charitable; scientific publications of states or societies; books or pamphlets relating to all wars in which Illinois has taken part, especially the collection of material relating to the present great war, and the wars with the Indians; privately printed works; newspapers; maps and charts; engravings; photographs; autographs; coins; antiquities; encyclopedias, dictionaries, and bibliographical works. Especially do we desire—

EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS.

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; materials for Illinois history; old letters, journals.

2. Manuscripts; narratives of the pioneers of Illinois; original papers on the early history and settlement of the territory; adventures and conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the great rebellion, or other wars; biographies of the pioneers; prominent citizens and public men of every county, either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settlements of every township, village and neighborhood in the State, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois history.

3. City ordinances, proceedings of mayor and council; reports of committees of council; pamphlets or papers of any kind printed by authority of the city; reports of boards of trade and commercial associations; maps of cities and plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; annual reports of societies; sermons or addresses delivered in the State; minutes of church conventions, synods, or other ecclesiastical bodies of Illinois; political addresses; railroad reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of colleges and other institutions of learning; annual or other reports of school boards, school superintendents and school committees; educational pamphlets, programs and papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier laws, journals and reports of our territorial and State Legislatures; earlier Governors' messages and reports of State Officers; reports of State charitable and other State institutions.

7. Files of Illinois newspapers and magazines, especially complete volumes of past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the State, or of counties or townships, of any date; views and engravings of buildings or historic places; drawings or photographs of scenery, paintings, portraits, etc., connected with Illinois history.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; coins, medals, paintings; portraits, engravings; statuary; war relics; autograph letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian tribes—their history, characteristics, religion, etc., sketches of prominent chiefs, orators and warriors, together with contributions of Indian weapons, costumes, ornaments, curiosities and implements; also stone axes, spears, arrow heads, pottery, or other relics.

It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great war be done immediately, before important local material be lost or destroyed.

In brief, everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved in the State-house as the property of the State, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Your attention is called to the important duty of collecting and preserving everything relating to the part taken by the State of Illinois in the present great World War.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Secretary.

(Mrs.) Jessie Palmer Weber.

Four Common Beneficial Farm Birds.

Screech Owl

Quail

Nighthawk

Killdeer

A HISTORY OF THE BIRDS OF ILLINOIS.

By T. E. Musselman, A. M.

Illinois as Nearly as we can Picture it in 1818.

In 1818 at the time Illinois entered the Union as a state, the territory within its boundaries was a wilderness of woods, rivers, swamps, and prairies, penetrated occasionally by winding game trails and cultivated only on a few prominent situations along the rivers where a tiny fort gave protection to a meager village.

Here in the very heart of America, lay Illinois, a veritable bird land, which was due to its ideal geographical location; to the great variety of physiographical conditions; and to the growth of nearly every type of vegetation required by the bird home-seeker.

Each spring tremendous flights of birds swept northward in huge waves, entering Illinois at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. As they migrated northward they passed from the cedar grown foothills of the Ozark range into the tremendous lowland forests of hard and soft wood, which then characterized nearly all of southern Illinois. Many clear streams ran slowly through this magnificent growth of great trees and occasionally broadened into pretty lakes whose surfaces were broken by growths of water-lilies, spatter dock and other water vegetation while the borders were lined with cat-tails, arrowhead, willows, and cottonwood. Swamps galore bordered these tiny streams many assuming pretentious size particularly along the Indiana border, in which location were found southern cypress, swamp oaks, gums, sycamore and corresponding trees, many of which grew to unusual size.

High in these trees nested countless hawks of numerous varieties. An occasional eagle upon finding a tree which gave a view over miles of valley, placed her aerie in the topmost

branches. Great-horned owls, Barred owls, Screech owls and Bullbats filled the dark hours of night with weird noises; while the day time was resplendent with the flying of such brilliant birds as the Great Blue Herons, Yellow-crowned Night Herons, American Egrets, Cardinal Redbirds, and Tanagers. Even the harsh cry of the Carolina Paroquet was common.

In the lower situations the Prothonotary Warblers nested by the hundreds in the woodpecker holes which literally riddled many of the willows and birches along the swamps. The sedges, iris, and rank vegetation in the water were alive with nesting rails, gallinules, coots, and ducks, while the Hooded, Blue-winged, and Kentucky warblers were not uncommon in the grasses along the moist banks. Farther back in the woods the giant Northern Pileated Woodpecker after mounting some resonant limb would beat a tattoo which in volumn and rapidity sounded like a trip hammer; and immediately the hundreds of smaller woodpeckers hearing the challenge would hunt smaller limbs and try unsuccessfully to rival the bold monarch. Skulking in the brush were the majestic wild turkeys while sailing above without any apparent wing motion circled the Turkey Buzzards.

So ideal were the conditions that thousands of birds stopped their travels here, and many a southern bird strayed northward and spent happy weeks in these solitudes. Occasional reports of the appearance of the Roseate Spoonbill and the Anhinga have come down to us and no doubt many other rare southern varieties unknown to us, frequented these woods when conditions were most ideal.

Passenger Pigeons by the Millions.

Probably the most unusual of all the sights occurring in these woods were the flights of the Passenger Pigeons going into roost or returning to their nesting sites. Flocks numbering into the millions would approach the roosting site, their wings making a noise resembling thunder. Here they would settle in the trees in such numbers that their weight would often break the limbs. In the morning the flocks would leave for their feeding grounds and so great were the numbers of

the individuals that they literally shut out the light of the sun for hours. The following description by Alexander Wilson, the great ornithologist, was written sometime prior to his death in 1813, and tells of one of these flights down in Kentucky where the conditions were similar to those in Illinois:

"About 1 o'clock the (Passenger) pigeons which I had observed flying northerly the greatest part of the morning began to return in such immense number as I never before had witnessed. At an opening by the side of Benson Creek, I was astonished at their appearance.

"They were flying with great steadiness and rapidity at a height beyond gunshot in several strata deep, and so close together that could shot have reached them one discharge would not have failed of bringing down several birds. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of the vast procession reached, seeming everywhere crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I sat down with my watch in hand at 1:30 P. M. for more than an hour, but instead of diminuation of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to increase, both in numbers and rapidity of flight. Anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. At 4 o'clock that afternoon I crossed the Kentucky River at the town of Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head seemed as numerous and as extensive as ever. The great breadth of space which this mighty multitude preserved would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding place, which several gentlemen who had lately passed through part of it told me was several miles wide and—they estimated—about forty miles long, in which every tree was absolutely loaded with nests of young birds."

The Prairie Districts Years Ago.

No doubt, the many migrants lingered because they hated to desert the attractivness of the southern woods and swamps, yet the migratory instinct urged the majority of them forward into the prairie districts to the north which welcomed them with tremendous growths of rich grass, in many places higher than a man's head. The occasional streams were lined with

thickets of sumac, button wood and willow, interspersed with clusters of elms, oaks, and maples, which in spots extended into woods, the size of which often threatened the existence of the prairie. This encroachment of the forest was somewhat held in check, however, by prairie fires which annually occurred during the late fall. These occasional wood clusters allowed the forest birds to add their numbers to the large variety of native prairie birds. The following interesting account of a trip to the prairies west of Olney, Richland County on June 8, will give an idea of the number of species and individuals which inhabited the central state even as late as 1871. The writer is none other than the venerable Robert Ridgway and the article appears in the introduction to his, "The Ornithology of Illinois" Part 1, page 14.

"The day was a delightful one; for, although the heat ranged above 80 degrees, the fresh prairie breeze tempered it to a delightful mildness. Resting upon the cool green sward in the shade of a large elm in the hollow, our ears were delighted by such a chorus of bird songs as we have heard nowhere else. Among the leafy arches overhead the Baltimore Orioles whistled their mellow flute-like notes, accompanied by the soft contented warble and joyous carol of the Warbling and Red-eyed Vireos; the birds of the meadow were chanting on every hand their several ditties, while the breeze wafted to us the songs of various woodland species. In the scrubby jungle, a Mocking-bird filled the air with his rich medley of varied notes, the singer leaping in restless ecstacy from branch to branch, with drooping wings and spread tail, or flitting from tree to tree as he sang. A Brown Thrasher poured forth a ceaseless accompaniment as he sat perched sedately upon the summit of a small vine-canopied tree—a contrast in bearing to the restive, sportive Mimus, his rival in vigor, and superior in sweetness, of song. Several Yellow-breasted Chats interpolated their loud cat-calls, vehement whistlings, and croaking notes. These three, loudest of the songsters, well nigh drowned the voices of the smaller birds; but in the brief intervals—"between the acts"—were heard the fine and sweet, though plaintive song of the little Field Sparrow, the pleasant notes of the Chewink, the rich whist-

lings of the Cardinal, and the clear, proud call of Bob White. Upon proceeding to the thickets and thus interrupting the louder songsters, the wondrously strong and vehement notes of the Chickty-beaver Bird or White-eyed Vireo greeted us from the tangled copse, and soon a song we had never heard before—the gobbling, sputtering harangue of Bell's Vireo—attracted our attention and, of course, our interest. In the more open woods marking the border of the timber, the several woodland species were noticed; there the vermilion Tanager or Summer Red-bird warbled his Robin-like but fine and well sustaining song, the Blue Jays chuckled and screamed as they prowled among the branches, and gaudy Red-headed Woodpeckers flaunted their tri-colored livery as they sported about the trunks or occasional dead tree tops.

"On the open prairie, comparative quiet reigned. The most numerous bird there was "Dick Cissel" (Spiza Americana), who monopolized the Iron-weeds uttering his rude but agreeable ditty with such regularity and persistence that the general stillness seemed scarcely broken; hardly less numerous Henslow's Buntings were likewise perched upon the weed stalks, and their weak but emphatic 'se-wick' sounded almost like a faint attempt at imitation of Dick Cissel's song. The grasshopper-like wiry trill of the Yellow-winged Sparrow, the meandering wavering warble of the Prairie Lark (Otocoris alpestris praticola)—coming apparently from nowhere, but in reality from a little speck floating far up in the blue sky,—and the sweet 'Peek-you can't see me' of the Meadowlark, completed the list of songs heard on the open prairies. Many kinds of birds besides those already described were seen, but to name them all would require too much space. We should not, however, omit to mention the elegant Swallow-tailed Kites which now and then wheeled into view as they circled over the prairie, or their cousins and companions, the Mississippi Kites, soaring above them through the transparent atmosphere; nor must we forget a pair of croaking Ravens who, after circling above for a short time over the border of the woods, flew away to the heavy timber in the Fox River bottom."

In all ninety-five species were seen by this eminent ornithologist in the small prairies, while the birds in the neighboring woods brought the total to one hundred and forty species; all probably breeding within a radius of five miles. "As large a number of regular summer residents as any locality of equal extent in North America can boast," said Mr. Ridgway.

As a comparison, I wish to say that, at the present time although but fifty years later, a collector hunting through the same territory during the same month would be fortunate to record fifty to sixty summer residents. The writer while listing birds at the height of the migration season has never been able to record more than 105 species in one day, while the average number during the summer months is more nearly fifty.

Wild Fowl on the Illinois River Years Ago.

Along the Illinois river and the Mississippi river about the 40th degree were wonderful lakes and sloughs where Rails, Cranes, Gallinules, Coots and Ducks lived and nested in unbelievable numbers. The article herewith printed gives an account of how the ducks came in during the early days before the incursion of drainage districts, pump guns, automobiles, launches, etc. This stirring account of the abundance of the wild fowl in the wild rice fields along the Illinois river more than fifty years ago, is taken from an article written by the graphic pen of Mr. T. S. VanDyke, contributed many years ago to the columns of Forest and Stream, from which the different excerpts given below are taken. This is the story, as he tells it—a story of the last days of the muzzle-loading shotgun:

"It was a bright September afternoon, the day after my arrival at Henry, that my friend and I were paddling up the crooked slough that leads from Senachwine to the Illinois river. Wood Ducks, Mallards and Teal rose squealing and quacking from the slough ahead of us, but he paid no attention to them, and I soon ceased dropping the oar and snatching up the gun and getting it cocked and raised just as the ducks were nicely out of range. When we reached Mud Lake —a mere widening and branching of the slough at the foot of Senachwine—we drew the boat ashore. Huge flocks of Mal-

lards rose with reverberating wings from the sloughs all around us and mounted high, with the sun brightly glancing from every plume. Plainly could I see the sheen of their burnished green heads and outstretched necks, the glistening bars upon their wings, the band of white upon their tails, surmounted by dainty curls of shining green.

"There were already in sight what seemed to me enough of ducks to satisfy anyone. Long lines of black dots streamed along the blue sky above Senachwine, up the Illinois and over Swan Lake—between the river and Senachwine—while from down the slough, up the slough, from over the timber on the west, and the timber along the river on the east, came small bunches and single birds by the dozen. Shall I ever forget that big Mallard that bore down upon me before I was fairly hidden in the reeds? He came along with sublime indifference, winnowing the air with lazy stroke, bobbing his long, green head and neck up and down, and suspecting no danger. As he passed me at about twenty-five yards, I saw, along the iron rib of the gun, the sunlight glisten on his burnished head. I was delightfully calm, and rather regretted that letting him down was such a merely formal proceeding. If he were further off, or going faster, it would be so much more satisfactory. Nevertheless, he had to be bagged, whether skill was required or not, so I resigned myself to the necessity and pulled the trigger. The duck rose skyward with thumping wings, leaving me so benumbed with wonder that I never thought of the other barrel.

"But little time was left me for reflection, for a Wood Duck, resplendent with all his gorgeous colors, came swiftly down from the other direction. Every line of his brilliant plumage I could also plainly see along the gun, for I was as cool as before. Yet this gay rover of the air never condescended to fall, sheer, rise, or even quicken his pace, but sailed along at the report of each barrel as unconcerned as a gossamer web on the evening breeze.

"I concluded to retire from the business of single shots and go into the wholesale trade. This conclusion was firmly braced by the arrival of fifteen or twenty Mallards in a well-massed block. They came past me like a charge of cavalry,

sweeping in bright uniform low along the water, with shining necks and heads projecting like couched lances. I could see four or five heads almost in line as I pulled the first trigger, yet only one dropped, and that one with only a broken wing. As they rose with obstreperous beat of wing, I rained the second barrel into the thickest part of the climbing mass, and another one fell with broken wing, while another wabbled and wavered for a hundred yards or more, then rose high and hung in air for a second, then, folding his wings, descended into a heavy mass of reeds away on the other side of the main slough. Meanwhile, my two wounded ducks, both flattened out on the water, were making rapid time for the thick reeds across the little slough, and both disappeared in them just as I got one barrel of my gun capped.

"So it went on for an hour or so. There was scarcely a minute to wait for a shot, yet in that hour I bagged only four or five ducks.

"While gazing a moment into the blank that despondency often brings before me, two Blue-winged Teal shot suddenly across the void. With the instinctive quickness of one trained to brush shooting I tossed the gun forward of the leading Teal about the same space that I had been accustomed to fire ahead of Quail at that apparent distance. The rear duck, fully four feet behind the other, skipped with a splash over the water, dead, while the one I had intended to hit skimmed away unharmed. I had fallen into the common error of tyros at duck shooting, viz., underestimating both the distance and speed of the game.

* * * * * * *

"The number of ducks increased by the minute. They came with swifter and steadier wing and with more of an air of business then they had shown before. Those hitherto flying were nearly all ducks that had been spending the day in and around Senachwine and its adjacent ponds and sloughs. But now the host that during the day had been feeding in the great corn fields of the prairie began to move in to roost, and the vast army of traveling wild fowl that the late sharp frosts in the North had started on their southern tour began to get under way. Long lines now came streaming down the north-

ern sky, widening out and descending in long inclines or long, sweeping curves. Dense bunches came rising out of the horizon, hanging for a moment on the glowing sky, then massing and bearing directly down upon us. No longer as single spies, but in battalions, they poured over the bluffs on the west, where the land sweeps away into the vast expanse of high prairie, and on wings swifter than the wind itself came riding down the last beams of the sinking sun. Above them the air was dotted with long, wedge-shaped masses or converging strings, more slowly moving than the ducks, from which I could soon hear the deep, mellow honk of the goose and the clamorous cackle of the brant. And through all this were darting here and there and everywhere, ducks, single, in pairs, and small bunches. English snipe were pitching about in their erratic flight; plover drifted by with their tender whistle, little alarmed by the cannonade; Blue herons, Bitterns and Snowy Egrets, with long necks doubled up and legs outstretched behind, flapped solemnly across the stage, while Yellow-legs, Sand Snipe, Mud hens, Divers—I know not what all—chinked in the vacant places.

* * * * * * *

"The nerves that felt but a slight tremor when the Ruffed Grouse burst roaring from the thicket, now quaked like aspens beneath the storm that swept over me from every point of the compass. There I stood, the converging point of innumerable dark lines, bunches and strings, all rushing toward me, at different rates of speed; indeed, but even the slowest, fearfully fast.

* * * * * * *

"Hitherto the ducks had all come from the level of the horizon. But now, from on high, with rushing, tearing sound, as if rending in their passage the canopy of Heaven, down they came out of the very face of night. With wings set in rigid curves, dense masses of Blue-bills came winding swiftly down. Mallards, too, no longer with heavy beat, but with stiffened wings that made it hiss beneath them, rode down the darkening air. Sprigtails and other large ducks came sliding down on long inclines with firmly set wings that made all sing beneath them. Blue-winged Teal came swiftly and

straight as the flight of a falling arrow, while Greenwings shot by in volleys or pounced upon the scene with the rush of a hungry hawk. In untold numbers the old Gray geese, too, came trooping in, though few came near enough to give us a fair shot. Nearly all of them steered high along the sky until over Senachwine Lake, or Swan Lake—a little below us to the northwest—then, lengthening out their dark strings, they descended slowly and softly in long spiral curves to the bosom of the lake. Brant, too dotted the western and northern skies, marching along with swifter stroke of wing and more clamorous throats, until over the water's edge, then slowly sailing and lowering for a few hundred feet in solemn silence, suddenly resumed their cackle, and, like a thousand shingles tossed from a balloon, went whirling, pitching, tumbling and gyrating down to the middle of the lake. Far, far above all these, and still bathed in the crimson glow of the fallen sun, long lines of Sandhill Cranes floated like flocks of down in their southward flight, not deigning to alight, but down through a mile of air sending their greeting in long-drawn, penetrating notes.

"Myriads of ducks and geese, traveling from the North, swept by, far overhead, without slackening a wing. Far above us, the Mallard's neck and head, looking fairly black in the falling night, could be seen outstretched for another hundred miles before dark. "Darkly painted on the crimson sky," the Sprigtails streamed along with forked rudders set for a warmer region than Senachwine. Widgeon sent down a plaintive whistle that plainly said 'good-bye.' Bluebills, Wood Ducks, Spoonbills and Teal sped along the upper sky with scarcely a glance at their brethren who chose to descend among them. And far over all, with swifter flight and more rapid stroke of wing than I had deemed possible for birds so large, a flock of Snowy Swans clove the thickening shades, as if intending to sup in Kentucky instead of Illinois.

"Yet, of those that tarried, there were enough for me. With tremulous hand, I poured my last charge into the heated gun, and raised it at a flock of Mallards that were gliding swiftly downward, with every long neck pointed directly at my devoted head. Wheeooo shot a volley of Green-wings between

the Mallards and the gun; kssss came a mob of Blue-wings by my head as I involuntarily shifted the gun toward the Green-wings; wiff, wiff, wiff, came a score of Mallards along the reed tops behind me, as, completely befuddled with the whirl and uproar, I foolishly shifted the gun to the Blue-wings. As I wheeled at these last Mallards, after making a half shift of the gun toward the Blue-wings, they saw me, and turned suddenly upward, belaboring the air with heavy strokes, and just as I turned the gun upon them a mass of Bluebills, with the sound like the tearing of forty yards of strong muslin, came in between, and just behind me I heard the air throb beneath the wings of the Mallards I had first intended to shoot at. The gun wabbled from the second Mallards to the Bluebills, and then to the Mallards behind me—each chance looking more tempting than the last—and finally went off in the vacancy just over my head that the Mallards had filled when I raised it.

"You who think you know all about duck shooting, if you have never been in such a position, have something yet to learn. Excitement and success you may enjoy to the full, but while your ammunition lasts you know nothing of the pleasures of contemplation. Amid the shock, and jar, and smoke, the confusion of even loading the quickest breech-loader, and retrieving the ducks even with the best of dogs, you see nothing compared to what you may see without a gun. As I dropped the worthless gun upon a muskrat house, and sat down upon the top of it, the whole world where I had been living vanished in a twinkling and I found myself in another sphere, filled with circling spirits, all endowed with emotions, hopes and fears, like those that Dante saw in Paradise.

"There, indeed, was the great sea of being, but all one vast whirlpool that engulfed the soul of the poor powderless "tenderfoot," while his ears were stunned with the whizz and rush of wings all around his head, with the thump and bustle and splash of ducks alighting in the water before him, the squeal of Wood Ducks, the quack of Mallards, the whistle of Widgeon, the scape of traveling snipe, the grating squawk of Herons, Egrets and Bitterns, the honk-honk of Geese, the

clank-a-lank of Brant, and the dolorous grrroooo of the far off Sandhill Crane."

Shifting this picture quickly from the Illinois River westward, we arrive at the Mississippi river which also was a wonderful haven for birds.

The Mississippi River Long Ago.

Lima Lake, located eighteen miles above Quincy, Illinois, was a tremendous swamp situation particularly attractive to the wild fowl and birds. Yearly the White Swans, White Pelicans, and myriads of ducks and geese fed there for days on their migratory trips to and fro. An occasional Swan was reported to have nested there in the early days and one stray oologist collected 250 full sets of eggs of the Prothonotary Warbler among the willows and birch about its borders. King Rails, Wood Cock, and allied birds nested there by the thousands, while hundreds of hollow willow trees sheltered the nests of the now rapidly decreasing Wood Duck together with an occasional nest of the Hooded Merganser.

Eagles on the Mississippi.

Everywhere in those days birds seemed abundant. Along the Mississippi river proper the Eagles were ever in evidence and took a mighty toll of carrion and material thrown into the waters by the occasional slaughter houses situated along its banks wherever some small town had grown.

One veteran editor recently wrote: "The presence of a pair of Eagles recalls the days of half a century ago when the locality where these birds are now seen was simply alive with Eagles which were attracted by the offal discharged into the river from the pork houses at Keokuk.

"The 'Plough Boy' was operating between Keokuk and Warsaw at that period, and the big birds would come so close to the craft, in gathering the food, that they became a common object of curiosity to passengers who marveled at the strength exhibited in lifting from the water, loads apparently larger than themselves."

Varied Physiographical Features of the North State Attracted Birds.

As the birds passed northward beyond the center of the state they encountered rougher country. In many places lime stone cliffs and high clay banks bordered the streams. Happy colonies of Cliff and Barn Swallows built their houses along these rocky fastnesses while the clay banks were honey combed with thousands of holes from which the Bank Swallows flew, twittering in their sweet contentment. Pine trees grew on the crests of many of the cliffs while a heavy natural growth of ferns added variety to the valleys.

As the migrants traveled onward they approached the lake district which was one of the most ideal situation for bird life in the United States. This was due largely to Lake Michigan which was a veritable inland sea, also to the numerous small lakes, the sand dunes, marshes, prairies, and hills, which were graced with an assortment of trees, shrubs, grasses and water growth equal in variety to almost any situation known.

To Our North.

Thus Illinois with Lake Michigan on the northeast welcomed millions of ducks, snipe, gulls, terns, and other water birds, to say nothing of many strays from the Atlantic coast such as the Jaegers, Dowitchers, Turnstones, Knots, etc. Directly north of her border lay a network of thousands of lakes, which attracted the Ducks, Grebes, and Loons; while in the winter from the extreme North beyond these bodies of water, same irregular flocks of Bohemian Waxwings, Crossbills, Pine Grosbeaks, and Snowflakes, which found a refuge from the bitter cold of the Arctic regions near that neutralizing agent, Lake Michigan. At irregular periods of twelve of fourteen years a pestilence attacked the Arctic hares causing a terrific decrease in their ranks. Upon such occasions of food shortage, the dreaded Goshawk and the Snowy Owls deserted their northern solitudes and visited the land of plenty, at which time they have been found in abundance over the entire state.

To Our West.

The trackless prairies to the west sent surprises in the form of Harris Sparrow, McCown's Longspur, Townsend's Solitaire, Swanson's Hawk, etc., to say nothing of many varieties requiring close identification such as the Parkman's House Wren, western Meadow lark and others.

To Our South.

So direct were the river connections with the South that during the mild seasons large number of rare species strayed northward. Particularly did this apply to river and marsh loving birds. These rare visitors included the Roseate Spoonbill, Anhinga, Carolina Paroquet, Florida Cormorant, etc.

To Our East.

Finally Illinois was geographically close to the rough and heavily wooded East, a condition which accounted for many of the eastern varieties which were occasionally recorded within her boundaries.

Because of these various conditions, Illinois could expect birds of ocean, lake, river, and swamp, birds of upland and lowland, forest and prairie, including stray visitors from East, North, South, and West, which lingered within these ideal conditions. No matter what Nature required for each species or how fastidious might have been the taste of the individual bird, somewhere in this great land of wonderful streams, lakes and marvelous verdure could be found a site which would arrest the flight of the bird home-seekers or migrants. One hundred years later the land could scarcely be recognized as the same. Certain it is, that the bird migrants of a century before would have looked with bewilderment on the ravages which civilization has made on their Arcadia.

Illinois as Seen at the Time of Her Centennial.

The Ozark hills still are sparsely dotted with occasional clusters of Juniper. Huge mounds of earth with strange shafts show the entrance to numerous bituminous coal mines.

The forests have disappeared and in their place stand small farms with their orchards bordered with split rail or barbed wire fences. As the birds travel farther north the farms become more elaborate. Neat woven wire fences stretched tightly on metal posts everywhere greet the eye. Scarcely any fence corners are filled with hazel brush and blackberry briers. Everywhere the brush and grass are burned to rid the farmer of the dreaded chinch bug.

Well defined roads lined with poles and wires lead from hamlet to village and then on to the towns and cities which are filled with noise and confusion, strange lights and odors, and soot belching smokestacks.

In despair the birds might turn to the rivers which formerly were bordered with lakes and swamps. But here the transformation is even more astounding. At times rivers which formerly were clear steady streams, now have become surly, muddy floods, speeding on to the Gulf, while at other times they wend their ways slowly through sand bars and mud flats. On the banks, an occasional sentinel still stands to suggest the giants of the former forest primeval, while the islands of silt and the low banks are almost impenetrable with river willows, poplars, and cottonwoods. Where once stood the swamps now are wonderful farms, which are protected from the floods' wrath by huge levees. High power electric wires lead to tremendous pump houses where all drainage and seepage is pumped into the river.

From time to time, tremendous bridges topped with a network of telegraph and telephone wires stand across the path of the bird migrants checking them in the freedom of their flight, dropping those which dare question the right of way bruised and wounded into the boiling, muddy waters below.

The endless prairies no longer welcome the migrant with a wealth of tall grass and wooded morass. Instead the tilled land, rich in its yield of corn, grain and farm products, seems almost endless to all birds seeking cover.

The cliffs which once were so thickly populated with swallows still welcome those visitors which care to accept of their hospitality; however, the cutting of the trees on the

crests above, has often caused erosion to set in, and the soil which originally filled the crevices and encouraged the growth of vines and columbine has now largely washed away on many, while other such situations have changed little in one hundred years. Some hills have been blasted away and the stone has been reduced to lime and cement. The building of roads has often resulted in the cutting away of hills and in these cuts the Bank Swallows always have found an abundance of suitable nesting sites.

Even Lake Michigan to the north is less hospitable now than formerly, with its metropolis and chain of suburban towns. True, many of these maintain bird sanctuaries and protect the birds that loiters in the cemeteries and parks.

All nature seems to have been shorn of its rough spots. Gradually the hills and forests are being cut down and the swamps and lakes are being drained and filled in. Modern farming dooms the natural growth of the land, while the demands of the cities force the farmer to make every acre productive. In one century the land has changed from a territory of woods and prairies boasting a dozen or so mere villages and 55,162 people (census of 1820) to a live, pulsating commonwealth with hundred of cities and towns surrounded by thousands of modern, scientific, farms in which live more than five and a half millions of people.

The Problem of the Land Transformation and the Bird.

And the birds? Well, it is a scientific fact that the distribution of bird life within a certain locality is affected by the character of the vegetation. Naturally with the revolutionary character of the conditions within our state throughout the past century due to land clearance for farming, the bird life accordingly has changed to conform with the surroundings. The result is that the status of the present bird population is practically everywhere dissimilar to that of the bird dwellers of a century ago. A few varieties have been able to change their habits and thus kept pace; they are still here. Some varieties which were then rare have now increased in numbers while many of the then common varieties

have now decreased, most of them having migrated elsewhere or nearly ceased to exist. Unfortunately, we have too many examples of the latter.

Where Have the Passenger Pigeons Gone?

And where are the millions of Passenger Pigeons which once graced the southern woods, nesting in such numbers as to burden the trees with their weight? They are gone forever, a sacrifice to man's greed and avarice. They have not migrated elsewhere. They are extinct. The following graphic description by Alexander Wilson will give a slight idea of one of the reasons for their passing.

"As soon as the young were fully grown and before they left the nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the adjacent country came with wagons, oxen, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families—and encamped for several days at the immense nursery. The noise was so great as to terrify their horses, and it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear.

"The ground was strewed with broken limbs of trees, eggs and young squab pigeons which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattened. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing above in great numbers and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure; while from twenty feet upward to the tops of the trees the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of old pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber. For now the axe-men were at work cutting down those trees which seemed to be most crowded with nests of the young birds, and contriving to fell the trees in such manner that in their descent they might bring down several other trees. The falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to old birds and almost one mass of fat."

Farther north the birds were netted commercially and John C. French is my authority in quoting the shipment of crates of live pigeons as numbering one hundred and seventy-

five thousand a year from single dealers of whom there were many. So numerous were the pigeons that they could be bought at $1 a dozen. Bait nets and traps were used. One man secured 300 dozen live birds at one haul from a house over a salt spring. Everywhere the ceaseless slaughter continued until the birds were reduced to a few scattering flocks, the last of which was seen in 1905. They have been entirely wiped out by unrestricted shooting, trapping, etc.

The South State Situation Now.

With the cutting of the Southern woods and the replacing with little farms and small towns and mining properties, we find the disappearance of the nesting hawks and eagles. No longer do we hear of Wild Turkeys within our borders, while the Carolina Paroquet is a thing of the past. Some Cranes, Egrets and Night Herons are still to be found in the few remaining swamp situations and the Pileated Woodpecker is a rarity whose occurrence marks its appearance as a red letter day on the calendar of the bird lover.

Evolutionary Character of the Situation.

One naturally asks, "With all these varieties of birds gone do we find southern Illinois destitute of bird life?" No indeed; as the forests were cut away and farms and meadows supplanted them, so did the farm and meadow loving birds following the forest and swamp loving birds which had died or migrated elsewhere. Bluebirds, Robins, Grosbeaks, Blackbird, and many varieties of sparrows gradually assumed possession as the situation continually increased to suit their demands. The hawks are in little evidence, except the Sparrow Hawk which cheats some Woodpecker out of his rightful home or builds in the rafters of an old barn or in the steeple of the country church, still causing havoc to the now increasing numbers of grasshoppers and mice.

Many of the birds of the central and northern Illinois situations particularly the prairie and plain birds have increased; while many others will probably never again be seen in these situations. The most notable loss is that of the Miss-

issippi and Swallowtail Kites which are gone from this locality and only an occasional report now comes that a Raven has been seen in the far north land.

The few Eagles that now appear are mercilessly shot at, even though they are our national birds, symbolic of "Liberty." Until recently, the only place where the Eagle has been able to maintain its numbers has been in Alaska. Several years ago, however, the Alaska Government placed a bounty of 50 cents a head on all Eagles killed. From April 30, 1917 until April 10, 1919 about 5600 Eagles had been killed. This probably represents one-half to two-thirds of the Eagle population of Alaska. If we are not heedful, the tragedy of the Passenger Pigeon will be reenacted with the Bald Eagle. Yearly fewer of these beautiful big birds travel South and remain with us as migrants.

Very early n the last century, many scientists and naturalists began to appreciate the economic, as well as the aesthetic value, of our birds. This resulted in a movement to import many varieties of helpful European birds into America. Had the Skylark and other such beautiful songsters accepted our hospitality as readily as did the English House Sparrow and the Starling, we might have called the action successful, but instead, we have to admit that the importation has proved a failure.

The English Sparrow.

In 1851 and 1852 a number of English Sparrows (Passer domesticus, were brought from Europe and were liberated at Brooklyn, N. Y. It was not until the early 70'ies that a few over zealous natives of Illinois bought a number of pairs of these English parasites and liberated them in this state. So prolific are they, and so able to adapt themselves to the conditions of this country that at the present time they are so numerous as to constitute a pest. Without song, being noisy, dirty and quarrelsome, they have developed into one of the worse nuisances ever perpetrated upon the American Public. The Illinois State Legislature recognized this and placed a bounty upon each bird killed, but their increase was not curbed by this action and the bounty was later withdrawn.

Mr. Robt. Ridgway says of it, "It is in every respect a first-class nuisance, to be classed along with the house rat and other noxious vermin."

The Starling.

This bird, likewise, has been able to maintain its existence because it can withstand the rigors of the American winters. It looks like a short tailed blackbird, and builds its nest about domestic dwellings. Its habits are reported to be similar to those of the English House Sparrow. However, we shall pray that it will not develop to be such a disagreeable pest. The Starling has just been reported in Illinois (1922) at Champaign-Urbana.

It is to be hoped that in the future, no more birds will be brought to America for propagation purposes, unless the government is sure of their beneficial qualities. Better that we should join our efforts to those of the Audubon Societies and protect the birds which we now have with us, and increase the number of individuals and varieties by the establishment of bird sanctuaries, game preserves, and the proper enactment of game laws, thus allowing them suitable nesting sites and protection while rearing their young.

Migration.

The phenomenon of yearly migration of birds has been one which has caused a great deal of wonderment for many years. In the course of the last fifteen or twenty years a great deal of progress has been made in solving many problems pertaining to this subject. Yet, because of the lack of proper observers in localities over different parts of the state who can give a sufficient amount of time in securing complete records each day, we lack a great deal of co-ordinated data.

Illinois birds might be classified into four principal groups and one secondary class; namely, permanent residents, summer residents, winter residents, regular spring and fall migrants, and a subsidiary class of irregular migrants and strays.

Permanent Residents.

By a permanent resident, we mean a bird which is to be seen in any given locality at all times of the year. The com-

mon permanent residents of Illinois are such birds as the Crow, Blue Jay, English Sparrow, Quail, Cardinal, Red-tailed Hawk, Barred Owl, Screech Owl, Great Horned Owl, Downy Woodpecker, Hairy Woodpecker, Red-bellied Woodpecker, Goldfinch, White-breasted Nuthatch, Tufted Titmouse, Chickadee, etc., any or all of which an interested person may record at any season of the year in almost any part of the state.

The Flicker, Red-headed Woodpecker, Ruffed Grouse, Carolina Wren and others are permanent residents in some sections of the state, and are differently classified in other places. For example, select Quincy, which is one of the most centrally and the most westwardly located city in the state. With us the Song Sparrow is a permanent resident, because one can go out at any season of the year and get records of it; yet, the bird that dodges in and out of the brush piles along the creek during the winter time, is not the same bird which nests with us in June.

The winter bird moves on to the North when the spring migration gives us such an abundance of other Song Sparrows

which in turn pass northward, and Quincy gets as summer residents a few birds which wintered far south of us. Thus at Quincy the bird is always with us.

In northern Illinois, they consider the Song Sparrow as a summer resident, while south of us it is practically a winter resident. The middle part of the state is the place where the winter and summer zones overlap, and consequently we have the birds with us constantly as shown in the accompanying illustration.

By rearranging the lines in the above map, the ratio may be changed so that birds winter entirely south of us and summer entirely north of us. This arrangement would make such birds merely migrants at this point.

Because of this condition a complete list of winter residents in all parts of the state is almost impossible without zoning the seasonal wanderings of each bird.

Summer Residents.

By summer resident we mean a bird which migrates into the state in the spring and spends its summer in this locality, returning south in the fall.

The principal summer residents are:

Robin	Crested Flycatcher
Bluebird	Phoebe
Wood Thrush	Kingbird
Wrens	Hummingbird
Brown Thrasher	Migrant Shrike
Catbird	Swallows
Redstart	Tanagers
Yellow-breasted Chat	Dickcissel
Northern Yellowthroat	Indigo Bunting
Yellow Warbler	Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Prothonotary Warbler	Towhee
Red-eyed Vireo	Field Sparrow
Warbling Vireo	Chipping Sparrow
Orioles	Grasshopper Sparrow
Meadowlark	Grackles
Bobolink	Cowbird
Wood Pewee	Redwing Blackbirds

The principal summer residents are—Concluded.

Mourning Dove	Swift
Killdeer	Whippoorwill
Spotted Sandpiper	Nighthawk
Yellowlegs	Cuckoos
Woodcock	Great Blue Heron
Coot	Bittern
Rails	Wood Duck
Night Herons	

Winter Residents.

The winter residents are those which make their appearance sometime during the fall or early winter and remain in this locality until the warm winds of spring send them northward to their summer home. The common winter residents are:

Brown Creeper	Junco
Golden-crowned Kinglet	Tree Sparrow
Winter Wren	Lapland Longspurs

While in the northern part of the state, the following are regular winter birds:

Pine Siskin	Redpoll
Snowflake	American Crossbill

together with many water birds.

Regular Migrants.

In addition to these, we have a large number of birds which are mere transients, passing northward in the spring and returning southward in the fall. Many of these birds we see for a day or two while enroute from summer to winter homes or vice versa, and we can scarcely learn to know them because of their short stay. This group includes many of the warblers, fly-catchers, thrushes, ducks, terns, gulls, and other water birds.

Irregular Migrants and Strays.

Finally, we have a large number of migrants which come irregularly and often are not seen again for several years.

This group includes the Goshawk, Snowy Owl, Bohemian Waxwing, Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker, Northern Shrike, Pomarine Jaeger, Evening Grosbeak, etc., most of which are winter residents when they do visit us.

After examining these classifications, one immediately wonders why the birds have such variable migratory habits, thus allowing us to classify them in this way. Many valuable articles have been written for different scientific magazines and a variety of reasons have been assigned as the direct cause of such flight.

Some authors give the desire for food as the main cause of the yearly migration flight. No doubt this does affect a certain class of birds. The gulls from the frozen lake district of the North appear along the Mississippi river during late January and February. They fly along the shores at the point where the ice is breaking and there feed upon the abundance of dead fish which have been starved to death in the shallow water, or which have been caught in the ice and have finally been washed upon the banks. As soon as the food supply begins to wane, the gulls move onward.

Years when we have large supplies of persimmons, barberries, and dried wild grapes, tremendous flocks of Cedar Waxwings may be expected. Even occasional flocks of Bohemian Waxwings make their appearance and remain as long as the food supply is abundant. But even with such apparent illustrations as this, I can not believe that the food supply is the direct cause of migration, for during September and early October with the supply of insects at its greatest, hordes of insect-eating birds leave the Northland and pass on through the state working southward, leaving behind them an abundance of food.

Reverse the situation. During the winter, tremendous flocks of birds have gathered in Mexico, Central America, and South America, in which tropical and semi-tropical countries, insects, berries, and fruits are at all times abundant. If food were the stimulus which excited their migratory flight, all would be permanent residents. None would leave this land of plenty to endure the hardships of a flight across the

Gulf of Mexico, to enter a land just emerging from the desolation of winter's ice and cold; but such is the case.

Other authors give the cause of migrations as an inherited instinct which has been passed on to the birds through thousands of generations, from the time of the glacial period when the birds were forced from their northland homes to the warm countries about the equator by the tremendous force of ice which pushed down from the Northland. A natural desire to get back to the old northern home has been felt in successive generations ever since the Glacial Period, and yearly as spring begins to open up the land to the North, something impels these birds to gather in large numbers for the northward journey. Evidently it is a homing instinct. Recent experiments in banding birds show most certainly that the migrants do manifest a tendency to return to the same general locality whence they were reared, and here they build their nests and raise their young. These are several of the theories governing the yearly cycle of migratory birds which we watch and study and yet do not fully understand.

The following discussion of migration is taken from the 192 Illinois Arbor and Bird Day Bulletin.

"About seven-eighths of our different species are travelers, making annual journeys back and forth between their summer and winter homes. The regions occupied as such homes are now known for very nearly all of the three hundred and more different kinds of Illinois birds, and the principal facts are published so that anyone can look them up. Furthermore, the general routes followed by the birds in traveling back and forth between summer and winter homes are also known for most of the species. An examination of the published data shows that birds of nearly one-half (48%) of the species regularly found in Illinois have their summer and winter homes entirely separated, necessitating a migration by all of the individuals of those species over the intervening territory, annually, in each direction. For some species these may be journeys of but a few hundred miles, while for others they are thousands of miles. Summer residents of Illinois that winter in the states next south of us do not have far to travel, but birds that nest in or near Alaska and the Arctic

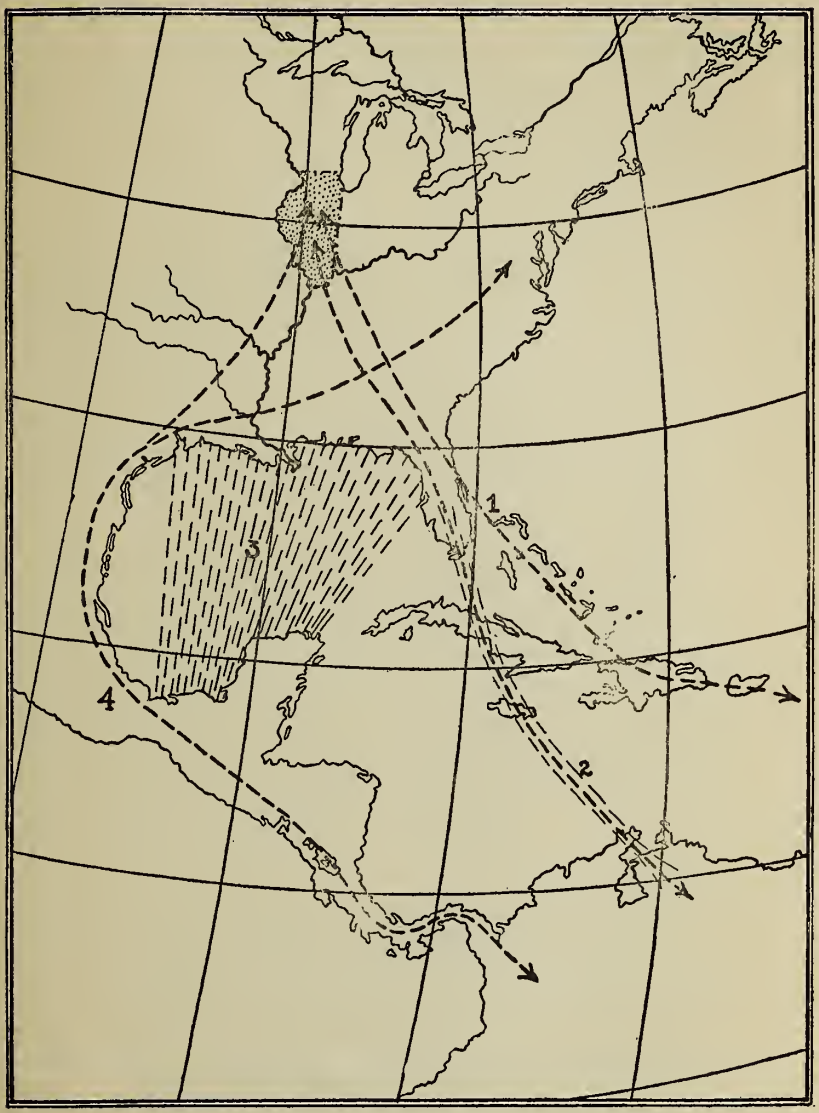
regions, and have their winter home in the southern half of South America, make journeys of 8,000 or 9,000 miles twice each year.

The birds of more than one-third (36%) of our Illinois species journey beyond the boundaries of our country to reach their winter homes. A few kinds, winter in the West Indies, others in Mexico, a greater number in Central America, and representatives of more than one-fifth (21%) of our Illinois species push on into South America for their winter feeding grounds. Among these are included many thrushes, warblers, swallows, tanagers, flycatchers, cuckoos, snipe, and sandpipers.

The accompanying map shows the migration routes followed by most birds that leave the United States for the winter season. It is similar to one in a bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture (No. 185) on the subject of a bird migration, prepared by W. W. Cooke who, when living, was a leading authority and writer on that subject.

"Most Illinois birds which migrate beyond the boundaries of the United States doubtless follow route 3, which involves a direct flight across the Gulf of Mexico to the southeastern part of Mexico, and then travel overland into Central America, and many of them go still farther into South America. A few, like the Cliff Swallow, fly around the gulf through Mexico (route 4) and a few, like the Bank Swallows and Bobolinks, follow route 2 via Cuba and the Carribean Sea directly to South America.

"It soon becomes apparent to those who make an effort to keep approximately complete records of the birds found in their localities, that these migration flights with the consequent changes in the bird population are going on actively during the greater part of the year. In central Illinois, the arrival of birds from the south usually begins in February and often before the middle of the month. From this time on for nearly four months there is a continually shifting population, and not until sometime in June have the last migrants that hail from South America, taken their departure for more northern regions. In August the return journey is under way and birds on their way to the South American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winter quarters are again with us for a brief time. Not until December have the last autumn migrants left us again for the south. In the spring migration, the greatest number of new arrivals and the longest lists of birds seen on a single trip are usually recorded early in May or, less frequently, in the last week in April.'' Frank Smith, A. M. in 'Illinois Birds as Travelers.'

Comparative Migration Along the 40th Degree of Parallel.

An experiment which was maintained for a period of four years by Professor Frank Smith, writer of the preceding excerpt, who is the head of the Ornithology Department at the University of Illinois, Urbana, and the writer who spent one year at White Heath, Piatt County, Illinois, and three years at Quincy, Illinois in securing comparative migration records, produced some very interesting data concerning relative migration of birds along the 40th degree of parallel at the two extremes of the state.

The University records of first arrivals for a number of years show that certain birds make their appearance each year at about the same time. Early in March, there is often a large bird movement which will bring the Phoebe, Killdeer, Fox Sparrows, Meadow Lark, Kingfisher, Song Sparrows, and many others. A little later other groups of birds make their appearance. Thus, from year to year, as one bird of an associated group made its appearance, one can naturally expect other birds which had in former years made their appearance about the same time to appear in conjunction with the new arrival.

The following record gives the appropriate date at which the spring migrants and summer residents have made their appearance in Adams County, Illinois, for a number of years. These dates will, generally speaking, hold good for any city in Illinois along the 40th degree of parallel. Naturally, any town farther south should have a relatively earlier date of arrival, while the towns farther north would have a proportionately later date.

AVERAGE OF SPRING ARRIVALS.

Date of Arrival.	Variety.
February 17	Bluebird, Robins
23	Golden-crowned Kinglet
24	Pintail Duck
25	Sparrow Hawk
30	Killdeer
March 3	Mallard Ducks, Meadow Lark
6	Purple Finch
10	Grackle
12	Savannah Sparrow, Kingfisher
13	Redwinged Blackbird, Fox Sparrow, Cowbird
14	Winter Wren, Green-winged Teal, Phoebe, Flicker
15	Migrant Shrike
19	Spoonbill Duck
20	Wood Duck
23	Mourning Dove, Coot, White-throated Sparrow
24	Field Sparrow, Chipping Sparrow, Gadwall

AVERAGE OF SPRING ARRIVALS—Continued.

Date of Arrival.	Variety.
March—Concluded.	
27	Towhee Scaup Duck
28	Purple Martins Yellow-bellied Sapsucker
29	Florida Gallinule Blue-winged Teal
April	
1	Great Blue Heron Hermit Thrush
2	Pied-billed Grebe
3	Swamp Sparrow
4	Brown Thrasher Myrtle Warbler
5	Jack Snipe Spotted Sandpiper
6	Semipalmated Sandpiper
10	Tree Swallow Vesper Sparrow
11	Bachman's Sparrow Grasshopper Sparrow
12	Bank Swallow
14	Whippoorwill
15	Swift (later in the central state
19	Little Green Heron
20	Gnatcatcher House Wren
21	Red-headed Woodpecker

AVERAGE OF SPRING ARRIVALS—Continued.

Date of Arrival.	Variety.
April—Concluded.	
22	Rose-breasted Grosbeak
	Pine Warbler
	Palm Warbler
24	Olive-backed Thrush
	Black and White Warbler
26	Wood Thrush
	Scarlet Tanager
28	King Bird
	Warbling Vireo
	Baltimore Orioles
29	Gray-cheeked Thrush
	Northern Yellow Throat
	Wilson Thrush
	Ovenbird
30	Water Thrush
	Yellow Rail
	Red-eyed Vireo
May 1	Great-crested Flycatcher
	Magnolia Warbler
	Wilson Warbler
	Redstart
	Dickcissel
2	Black-throated Blue Warbler
	Yellow Warbler
	Least Flycatcher
	Chestnut-sided Warbler
	Blackpoll Warbler
3	Indigo Bunting
	Kentucky Warbler
	Wood Pewee

AVERAGE OF SPRING ARRIVALS—Concluded.

Date of Arrival.	Variety.
Mty—Concluded.	
4	Night Hawk
5	Cape May Warbler Catbird
9	Prothonotary Warbler
10	Canadian Warbler
11	Yellow-billed Cuckoo
12	Yellow-bellied Flycatcher Ruby-throated Hummingbird

HIGH AND LOW BAROMETRIC PRESSURE THEORY.

Why do many varieties of birds sometimes arrive upon the same night, and is there anything which causes such a general bird wave to occur at some times, while upon other occasions the birds make their appearance in ones and twos? The writer was glad to be able to correlate his records with those of Professor Frank Smith, A. M., who had written many articles on this phase of bird migration, and whom I have to thank for most of the information I have gained concerning the migration of birds. I refer all readers to his articles in the Illinois Audubon Bulletin for the spring and summer of 1918; and to a more comprehensive article in the Illinois Arbor and Bird Day Circular for the spring of 1921, from which the several excerpts herewith printed were taken.

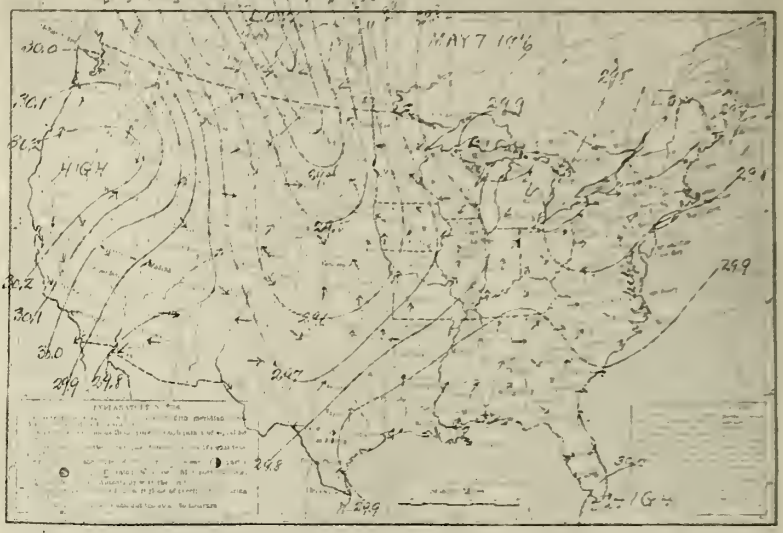
"A study of the daily records made in the months of February to May inclusive, during the years 1903-1918, at Urbana, Illinois, furnish ample evidence that there is a great lack of uniformity in the amount of migration activity on successive nights. On some mornings we have found large numbers of new arrivals belonging to as many as 15 or 20 species not previously seen that season, and such movements are very likely to be preceded and followed by several nights of very little activity. Such extensive movements or bird waves, as they are called, are evidently independent of any

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

WEATHER MAP.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

WILLIS L. MOORE, Chief U. S. Weather Bureau.



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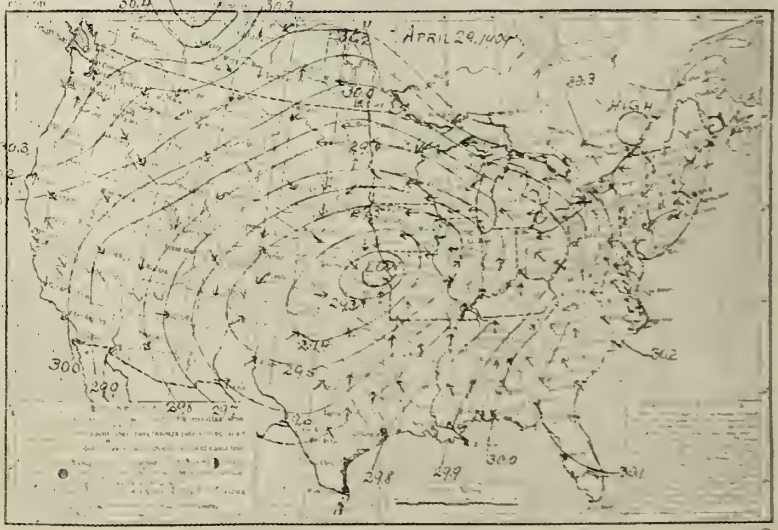

particular food conditions, since they commonly involve birds as unlike in food habits as are the green herons, black and white warblers, and fly-catchers. Extensive bird waves commonly occurred with us, while records were being kept, at the end of February, soon after the middle of March, near the end of April, and early in May. The early May movement was the greatest of all, and at its height, we expected to list 70 to 80 different species a day and see multitudes of individuals. A study of the weather maps of such times of migration activity reveals a close correlation between bird waves and special weather conditions. The greatest flights of night migrants have taken place at times when the weather maps have shown the near approach from the west, of an area of low barometric pressure, with the accompanying rise in temperature, and southerly winds. The two weather maps which are reproduced will serve as illustrations of such maps. On each of the days of the two dates borne by the maps, birds of more than 100 species were seen listed in the vicinity of Urbana. On one of these days, April 29, 1901, birds of 32 species were seen for the first time during the season, and 14 "first records" were listed on the other day, May 7, 1916."—Frank Smith, A. M., in 'Illinois Birds as Travelers.'

When spring comes, the tendency of all the birds seems to be to return to the nesting grounds which have been used for generations by their progenitors. The birds naturally move northward gradually, unless they are checked by steady north winds. Should these winds be local in nature, with south winds farther to the south, it causes birds to move up to the point where the north wind has banked the birds, and the longer the period of stagnation at this point, the greater become the numbers and variety of birds which assemble there. When the areas of barometric pressure rearrange themselves, as shown in the accompanying maps, so that a general south wind results, the birds suddenly are released and move northward in a so-called "bird wave", arriving in tremendous numbers as far as the south wind is effective.

In completing our records for the last three years, I found that as a general thing birds arrived in Quincy and Champaign on the same night. There were exceptions to this,

however. Occasionally a number of the birds would be seen in Quincy one day and similar varieties would be seen in Champaign after the next night. The question naturally arose, why should this be? A careful study of the weather maps again revealed a curious condition. When the birds were banked south of Illinois and an area of "highs" and "lows" had appeared which developed a general south wind which released these birds, the time at which this south wind began to blow had much to do with the time of arrival of the birds. The majority of these smaller birds are weak in flight and for protection's sake they migrate at night. If the south wind approached Quincy about midnight or later, the birds, taking advantage of the wind and darkness, would arrive during the early morning hours and at daybreak cease their migrations. Champaign, being across the state would not be affected by this south wind until sometime later in the day. Naturally the birds, banked south of Champaign, would not move until the next night, when they would move northward on the south wind, and consequently would then appear twenty-four hours later there, than at Quincy.

The above theory applies definitely to the spring migrations. In the fall, the prevailing winds are from the north. By reversing the arrangement of "highs" and "lows", one can tell approximately when the birds will move southward. As a general thing those birds which were the last to come in the spring are the first to pass in the fall and any birds which winter just south of Illinois linger late into the fall in this locality before being driven south by the chilling blasts of winter.

Having seen the effects of migration upon our bird life, it is necessary that we have an authentic list of all the varieties of birds which live permanently, or have migrated to our borders, together with their nesting data. The following list was taken from the Audubon Bulletin published in the spring of 1917 and I have enlarged upon the descriptions and have supplemented it with information from Mr. Frank Smith of Urbana, Mr. Otho Poling of Ocean Beach, California, Mr. Harold Holland of Galesburg, Mr. B. T. Gault and Mr. Ruthven Deane of Chicago, The Spring Migration notes of The Chicago area, compiled by James D. Watson, George P. Lewis,

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and Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., together with records taken from several of the leading magazines on ornithology, covering years back.

Check List of Birds of Illinois.

Grebes.

Holboell's Grebe.
Rare winter and spring migrant in Illinois, even in the Lake Michigan district.

Horned Grebe.
Nests occasionally in northern Illinois, a rare winter migrant in central Illinois, a common spring migrant along Lake Michigan.

Eared Grebe.
A rare spring and fall migrant along Lake Michigan.

Pied-billed Grebe. (Hell-diver)
A common migrant over the entire state. It occasionally nests in swampy situations along the Mississippi and Illnois rivers and along Lake Michigan.

Loons.

Great Northern Diver.
Spring and fall migrant over the state. Nests occasionally in the northern part of the state.

Black-throated Loon.
An Arctic bird which rarely visits Illinois.

Red-throated Loon.
A rare winter resident in northern Illinois.

Jaegers and Skuas.

Pomarine Jaeger.
A northern variety which occasionally visits Lake Michigan.

Long-tailed Jaeger.
One seen September 21, 1915, Dune Park, Indiana. One found dead at Cairo, Illinois, on the Mississippi River in November, 1876.

Gulls and Terns.

Kittiwake Gull.
A northern gull that visits Lake Michigan occasionally in the winter.

Glaucous Gull.
Rare winter visitor to Lake Michigan from the Arctics.

Iceland Gull.
Occasionally it gets as far south as the Great Lakes during the winter time.

Great Black-backed Gull.
Seen along the coasts of North America occasionally wandering south to the Great Lakes.

Herring Gull.
One of the commonest of our winter residents. Active in eating fish killed by the winters's severity.

Ring-billed Gull.
A fairly common winter migrant along Lake Michigan, occasionally seen in the central part of the state.

Laughing Gull.
Essentially a coast bird. According to Professor Cooke a few pass up the Mississippi during the summer as far as Southern Illinois.

Franklin's Gull.
A western plain gull, seen rarely along the Mississippi river.

Bonaparte's Gull.
An unusual little winter migrant in the central and southern part of the state. Common migrant along Lake Michigan.

Sabine's Gull.
An Arctic gull, a very rare migrant to Lake Michigan.

Gull-billed Tern.

Caspian Tern.
Irregular in its distribution. At times it appears in some numbers along Lake Michigan.

Royal Tern.
A very rare visitor from the south and east. A doubtful species in Illinois.

Forster's Tern.
Rather a common bird in certain sections of northern Illinois. Seen rarely along the Mississippi River. Has been found nesting in northern part of the state.

Common Tern.

A common migrant in the northern part of the state.

Least Tern.

Seen occasionally in late summer along the Mississippi River.

Black Tern.

Common in north. Seen as a migrant in April and late July along the Mississippi. Nests in north part of the state in abundance.

Anhingas.

Snake Bird.

Found in swamp locations of southern Illinois. Its nests have been taken there.

Cormorants.

Double-crested Cormorant.

Found in the south and central part of state. Nests at Havana on the Illinois, and above Quincy on the Mississippi.

Florida Cormorant.

A summer resident in the southern part of the state, nests having been taken there.

Mexican Cormorant.

Specimens have been taken at Cairo.

Pelican.

American White.

A regular spring and fall migrant which nests far north of us and winters south of the state.

Brown Pelican.

But one record, made at Warsaw, Illinois.

Ducks, Geese, Etc.

American Merganser.

Common winter duck in the north, seen irregularly over the rest of the state.

Red-breasted Merganser.

A winter resident, particularly numerous in the north along Lake Michigan, where it occasionally nests.

Hooded Merganser.

Nests over the state in wooded swamps.

Mallard.
Probably confined as a breeder to Northern half of State. Regular and common migrant often wintering in the central and southern parts of the state where the water is open.

Black Duck.
Seen as an occasional spring and fall migrant in central Illinois becoming more common in the North, where it sometimes nests.

Gadwall.
An occasional migrant through the state. Increasing recently.

European Widgeon.
A rare stray.

Baldpate.
A possible breeder in northern Illinois. Regular, though uncommon migrant in spring and fall along the Illinois, less common than formerly along Lake Michigan.

Green-winged Teal.
A common migrant over the state which occasionally winters in the south part of the state. Nests in north part of the state.

Blue-winged Teal.
Regular migrant over the entire state. Nests irregularly over entire state.

Cinnamon Teal.
An irregular migrant from the West.

Shoveller.
Nested formerly in northern Illinois and may do so now. Common migrant spring and fall along the Mississippi, less common along the Illinois River.

Pintail.
Common spring and fall migrant over the state. Nests sparingly in the northern part of state.

Wood Duck.
Nests in cavities in old willow trees. Once a common nesting bird over the entire state. Now less numerous due to summer shooting and the cutting down of available nesting sites.

Redhead.

Very rare fall migrant along the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers, fairly common but erratic migrant on Lake Michigan.

Canvas-back Duck.

A common spring migrant particularly along the Illinois river. Much less common on the Mississippi river. Seldom seen in the fall. Not a common bird along Lake Michigan.

Greater Scaup Duck.

Rather uncommon spring and fall migrant along the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers.

Lesser Scaup Duck.

Very common migrant in spring probably nesting in northern Illinois. Not so abundant in the fall as in the spring.

Ring-necked Duck.

Rather an uncommon migrant, very similar to its close relative the Scaups. Nests in the northern part of the state.

American Golden-eye. (whistler).

An occasional migrant along the rivers in the late fall. Very abundant on Lake Michigan.

Barrow's Golden-eye.

A rare winter migrant in the north. (western bird).

Bufflehead.

A common late fall and early spring migrant often to be found among the floating cakes of ice on the Mississippi River. Fairly common along Lake Michigan.

Old Squaw.

A regular winter migrant on Lake Michigan. Very rare in the central state.

Harlequin Duck.

A rare migrant. Larry St. John sport writer of the Chicago Tribune reports several in Lake Michigan recently. It is a lover of swift water.

American Eider.

Regarded as a stray to Illinois.

King Eider.
An unusual winter migrant on Lake Michigan. A rough weather bird.
American Scoter Duck.
Common winter visitor on Lake Michigan.
White-winged Scoter.
An uncommon winter migrant on Lake Michigan.
Surf Scoter.
Abundant fall and winter visitor to Lake Michigan occasionally were in the central state.
Ruddy Duck.
A not uncommon species which has nested in the northern part of the state.
Lesser Snow Goose.
A regular spring and fall migrant along the Mississippi.
Greater Snow Goose.
Not uncommon during migrations.
Blue Goose.
I have seen it once in the fall on a sandbar in the Mississippi with a flock of snow geese. Reported by Prof. Cooke as a spring migrant along the Mississippi.
White-fronted Goose.
Rather common migrant along the Mississippi.
Canada Goose.
Common migrant, many in captivity in central state where they breed readily. Nest in the northern part of state.
Hutchin's Goose.
A regular migrant, though not numerous during the spring and fall along the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers.
Cackling Goose.
Rare Migrant.
Brant.
Migrant, spring and fall.

Swan.

Whistling Swan.
A migrant. Several flocks have been seen at Lima Lake, Illinois since the Federal Migration Bird Law went into effect.

Trumpeter Swan.
No recent records.

Bitterns, Herons and Cranes.

Roseate Spoonbill. (?)
Reported to be an occasional resident of southern swamps about 1850.
A specimen was killed in Adams County on the Mississippi about 1887 by O. C. Poling, and one in Jay County Ind. in 1887.

White Ibis.
Seen by Ridgway in 1878 on the Wabash.

Glossy Ibis.
One killed near St. Louis. A very rare summer resident.

Wood Ibis.
Not uncommon late summer visitor to Southern and Central Illinois.

American Bittern.
Summer resident in swamp and river districts over the entire states. Nests generally over the state.

Least Bittern.
Summer resident over the entire state, nesting generally.

Cory's Least Bittern.
A peculiar color-phase of the Least Bittern-one record.

Great Blue Heron.
Common summer resident over the entire state, nests generally.

American Egret.
Probably not nesting now. Formerly nested, generally in south and central parts of state.
One killed in October 1921 at Quincy, others seen.

Snowy Heron.
Restricted to an occasional stray in the southern part of the state.

Reddish Egret.
Very rare migrant to southern Illinois.

Little Blue Heron.
Late summer resident in Southern Illinois.

Green Heron.
Common summer resident over entire state. It nests generally.

Black-crowned Night Heron.
Over entire state as a migrant, nesting in many parts of the state.

Yellow-crowned Night Heron.
Summer resident in the southern states. Nests in swamp districts. It strays farther north.

Whooping Crane.
Rare.
An occasional pair may be found along the Illinois River.

Sandhill Crane.
Nested formerly, but doubtless not now.

Limpkin.
A bird common in Florida which is reported to have strayed to Illinois.

Rails, Gallinules and Coots.

King Rail.
Common marsh resident over the state during the summer time. Nests generally over the state. Very abundant at Lima Lake.

Virginia Rail.
Summer resident over the entire state.
Commoner to the north where it nests.

Sora Rail.
Common summer resident over entire state, nesting generally from the central part of the state northward.

Yellow Rail.
Found over the entire state.
Less common then other Rails.

Black Rail.
Nests in Northern and Central and possible Southern Illinois.

Purple Gallinule.
Rare in northern state. Recorded occasionally in central state and commoner in the South.

Florida Gallinule.
Common summer resident over the entire state.
Nests in the marshes generally.

American Coot.
Common migrant over the entire state.
Nests from the central portion northward in swampy locations.

Phalaropes.

Red Phalarope.
Rare Migrant from the far north.

Northern Phalarope.
Rare Migrant during May and October.

Wilson's Phalarope.
Summer resident in north, nesting in the Calumet regions and elsewhere.
Seen occasionally in the central states about the swamps.

Avocets and Stilts.

American Avocet.
Rare migrant.

Black-necked Stilt.
Rare migrant.

Snipe, Sandpipers, Etc.

Woodcock.
Once common but now an irregular summer resident over the state. Increasing.

Wilson's Snipe.
Migrant in south and central part of the state. Nests in north part of state. Occasionally winters in Adams County and increases in number towards the south during the winter.

Short-billed Dowitcher.
An Atlantic seacoast bird that has been recorded from Cook Co.

Long-billed Dowitcher.
A rare straggler. Seven seen and one specimen taken at Calumet, May 14, 1920.

Stilt Sandpiper.
A spring and autumn migrant which passes through very rapidly.

Knot.
Occurs sparingly along the Lake Michigan territory.

Purple Sandpiper.
An Atlantic Ocean variety which has been known to stray to Illinois along Lake Michigan. A rarity.

Pectoral Sandpiper.
A migrant over the state and although some are found as summer residents, they are not known to nest.

White-rumped Sandpiper.
Reported by Chapman as an abundant migrant along the Mississippi. One flock was seen by the writer in 1918.

Baird's Sandpiper.
Uncommon migrant along Lake Michigan during May and September.

Least Sandpiper.
May have nested very rarely in former years. A common migrant.

Red-backed Sandpiper.
Not a common migrant in south or central Illinois but occasionally plentiful in Cook County along the lake.

Semipalmated Sandpiper.
Occasional summer resident, but do not nest. A migrant which is more common in fall then in the spring.

Western Sandpiper.
Common during migrations.

Sanderling.
I have never recorded it down state, but it is reported as a regular migrant along the Lake in Cook County, particularly during August, September and October.

Marbled Godwit.
A migrant wherever there are wet prairies and fresh water marshes. Not very numerous.

Hudsonian Godwit.
A spring and fall migrant over entire state.

Greater Yellow-legs.
Occasional Summer Resident, and may breed in Northern Illinois. Common migrant.

Lesser Yellow-legs.
A common migrant which breeds very rarely in northern Illinois.

Solitary Sandpiper.
Common migrant and casual summer resident but has never been found breeding.

Willet.
Reported by Nelson as a rare summer resident in the marshes and wet prairies of northwestern Illinois. (Probably the western willet).

Western Willet.
Authority—W. W. Coole.
Rare.
Found in the north state.

Bartramian Sandpiper.
Summer resident over the state in the prairie districts, where it nests.

Buff-breasted Sandpiper.
Rare migrant.
Reported occasionally along the Mississippi River as fall migrant. One reported from the Chicago district in 1916.

Spotted Sandpiper.
Common summer resident over the entire state, nesting generally.

Black-bellied Plover.
A few non-breeding birds are Summer residents in north.

Long-billed Curlew.
Authority of Nelson who once found it nesting in Northeastern Illinois.

Hudsonian Curlew.
Seen only as a migrant.

Eskimo Curlew.
Spring and fall migrant.

Plovers.

Black-bellied Plover.
Arrives in Cook County in May.
A few remain but most go north returning in September and remain until October.

American Golden Plover.
Occasional in spring and common migrant in the north during the fall.

Killdeer.
Common over the entire state as summer resident.
Seen in the upland fields as well as in lowland marshes.
Nests generally.

Semipalmated Plover.
A common migrant over state.
A few remain as Summer Residents in the north and may breed there.

Belted Piping Plover.
Uncommon Summer Resident along Lake Michigan where it still nests.

Turnstones, Oyster-Catchers.

Turnstone.
Rarely seen in May, more generally seen as a migrant along Lake Michigan during August.

Bob-White, Grouse, Etc.

Bob-white.
Distributed as a permanent resident over the entire state.
Scattered in north but numerous in central and south part of state.

Ruffed Grouse.
Nests in North and Central part of state (eastern) and possibly of rare occurrence in Southern Illinois.

Willow Ptarmigan.
A very doubtful species. Has been taken in Wisconsin.

Prairie-Hen.
Found over the entire state. Becoming very uncommon in Central Western part of state.

Prairie Sharp-tailed Grouse.
Nested formerly in North Eastern Illinois. Once at Waukegan. A northern bird.

Wild Turkey.
A few are supposed to be in the heavy river bottom woods of Southern Illinois.

Dove.

Passenger Pigeon.
(Once nested sparingly in North Eastern Illinois, and in abundance in the southern woods. Now extinct.)
Mourning Dove.
Summer resident which nests over the entire state. It spends the winter in scattered flocks in the Southern part of the state and southward.

Vultures.

Turkey Vulture.
Abundant in south and fairly common in center state. Rare summer resident in Northern Illinois. Nests on the ground in hollow trees from central state southward.
Black Vulture.
A few are seen in the southern part of the state.

Hawks and Eagles.

Swallow-tailed Kite.
Rare even in southern Illinois. Half a century ago it was a common resident, nesting throughout the southern half of the state.
White-tailed Kite.
Rare. One reported from Rantoul by George Ekblaw during the winter of 1916.
Mississippi Kite.
If any are now to be seen in the state, it will be in the south. Once common throughout the state.
Marsh Hawk.
In Northern and Central Eastern part of state said to be uncommon if not rare. Along the Mississippi marshes in Central to the south it is a permanent resident in goodly numbers.
Sharp-shinned Hawk.
Found over entire state. Nests in the north counties much more than in the south, although it nests generally.

Cooper's Hawk.
Common over the entire state. Similar in distribution to the above.
Goshawk.
Rare winter migrant. Migrates into the states occasionally, as does the Snowy Owl. Both are forced south from the sub-arctic regions when a periodic scourge kills off the varying hares upon which they normally live. Very common along the Illinois River in winter of 1918.
Western Goshawk.
A rare stray in southern Illinois.
Red-tailed Hawk.
Common resident over the entire state, nesting throughout.
Krider's Red-tailed Hawk.
A very rare stray.
Western Red-tailed Hawk.
A casual migrant.
Harlan's Hawk.
A casual migrant.
Mexican Gosgawk.
Rare stray to our southern border.
Red-shouldered Hawk.
Common over the entire state, nesting generally.
Swainson's Hawk.
Very rare migrant from the west and north.
Broad-winged Hawk.
Native over the entire state, nesting throughout.
American Rough-legged Hawk.
Rather rare spring and fall migrant.
Ferruginous Rough-legged Hawk.
A western bird which occasionally strays into Illinois.
Golden Eagle.
Formerly nested in different parts of state.
Rarely seen except as a winter migrant.
Bald Eagle.
Now rare winter migrant.
A few are killed each year.
Even in Alaska where they were formerly able to hold their own, a bounty is now paid for killing them.

Prairie Falcon.
A mere straggler from the West.
Richardson's Pigeon Hawk.
Duck Hawk.
Found in southern Illinois where it sometimes nests in the tall sycamore trees.
Pigeon Hawk.
Rare summer resident and may nest in the north.
American Sparrow Hawk.
Winters irregularly over the state.
A very common summer resident nesting generally over the state, in holes in dead trees, in barns and church gables.
American Osprey.
Rather rare summer resident wherever there are large bodies of water. Rare visitor over the Mississippi River.

Owls.

Barn Owl.
Not uncommon permanent resident in central and southern Illinois. Some nest in holes in the clay banks along the Mississippi near Quincy. Generally found in barns and church steeples.
American Long-eared Owl.
To be found over the entire state. Nests generally.
Short-eared Owl.
Possibly confined as a breeder to Northern Illinois. A common winter and spring bird in the Mississippi River lowland swamp situations. General over the state in such situations.
Barred Owl.
Permanent resident in the dense woods over the entire state, nesting generally.
Great Gray Owl.
A very rare northern owl having been taken in Cook County.
Richardson's Owl.
Very rare northern owl that may reach northern Illinois occasionally.

Saw-whet Owl.
No breeding records for Illinois but a summer resident in N. W. Indiana (Lake Co.) Found a dead specimen March 15, 1914 at Quincy.

Screech Owl.
Common permanent resident over entire state. It nests throughout.

Great Horned Owl.
Permanent resident over the state, nests generally.

Arctic Horned Owl.
Strays into Illinois from the north during its winter travels.

Snowy Owl.
A periodical winter migrant from the far north.

American Hawk Owl.
This day flying owl seldom gets south of the Canadian boundary. One captured in Kane County in 1869.

Paroquets.

Louisiana (Carolina) Paroquet.
Once common in the southern Illinois woods.
The few living specimens are now isolated to the swamps of Florida.

Cuckoos and Kingfishers.

Yellow-billed Cuckoo.
A common summer resident over the entire state. More abundant in south, nests generally.

Black-billed Cuckoo.
Summer resident over entire state. Rather uncommon in south but abundant in the north.

Belted Kingfisher.
A summer resident over the entire state with an occasional stray as a winter resident where ever the water remains open. Nests wherever a bank borders water.

Woodpeckers.

Ivory-billed Woodpecker.
Probably extinct in Illinois.

Hairy Woodpecker.
Permanent resident over the entire state, nests generally.
Southern Hairy Woodpeckers.
Probably replaces former in extreme southern Illinois.
Downy Woodpecker.
Permanent over the state, nesting in all sections of the state.
Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker.
Unusual winter migrant to northern Illinois. A number recorded during the winter of 1919.
Yellow-bellied Sapsucker.
Migrant in south and central state. Nests in the north part. It winters in the south part of the state in small numbers.
Northern Pileated Woodpecker.
Resident over entire state. Rare in central and northern Illinois. Several recorded annually from river islands above Quincy.
Red-headed Woodpecker.
In the south part of the state many winter, a few even winter in the central state. Summer resident in quantities throughout the state, nesting generally.
Red-bellied Woodpecker.
Permanent over the entire state but rare in Northern Illinois. Nests throughout the state.
Flicker.
Permanent resident in the south part of the state.
Northern Flicker.
More or less permanent over the entire state, migrates heavily in spring and fall. Probably replaced by Flicker in extreme Southern Illinois.

Whippoorwill, Swift, and Humming Bird.

Chuck-will's-widow.
Casual summer resident in Southern Illinois and probably nests.
Whippoorwill.
Summer resident over the entire state, nesting generally.

Nighthawk.

A common summer resident over the entire state. Probably replaced largely in northern Illinois by Sennett's Nighthawk. Nests commonly on top of tall buildings where the flat roofs are covered with gravel.

Sennet's Nighthawk.

Summer resident in the northern part of the state.

Chimney Swift.

A summer resident over the entire state. Originally built in hollow trees. An increasing variety.

Ruby-throated Hummingbird.

Common summer resident over the whole state, nesting generally.

Flycatchers.

Kingbird.

Common summer resident over the entire state. Increasing in numbers.

Creasted Flycatcher.

Common summer resident over state. Nests in old woodpecker's holes and hollow limbs.

Phoebe.

Common summer resident over entire state. Nests under bridges, culverts, along cliffs and occasionally under eaves.

Say's Pheobe Flycatcher.

A stray from the west. Very few records.

Olive-sided Flycatcher.

Uncommon migrant about Chicago. Not abundant downstate. Passes on to the north to breed.

Wood Pewee.

Common over entire state as a summer resident. It nests generally.

Yellow-bellied Flycatcher.

A spring and fall migrant throughout the state.

Acadian Flycatcher.

A common migrant and summer resident over the entire state, preferring the damp woods.

Traill's Flycatcher.

Summer resident in northern, central, and probable in southern Illinois.

Alder Flycatcher.
Not a common migrant.
Lest Flycatcher.
A migrant over the whole state. A summer resident in the northern counties.

Larks.

Horned Lark.
A rather rare winter migrant in the northern state.
Prairie Horned Lark.
Permanent resident over the entire state, which is both increasing in numbers and extending its range.

Crows and Jays.

American Magpie.
Reported once in records of Robert Kennicott as a rare winter visitant in northern Illinois. During the winter of 1921, Magpies were reported from Fargo, N. D.; Black Hills, S. D.; Sutherland, Iowa; River Falls, Wisconsin, so they may readily be expected again from Illinois.
Blue Jay.
Common permanent resident over the entire state.
Northern Raven.
Very rare. Seen only as a winter migrant, generally in the northern part of state. Common throughout the state fifty years ago.
Crow.
Very common, permanent resident over entire state. In winter thousands congregate in certain localities in crow roosts. Quincy, Adams Co., has been the site of one such crow roost until 1922. Few birds have returned to the local roosts since that date.
Clarke's Nutcracker.
A western bird often reported from Kansas, Missouri, and Arkansas which is reported as having strayed to Illinois.
Starling.
A European bird brought to America in 1890, appeared in Cleveland, Ohio in 1921 and in Champaign February, 1922, which is the first appearence in Illinois and the most westwardly record at the time of writing.

Blackbirds, Orioles, Etc.

Bobolink.

An irregular migrant through central and western Illinois. Summer resident in the northern part of the state where they nest abundantly. Occasionally nest almost to the central part of the state.

Cowbird.

A common spring, summer and fall resident over the entire state, wintering in the southern part of the state along with flocks of Grackles and Redwings.

Yellow-headed Blackbird.

It nests in the northern Illinois swamps. Migration course is not through Illinois but probably to the westward. Seldom seen in the central or southern part of state.

Red-winged Blackbird.

Summer resident over the entire state. Tremendous flocks of females occasionally winter about Quincy.

Arctic Red-winged Blackbird.

Authority of Oberholser.

Meadowlark.

Summer resident over entire state, but the variety is questionable in the Northwest and Southern Illinois situations.

Southern Meadow Lark.

Breeding status not fully determined, probably restricted to central and southern part of the state.

Western Meadow Lark.

Occasional migrant in Adams Co. Commoner northward. A western variety with district song variation.

Orchard Oriole.

Summer resident over the entire state, nests throughout. Numerous in South, and rather uncommon in the north.

Baltimore Oriole.

Summer resident over the entire state, nests throughout.

Rusty Blackbird.

Occasional winter resident in southern part of state. Spring migrant in swampy situations. No nesting records in state.

Brewer's Blackbird.
A mere stray from the West.
Bronzed Grackle.
Common over entire state. Winters in the south part of state, stray birds occasionally winter in the north. Nest over entire state.

Finches, Sparrows, Etc.

Evening Grosbeck.
Irregular migrant as far south as the central part of state.
Pine Grosbeak.
Rare winter migrant in the north part of state.
Purple Finch.
An occasional winter resident in the south and central part of state. Spring migrant in tremendous quantities in central and western part of the state. Nests sparingly in the northern part of the state.
House Sparrow.
Constitute a pest over the entire state.
American Crossbill.
Very irregular winter migrant over state. More common in north than south. To be expected near big pine groves.
White-winged Crossbill.
Irregular winter migrant. Breeds far north.
Hoary Redpoll.
Rare winter migrant in the northern counties of the state.
Redpoll.
Common winter migrant in the northern part of the state. But one record in Adams Co. Seldom seen in the central state. Breeds far north.
Holboell's Redpoll (?)
Greater Redpoll.
A rare winter migrant in northern Illinois.
American Goldfinch.
Some members of this species are always with us, nesting, generally, throughout the state during July. A very large migratory movement is noticeable each spring during the middle of April.

Pine Siskin.
A winter migrant to northern Illinois. Occasionally seen in the central state as far as Champaign and Adams counties.

Snow Bunting.
A winter migrant in the northern counties. One stray was killed in Adams Co. many years ago. Nests in the Arctic regions.

Lapland Longspur.
A winter migrant which often travels well down past the center of the state.

Smith's Longspur.
A winter migrant over the entire state. Not common, however very irregular in appearance.

Chestnut-collared Longspur.
A native of the Great Plains which has been reported as a winter straggler in Illinois.

McCown's Longspur.
A western bird which occasionally straggles into Illinois during its winter wanderings.

Vesper Sparrow.
Common summer resident over the entire state in grassy situations. Nests generally.

Savannah Sparrow.
Migrates over entire state. More common in the Eastern part of the state then Western. Found nesting by Ridgeway at Mount Carmel, also found it wintering there several times in mild seasons.

Grasshopper Sparrow.
A summer resident throughout the state. A prairie bird. Nests generally.

Henslow's Sparrow.
Summer resident locally over the entire state in prairie situations. Nests generally though not abundantly.

Leconte's Sparrow.
Recorded breeding in northeastern Illinois but record questioned. A rare migrant along western Illinois at Quincy and Warsaw.

Nelson's Sharp-tailed Sparrow.
A possible breeder in Northern Illinois. A migrant to be found in the long grass of the prairies.

Lark Sparrow.
A summer resident over the entire state where prairie situations exist. Nests generally.

Harris' Sparrow.
Irregular migrant seen every several springs at Quincy reported elsewhere about the northern part of the state at rare intervals. October 31, 1921 a large wave of Harris' Sparrows was reported at Kansas City, Mo. It is extending its range eastward.

White-crowned Sparrow.
A common migrant over the state, winters in southern Illinois, nests in Canada. No nesting record.

White-throated Sparrow.
Very common migrant. Winters as far north as the central part of the state. No nesting record.

Tree Sparrow.
A common winter resident over the entire state which leaves for the northward in early March.

Chipping Sparrow.
A common summer resident over the entire state. Nests generally.

Clay-colored Sparrow.
Classified as summer resident in Northern Illinois. A western variety which is very rare.

Field Sparrow.
Common summer resident over the entire state in rural fields where buckbrush, spice bush and other low growing shrubbery exists. Nests generally, being a very common host to the cow bird.

Slate-colored Junco.
Common winter resident over entire state. Leaves for the north during March.

Montana Junco.
Rare winter straggler seen occasionally in the more northern countries. Several records in Champaign and one in Adams Co.

Shufeldt's Junco.

Bachman's Sparrow.

Summer resident throughout the state, but chiefly in southern Illinois. Extending this range northward. Nests sparingly over entire state.

Song Sparrow.

Permanent resident over the central part of the state. Rather rare summer resident in southern and central Illinois. Breeds in the northern part of state.

Lincoln's Sparrow.

Winters in south, migrant in central state, and summer resident in north where it sometimes nests.

Swamp Sparrow.

Winters in southern Illinois and a few remain in the swamps of the central part of the state. It is a general migrant over state and nests in northern part of the state, although an occasional nest is found farther south.

Fox Sparrow.

A general spring and fall migrant. A winter resident in the southern part of state. No nesting records.

Towhee.

Often winters as far north as Quincy. An early migrant nesting generally over the entire state.

Arctic Towhee.

Cardinal.

Permanent resident over the entire state. Rather rare in the northern state, very common winter and summer at Quincy and southward, often having seen eight or ten in one weed patch. Less abundant in the eastern part of the state.

Rose-breasted Grosbeak.

Only a migrant in the southern part of the state. Nests from the central part of the state through the northern counties.

Blue Grosbeak.

A very rare summer migrant from the South which visits our southern most counties. Never reported in Adams or Champaign county.

Indigo Bunting.

Summer resident over the entire state. Nests generally.

Painted Bunting.

One female seen by Ridgway, June 10, 1871.

Dickcissel.

Common summer resident over the entire state. Nests generally.

Tanagers.

Scarlet Tanager.

Rather rare summer resident in the southern part of the state increasing in numbers in the central state and regular summer resident farther north. Generally observed in high trees.

Summer Tanager.

A common summer resident in southern Illinois a mere migrant or stray in Adams Co. and a very rare summer resident north of the central part of the state.

Swallows.

Purple Martin.

Summer resident over entire state. Nests in boxes and the cornices of buildings.

Cliff Swallow.

Summer resident over entire state. Local in nature. Scarce in Adams Co., except as a migrant. Very numerous in some sections. Builds its gourd shaped mud houses along on the eaves of barns and along cliffs.

Barn Swallow.

A general summer resident nesting under the eaves of the barns, sometimes inside on the rafters and occasionally on cliffs.

Tree Swallow.

Common summer resident over the entire state. Nests in isolated dead trees, particularly dead trees riddled with woodpecker holes situated in swamps or sloughs. Less common in the north part of state.

Bank Swallow.

Summer resident. Everywhere about state where clay-banks and water are in proximity. Flocks of hundreds will honeycomb a large clay bank, giving it a very unique appearance.

Rough-winged Swallow.
General summer resident. Nesting habits similar to those of the Bank Swallow.
Northern Violet-green Swallow (?)

Waxwings.

Bohemian Waxwing.
Very irregular winter migrant. Common in central part of the state in 1920. Feed on juniper berries, persimmons, rosebrier fruit, etc.
Cedar Waxwing.
Seen as a migrant over the entire state throughout the winter and spring. Nests irregularly from the central part of the state northward.

Shrikes.

Northern Shrike.
A rare winter resident in the northern part of the state. But one record in Adams County. It lives in the far northland.
Loggerhead Shrike.
The prevalent shrike in the southern part of the state.
Migrant Shrike.
Possibly confined as a summer resident to the northern half of state. Nests in the Osage orange trees at the hedge corners. Becoming scarce in many parts of the state because of the cutting away of the hedge fences. It will be interesting to note its future selection of nesting sites.

Vireos.

Red-eyed Vireo.
Common summer resident throughout the woodlands of the state. Nests generally.
Philadelphia Vireo.
Regular, although uncommon migrant throughout the state.
Possibly a summer resident in northern Illinois.
Warbling Vireo.
Summer resident throughout state. Nests generally. Less abundant in the north, although reported to be increasing in numbers particularly in Knox Co.

Yellow-throated Vireo.
Summer resident throughout the state, living in the bottom land forests. Nests sparingly over the entire state.

Blue-headed Vireo.
Rather uncommon spring and fall migrant. No nesting records.

White-eyed Vireo.
Nests irregularly over entire state. Not a common summer resident in the north.

Bell's Vireo.
Irregular summer resident over state, although rare in Northern Illinois. Nests found yearly in low brush and tangled briers in Adams Co. Also found in similar locations over the rest of state, particularly southward. Abundant in certain parts of Knox County.

Wood Warblers.

Black and White Warbler.
A spring and fall migrant throughout Illinois. An upland wood bird. Nests beyond the state. It may nest occasionally in the north part of this state.

Prothonotary Warbler.
Summer resident over entire state. Nests very abundantly in holes in willow trees about the rivers and swamps in southern and central part of state. Very common about Quincy.

Swainson's Warbler.
Rare summer resident; in swamps of southern Illinois only.

Worm-eating Warbler.
Common species in southern Illinois, but a rare summer resident in the northern part of the state. Nests accordingly over the state.

Blue-winged Warbler.
A migrant which occasionally summers over entire state. It nests sparingly throughout the state.

Golden-winged Warbler.
Migrant in southern Illinois, summer resident from central state northward. Nests from central state northward. Increases in number towards the northern part of the state.

Nashville Warbler.
Ridgway states that it breeds in northern Illinois. Common migrant throughout state in open woods.

Orange-crowned Warbler.
Have found it a very rare migrant in western Illinois and generally reported over the state as very irregular.

Tennessee Warbler.
A common spring and fall migrant. Nests north of our state.

Parula Warbler.
Common migrant. Seen in wooded swamps during the summer. Nests sparingly through the state.

Cape May Warbler.
Regular migrant in the western part of the state. Increasing in numbers in northern Illinois. Hard to identify as they move in the tree tops chiefly.

Yellow Warbler.
Very common migrant, nesting very generally over the central and northern portion of the state and occasionally in the south.

Black-throated Blue Warbler.
A common migrant over the state.

Myrtle Warbler.
Very early and common migrant. Often returns in fall and remains for days in great numbers. Seen both on the lawns and in the trees. A winter resident in the southern part of the state. Nests far north of Illinois.

Magnolia Warbler.
A very common migrant over the state. Nests far north.

Cerulean Warbler.
A rare migrant in the western and eastern and northern parts of the state. A dweller of the tall tree tops. Nests rarely throughout the entire state.

Chestnut-sided Warbler.

A common and pretty warbler which may be expected to nest in northern Illinois. Common migrant over the entire state.

Bay-breasted Warbler.

A migrant in fall and spring seen in the tall tree tops. Nests in the pine trees far north of Illinois.

Black-poll Warbler.

A common migrant over the entire state. No nesting record.

Blackburnian Warbler.

A beautiful spring and fall migrant over the entire state. It may nest rarely in the northern part of our state but although seen as a summer resident, no nests have been found as yet.

Sycamore Warblers.

Apparently confined as summer resident to southern Illinois.

Likes a swamp location where it may be discovered at the tops of the tall sycamore and elms.

Black-throated Green Warbler.

A regular migrant. Nests in the pine forests far north of this state. Reported by Nelson as having found nest in northern Illinois.

Kirtland's Warbler.

A very rare warbler seen enroute to Hudson Bay region, where it nests.

Pine Warbler.

A very common migrant throughout the entire state. Nesting many places over the state.

Palm Warbler.

A very abundant spring migrant. Commonly seen on the ground or on the low willows. Breeds beyond the north border of state.

Prairie Warbler.

A rare migrant over the entire state; less common in the west and considered very uncommon in northern Illinois. Nests have been found over the entire state, rarely in the north, much more common in the south.

Oven-bird.

Common migrant over the entire state. Nests occasionally in swamp situations in the northern part of this state although its nest is sometimes found in the central part of the state.

Water-Thrush.

A migrant along creeks and swamp situations, wintering occasionally in the southern part of the state. Nests far beyond our state.

Grinnell's Water-Thrush.

A common migrant over the state. A possible summer resident in northern Illinois.

Louisiana Water Thrush.

Over entire state, principally the southern, central and eastern part of the state. Nesting generally. Rather a rare summer resident in the north.

Kentucky Warbler.

Seen as an uncommon migrant over entire state. Rare in north, commoner in south where it nests in the rich moist woods. Nests are far north as Adams County.

Connecticut Warbler.

An abundant spring migrant, seldom seen in the fall. To be found in swamps in button brush and willow trees. Breeds far to the north of Illinois.

Mourning Warbler.

Spring migrant seen in low bushes and along rail fences, etc .

Uncommon fall migrant. No nesting records.

Maryland Yellow-throat.

Common summer resident over the entire state. Nesting generally throughout. Birds commonly seen in brush and brier patches.

Yellow-breasted Chat.

Common summer resident over most of the state, becoming rarer toward the north. It nests in the wildest and thickest patches of bramble in the central and southern part of the state.

Hooded Warblers.
A summer resident in Southern and Central Illinois, nesting in the damp woods. Rare in the northern part of the state.

Wilson's Warbler.
A regular migrant throughout the state. Nests far north of Illinois.

Canadian Warbler.
A regular migrant throughout the state. Nests north of Illinois.

American Redstart.
A common summer resident over the whole state. Nests throughout the central and northern part of state. Found in the thick woodland.

Wagtails and Pipits.

American Pipit.
Common migrant in spring and fall in the western and northern counties. Very irregular in central and southern portions.

Wrens, Thrashers, Etc.

Mocking Bird.
Rare summer resident in northern Illinois. Seen irregularly in central Illinois during summer. In 1922 one spent the winter at Quincy and one was reported from Champaign during the winter. Abundant in the extreme southern portion of state in suitable locations, nesting there regularly. Has been found breeding as far north as Knox County.

Catbird.
Common summer resident throughout the state, nesting generally.

Brown Thrasher.
A very common summer resident. Nests in hedge rows, and dense bushes over entire state.

Carolina Wren.

Rare in the north. Uncommon throughout the central part of the state except in rough situations where it is sometimes numerous. Common in Adams County. Common in the southern portion. A wren of the woods and rocks. Increasing in numbers.

Bewick's Wren.

Rare in northern and western parts of state. Common in Eastern and Southern portions. It is enlarging its boundaries. Increasing in Schuyler, Pike and Adams Counties, where he seems to prefer the barns to bird houses. A bird of wonderful song. Nests from central part of state southward.

House Wren.

Found irregularly over the entire state. In some of the southwestern counties, its place is taken by the Bewick's Wren, while perhaps the adjoining county will have it in abundance. Nests generally.

Parkman's Wren.

A western form of the house wren, apparently more common than formerly believed. Common throughout western and northwestern Illinois. Nests generally throughout these locations.

Winter Wren.

A common little fall and spring migrant seen about the brush piles in woods or along creeks. Nests far north of Illinois.

Short-billed Marsh Wren.

Found anywhere in the state where wet meadows or sloughs allow the heavy growth of sedges and tall prairie grass. Summer resident. A very secretive bird. Nests generally, in these locations.

Long-billed Marsh Wren.

Summers throughout the entire state in swamps and marshes which are filled with rank growths of wild rice, cat-tails, and bulrushes. Said to spend mild winters in southern Illinois. Nests generally.

Prairie Long-billed Marsh Wren.

Summer resident in northern Illinois, but breeding status has not been fully determined.

Creepers.

Brown Creeper.

A common winter migrant throughout the state. Nests far north of Illinois.

Nuthatches and Tits.

White-breasted Nuthatch.

Common permanent resident throughout entire state. Nests early throughout its range.

Red-breasted Nuthatch.

A very irregular migrant in central and south portions. Appears in abundance every ten or twelve years. A few breed in northern Illinois.

Tufted Titmouse.

Uncommon summer resident in northern Illinois. Common permanent resident in central and southern part of state, nesting throughout this range in high knot holes or old woodpeckers' holes.

Chickadee.

Common permanent resident throughout the entire year in northern and central part of state. At the 40th parallel it appears irregularly with the Carolina Chickadee. Nests in holes and low tree cavities.

Carolina Chickadees.

Apparently confined as a permanent resident to southern and central Illinois. Nests throughout this limit.

Hudsonian Chickadee.

A very rare straggler. One taken at Rock Island by Dr. J. W. Velie, years ago. To be watched for along the northern Counties.

Kinglets and Gnatcatchers.

Golden-crowned Kinglet.

A winter migrant, more common in the northern state than south. Nests in far north woods.

Ruby-crowned Kinglet.

A spring and fall transient, common at apple blossom time, where it secures innumerable small insects about the flowers. Summers north of us and spends his winters south of us. He has a wonderful little song.

Blue-gray Gnatcatcher.

A migrant over entire state. Numbers of them nest in Schuyler County, Illinois, although in Adams County, 50 miles away it is an irregular, even rare migrant. A rare summer resident in the north part of the state. Nests regularly as far north as Knox Co. becoming abundant in the southern part of the state.

Thrushes, Bluebirds, Etc.

Townsend's Solitaire.

A rare western bird which is a mere straggler in Illinois. Reputed to be one of the world's most wonderful singers. One shot at Waukegan, December 16, 1875.

Wood Thrush.

Irregular summer resident over the entire state. Prefers the heavily shaded woodlands. In the western part of the state it is common in the cities where it nests readily on horizontal limbs of elms and hard maple trees. A wonderful singer with a short metallic song of incomparable sweetness.

Wilson's Thrush.

Seen as a shadowy migrant of the underbrush in southern and central Illinois. A summer resident in the woods in northern Illinois and northward.

Willow Thrush.

The common form in northeastern Illinois, but hard to distinguish from Wilson's Thrush without taking specimens.

Gray-checked Thrush.

Merely a migrant in Illinois, lacking song while traveling.

Bicknell's Thrush.

A rare migrant. Recorded from Warsaw, Illinois.

Alaska Hermit Thrush?

Olive-backed Thrush.

Migrant throughout state. Often singing slightly at evenings during his northern migration.

Hermit Thrush.

Very general and early migrant in spring. Nests north of state.

Robin.

Common summer resident throughout the state. Nests on window ledges, tree branches, fence poles, fire escapes, and other odd places. Occasionally winters in central and southern part of state. Increasing.

Southern Robin.

Extends its travels through the south part of the state, where it nests.

Bluebird.

Common summer resident over entire state. Migrants arrive in the middle to late February. Nest in boxes when unannoyed by English Sparrow; otherwise, in knot holes and woodpeckers holes in the country.

A careful reading of this list shows that many of these birds are no longer with us, though the wise legislation of the last ten years, promises to restore many of them to our state. First in importance of the restorative measures comes the passage of the Federal Migratory Bird Law and second the passage of state laws establishing game preserves and parks throughout the state. These two factors will tend to rehabilitate the bird life of the state.

Federal Migratory Bird Act.

In December 1916, the Migratory Bird Treaty between United States and Great Britain, in reference to birds that migrate between Canada and United States was ratified and became a fact.

The shooting of Migratory birds during the spring or nesting season was forbidden in the United States and Canada, and fall shooting was controlled by open seasons in selected zones. Not only did the law govern the time in which hunting might be enjoyed in any part of the two-countries, but it also forbade the sale of game killed during the open season.

Upon the law's going into effect, the good results were instantaneous. Reports for the first year from game wardens all over the two countries showed the largest number of fall birds seen for many years. Each succeeding year the number of birds and varieties have increased, until this last season I was informed by practically every hunter that I asked, that the hunting was as good as any fall shooting he has ever had.

Many varieties of birds which have not been commonly seen for a great many years are beginning to make their reappearance. This includes the Woodcock, Swans, and many forms of ducks and snipe which were thought to be all but extinct.

The following is an interesting newspaper account of the large number of ducks present along the Illinois River in the spring of 1922, just six years after the signing of the above treaty.

"Wild ducks are to be seen in almost every field located north and northwest of Rushville, the number in some of the fields being estimated at many thousands. To the south, in the Crane Creek and Coal Creek Drainage District, the ducks are said to be more numerous than ever before and countless thousands can be seen in the fields adjacent to the public road between Frederick and the river. Fields seeded to wheat are now their favorite feeding grounds and if this continues, there is a probability that the growing crops may be considerably damaged."—Rushville (Ill.) Herald, March 9, 1922.

The Illinois State Legislature has re-enacted its game laws to co-ordinate with the Federal law, thus making more effective the protection of the migrants which come through Illinois.

State Audubon Society.

One of the greatest factors for good in the protection of birds throughout our state is the Illinois Audubon Society. This organization not only watches all legislation that pertains to birds in the State Legislature, but it yearly publishes two of the finest bulletins on birds that are to be had in the United States. Its educational program has practically done away with the small boys' bird-egg collecting, and the study of bird life and its protection is now a part of the curriculum of nearly every public school.

The Duck Clubs.

Duck shooting has become one of the most universally enjoyed sports of the hunters of Illinois. Those living upon lakes and rivers have an abundance of opportunities in which to exercise their privilege. But many citizens of the interior

wish to enjoy similar sport with the result that along the entire Illinois River, the sloughs and swamps are leased by groups of such men and hunting clubs are formed, some of which are very elaborate in their appointments. Live decoys are kept in large numbers and in many of these locations the wild ducks are fed all winter long, which encourages their premanency as winter residents.

Bird Study at our University.

The State University has maintained a course in ornithology under the able instructions of Professor Frank Smith and several assistants. The course is covered by lectures, and by laboratory work; and the University Museum is used to supply the mounted specimens needed to illustrate the lectures. Recently a stereopticon machine with hundreds of slides has been installed; so the students not only see perfect birds in mounted form but also see pictures of them in their native habitat.

In 1906-07 and 1909 the state laboratory of Natural History under the instruction of Stephen A. Forbes, the eminent state entomologist, decided to make a statistical survey of all the birds in Illinois. The active work was under the direction of Alfred O. Gross, Ph. D., with an assistant, both of whom were experienced naturalists and taxidermists. They made three trips back and forth across the state; one in the southern portion, one in the central portion, and one in the northern. Their activities are recorded in the form of a bulletin issued by the state, which gives us a complete accounting of the bird life of Illinois during the summer season. So wide has become the interest in bird life that elementary courses in ornithology have been instituted in nearly all of the state normal schools, and some very valuable information concerning nesting and incubation has been secured for science by the teachers and classes at the Western Illinois State Normal at Macomb.

No history of our state birds would be complete without an appreciation of Robert Ridgway, Curator of the Division of Birds, United States National Museum, who is a native Illinoisan with his home at Olney, Illinois. He is our master ornithologist and scientist who has written more than 500 monographs on birds and many histories, one being a two

volume Edition, "Ornithology of Illinois" which was published by the state and is the most complete and authorative work on Illinois birds in existence. His greatest success is a 10 volume work, "The Birds of North and Middle America," which is one of the most prodigious piece of scientific work ever attempted. It will stand as a monument to him and his name will ever be an honor to Illinois.

Summary.

After reading the data gathered here, one sees at a glance that Illinois has changed radically during the past century in the nature of its flora, with a corresponding change in the life and character of its birds. With the drainage of the swamps comes the destruction of numerous habitats so necessary to the life of many varieties of our birds.

The increase in number of death-dealing contrivances such as electric wires, light-towers, pump guns, etc., have rapidly depleted the bird population.

When we study the situation from an economic standpoint, we immediately recognize that the troubles of the farmers are increasing due to the multiplication of insect pests which can be controlled only by birds and the use of the spray. Unless the people appreciate the situation before it is too late, one of the most valuable helping forces of the farmer is apt to be depleted beyond a point where it is possible to replace it. The passage of the Federal Migratory Bird Act was one step in the right direction. The Federal Government has started the enactment of laws establishing tremendous forest reserves, and bird sanctuaries.

Illinois as a state should not be far behind. There are a few wonderful situations in the state that should be purchased at once. All drainage activity at such points should be stopped and the birds should be given these vast expanses of waste land for their home sites. One of the most valuable of these locations is the incomparable Lime Lake district lying some twenty miles south and east of Warsaw, Illinois. A second reserve in the north-western part of the state should be established along the Mississippi river, probably across from McGregor, Iowa. Several such situations should like-

wise be established on the Illinois river. Furthermore, one of the several cypress swamps in the southwestern part of the state, should be purchased so that birds traveling up the Wabash would have a sanctuary.

These bird reserves should be large enough to allow a number of different associations so that not only the swamp-loving birds, but the upland birds could find a refuge. Unless this action is taken very soon, Illinois, will find the lands, which now may be purchased at a very trifling amount and which at present have their natural forests upon them in undrained condition, beyond the power of purchase.

Private Game Preserves and Sanctuaries.

At the present time, there are more than twenty-two privately owned plots of land in the state, partly patrolled or under the care of the state. The largest of these is the 5,000-acre farm of ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden. Add to these, hundreds of acres of land and swamp in the proposed state park program, together with a few large sanctuaries located in the various swamps of the state, and we shall soon be giving the birds a chance at propogation which they have not enjoyed for a half century. If the educational influence of the Audubon Societies is effective and the hunters can be taught to glory in the wild life about their preserves and refrain from shooting everything that flies, from ducks, gulls, and herons down to the tinp snipe and grass-hiding sparrow, then we shall begin to see more of the birds which made our swamps, rivers, and forests resplendent with beauty and happy with song a century ago.

We have seen how great has been the change in our birds during the first one hundred years of the life of our state. It is a dangerous experiment to disarrange the balance of power in nature and if the state does not give immediate legislative protection to the birds in the form of numerous preserves and strict laws, I fear the next one hundred years will show a decimation of our bird allies with an increase in the hordes of rats, mice, grasshoppers, and other insect pests, causing disaster to the farmers' crops, to our native tree, in fact to the entire flora of the state.

LINCOLN AS I KNEW HIM.

*By Charles S. Zane, Formerly Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah.

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There are not many men living today who can talk of a personal association with Abraham Lincoln. Nearly half a century has passed since the great President was sacrificed, more than that length of time since his inauguration. For ten years prior to Mr. Lincoln's going to Washington, perhaps the most interesting years of that wonderful life, Charles S. Zane practiced law in the same courts with him at Springfield, Illinois, and knew him well. Today Judge Zane is more than an octogenarian, but his memories are vivid and that chapter of his long and useful life in which Lincoln was an inspiring figure is the most precious of his recollections. Judge Zane served for eight years as Chief Justice of the Territory of Utah, and after the first state election presided for several years in the State Supreme Court. His reminiscences, which follow, are a valuable contribution to the literature of Lincoln. *Judge Charles S. Zane, died in Salt Lake City, March 29, 1915.

In those most interesting years in the life of President Lincoln, from the organization of the Republican party until his election to the presidency, he became a figure of national importance, whereas before that time his reputation had been hardly more than local. It was my good fortune, when a young man, to see something of his daily life during that period. On several occasions of more than ordinary interest his conduct came under my immediate observation. I heard the famous address, delivered after the opponents of the extension of slavery had been almost discouraged by the Dred Scott decision. I was in his company while the balloting at the Chicago convention was in progress and when he received the news of his nomination. What I remember of President Lincoln may have some interest for others.

The first time that I saw him was in Springfield, Illinois, a few weeks after the Republicans had nominated John C. Fremont for President in 1856. But before I ever saw him

* From Sunset Magazine, Vol. 29, October, 1912. pp. 430-438.

I had been greatly attracted by his reputation, and had heard much about him. Early in 1850 I settled in Sangamon County, Illinois, in the neighborhood whence the militia company, of which Lincoln was elected captain, went out in defense of the Illinois pioneers during the Black Hawk War. During the spring and summer of the latter year I was employed, a part of the time, on the banks of the Sangamon river, just below the bluff upon which New Salem had stood. There Lincoln had kept a store and had learned surveying, there he had read law and gained his first aptitude for politics. He had made a deep impression upon the people there. The men who had known him, surrounded and embarrassed by the impediments and discouragements of those early years, regarded him both intellectually and morally as far above the average man, and it could be seen from what they said that he had then exhibited dimly those virtues which made his later life so memorable.

So fixed was this impression upon my mind, that in 1856, when I went to Springfield in order to fit myself for my profession and to enter upon the practice, I first applied at the office of Lincoln & Herndon for admission as a student. Mr. Lincoln was not in the office at the time, and my disappointment was very great when Mr. Herndon told me that there was no opening; but he gave me a letter to James C. Conkling, a well-known lawyer of Springfield, and I obtained a place in the latter's office. A day or two afterward Mr. Lincoln happened to come in. Mr. Conkling introduced me to him, adding that I was a Republican. Mr. Lincoln shook hands with me in his kindly way, and the direct simplicity and naturalness of his bearing were then and still remain the exact impression upon me of his daily manner. There was a natural courtesy and real interest shown toward me, with nothing of patronage or condescension. His manner toward me, a young student in the office, was precisely the same as that toward my preceptor, an older and, of course, much more important man.

After Mr. Lincoln had left the office, I started to the post-office. When I reached the street I saw Mr. Lincoln a short distance ahead, going in the same direction. Something seemed to attract his attention; he stopped and walked out to a self-raking reaping machine on exhibition. It was then

a new invention, and quite intricate in its construction. I had caught up with him and stopped to listen. It was the first selfraker that he had seen. He examined it with much interest, and then I listened to him explaining, in the fewest words but with great clearness, how power and motion were communicated to the different appliances, especially to the sickle, the revolving rake, and the reel.

His faculty for comprehending and understanding machinery I afterward saw exemplified when I heard him argue a patent case in the United States Court at Springfield. A number of models representing different machines had been introduced in evidence and they were upon the floor before the jury. During his argument, to get a better view of the different parts of the invention, he knelt down, and several of the jurors for the same purpose came to where he was and also got upon their knees. I had taken a vacant chair near Jackson Grimshaw, and the sight drew from him one of those remarks which were never wanting when he was in a court-room. I heard Grimshaw say to Archibald Williams, his colleague, in a low tone "I guess our case has gone to h—l; Lincoln and the jurors are on their knees together."

Mr. Lincoln gauged—no man more accurately—the essential difference between speeches in the courts and on the political platform. I had been in the office of the Secretary of State of Illinois when it was finally determined that Senator Douglas would have a majority on joint ballot of the members elected to the legislature, and had seen how philosophically he took his defeat and disappointment. He said: "It hurts too much to laugh and I am too big to cry." Then as he started out of the Secretary's office, he said: "Well, I shall now have to get down to the practice. It is an easy matter to adjust a harvester to tall or short grain by raising or lowering the sickle, but it is not so easy to change our feelings and modes of expression to suit the stump or the bar."

Intelligent men with impartial and liberal minds, while listening to Lincoln's arguments, appeared to *want* to agree with him. He never awakened prejudice by narrow and uncharitable statements or inferences. He never unnecessarily irritated his adversaries. While he did not arouse the passions of the "hurrah boys" as much as some other speakers,

his influence was greater with thinking men. The people liked to meet him and shake his hand. One morning I happened to be passing, when Mr. Lincoln, on his way to the supreme court, met Governor Reynolds, who was an ardent Democrat and pro-slavery man; they shook hands very cordially and Reynolds said "I have not met you for a long time." After a few words Mr. Lincoln excused himself by saying; "I have a case to argue in the supreme court this morning and must go on." And as he passed on the old Governor said to us: "There goes a man I have never agreed with politically, and whom I have always opposed, but I would rather shake hands with him than any man living. I always feel when he shakes hands that he means just what the greeting should indicate, that he is my personal friend and wishes me well."

On the day of Mr. Lincoln's death, the members of the Springfield Bar held a meeting in the old court-house in which he had practiced for so many years. On this occasion eminent and able men, among them Conkling, and Logan and Herndon, dwelt on the kindly disposition and moral qualities of him they termed the greatest and best of men. Stephen T. Logan, himself a distinguished lawyer, gave it as his opinion that Lincoln was a great lawyer, with this explanation—if he believed his client was right, especially in difficult and complicated cases, he was the strongest and most comprehensive reasoner and lawyer he had ever met—or if the case was somewhat doubtful but could be decided either way without violating any just, equitable or moral principle, he was very strong—but if he though his client was wrong he would make little effort. Judge Logan declared Lincoln a man of very profound and comprehensive views, and as free from narrowness as any man he had ever known. In support of his opinion he said that he was a member of the Peace Conference that sat in the city of Washington in February, 1861, and adjourned the first of the following March; that before starting home he called on his old townsman and friend, and in the conversation that followed, Lincoln said: "If agreeable I will read to you my inaugural." After he had finished, Judge Logan said: "I called his attention to the following language:

'I therefore consider that in view of the constitution and the laws the union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability

I shall take care, as the constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the union be faithfully executed in all the states. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, and I shall perform it so far as practicable unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or, in some authoritative manner, direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself. In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government and to collect the duties and imports.'

"I said to him," continued the judge, "that, in my opinion, he had better modify the last sentence, which is, 'The power confided in me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government and to collect the duties and imports.' I told him that the southern people would regard that language as a threat and the result would be war, the end and result of which human wisdom could not foresee. After I finished, Lincoln said: 'It is not necessary for me to say to you that I have great respect for your opinion, but the statements you think should be modified were carefully considered by me and the probable consequences as far as I can anticipate them. The statements express the convictions of duty that the great office I shall endeavor to fill will impose upon me, and if there is patriotism enough in the American people, the union will be saved; if not, it will go down and I will go with it.' As he had considered the situation and the probable consequences of the position he had taken and the convictions of duty he had reached, I felt it would be useless to discuss the subject further. And with mutual respect and good wishes we parted. Time has shown that Mr. Lincoln took a broader and more profound view of the situation and prospect than I did, and that I was wrong and he was right."

Lincoln's story-telling is historic, but he never spent much time in telling a story. In public speaking he used few gestures and he was never vehement; he always expressed his

earnestness in his utterances and in his countenance; once, on returning from a meeting where he had spoken for an hour, I said: "You must have been about worn out." He said: "No, I can speak three or four hours at a time without feeling weary." On reaching the house we found a large basket of apples in the sitting room and were invited to help ourselves. Mr. Lincoln was a great eater of apples. He said to me once that a man should eat and drink only that which is conducive to his own health. "Apples," he said, "agree with me," and he added, "a large per cent of professional men abuse their stomachs by imprudence in drinking and eating, and in that way health is injured and ruined and life is shortened." He was a close observer of natural laws. He regarded prudence in all respects as one of the cardinal virtues.

On many occasions I saw Mr. Lincoln in the ordinary intercourse of life. It was noticeable how well he adapted his conversation and ways to the company and the surroundings. His readiness and willingness to accommodate himself to the people around him, his apparent desire to contribute his part toward rendering social intercourse enjoyable, always made him a welcome figure. In conversation he did not antagonize others, nor did he ever contend about trifles, and as to essentials he treated those differing from him with consideration. John G. Nicolay, his private secretary after his election, who had the best opportunity of knowing him, said that he was yielding and accommodating in non-essentials, but "inflexibly firm in a principle or position deliberately taken." Although he was born in a slave state and brought up among people who were in favor of slavery, he never wavered in his abhorrence of it from the day when he witnessed but one phase of the institution in actual operation.

Mr. Lincoln's confidence in the justness of the anti-slavery battle never faltered through the years I knew him. In January, 1859, while the Democrats were celebrating the election of Stephen A. Douglas to the United States Senate, Archibald Williams, whom I have mentioned before, came into Lincoln's office and finding him writing said: "Well, the Democrats are making a great noise over their victory." Looking up Lincoln replied: "Yes, Archie, Douglas has

taken this trick, but the game is not played out." His election to the presidency in the next year justified his confidence.

What Mr. Lincoln's ideas upon strict matters of creed and religious doctrine may have been, no one can undertake to say. Perhaps he acted upon the dictum of the well-known man of letters who said that men of the world are all of one religion, but what that is, they never tell. Sometimes, however, he discussed with his partner questions of metaphysics, as I happen to know. One day they were talking of the Spencerian philosophy—as to that part of it which bases ethical and moral considerations upon the attainment of happiness. As bearing upon the problem whether actions seemingly disinterested are really any more than an enlightened self-interest, Lincoln referred to an incident in his own experience. He said: "One afternoon I was traveling in my buggy on my way to fill an appointment for a political speech in the evening, when I came to a very muddy place in the road, by careful driving to one side I got through, but I saw a hog stuck fast with his head still out of the stiff mud, and I knew that he would never get out without help, but my boots were polished and I was dressed for the meeting and drove on; but thinking of the loss to the owner and the cruelty to the animal, I did not feel satisfied and thought it would be wrong to leave the hog there to perish, and turned back and got out and pulled the animal from the mire to solid ground, then found some water nearby and washed my hands and drove on. My action seemed disinterested, but on further reflection I found that the act was done to regain my peace of mind, my own happiness, and was not entirely disinterested on my part."

A number of those who have undertaken to write upon Mr. Lincoln's life have seemed to think that by picturing his life as squalid as possible they have thereby done him great honor. Particulars of his early years collected without judgment from those who either did not know the facts or had a motive in misrepresenting them, have been given to the public as authentic. Even his professional career has not received the credit to which his marvelous legal capacity entitled it. Sayings have been attributed to him which reflected sim-

ply the commonness and vulgarity of the person repeating the saying. Details of this kind have been industriously collected by those who had not sufficient judgment to discriminate between the original saying and coloring given to it by the mind through which it was filtered. He has been represented as uncouth in his manner and unrefined in his daily speech; but any close observer ought to know that a man whose chief characteristic in manner was courtesy and kindness, and whose every written and authentically reported spoken word was notable for its finished propriety, was incapable of such a manner or of such conversation.

About nine o'clock on the morning of May 18, 1860, the day when Lincoln was first nominated for the presidency, I went to his office in the city of Springfield. Soon afterward Mr. Lincoln arrived: He said as he came in, "Well, boys, what do you know?" We told him Seward was showing great strength. In a little while Mr. Edward L. Baker, the editor of the Illinois State Journal at Springfield, came in with two telegrams, the first saying that the delegates were coming into the convention hall, and the second conveying the intelligence that the names of the candidates for nomination for President had been placed before the convention, and that Lincoln's name was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Baker went out; but in a short time returned with a telegram showing the first ballot, giving Mr. Seward 173½ votes and Mr. Lincoln 102, the rest of the votes being scattered among other candidates for the nomination. Mr. Lincoln looked at the dispatch, but gave no expression of satisfaction or dissatisfaction. Not long afterward he said: "The dispatches appear to be coming to the Journal office, by arrangement, I presume; we had better go over there." And Mr. William Davis and myself went along with him. On our way to the Journal office, we passed the foot of the stairway leading from the sidewalk up to the telegraph office, and Mr. Lincoln said: "We had as well go up, it must be about time for the second ballot to come." And we went up to the second floor of the building and into the telegraph office. The operator had just commenced receiving the second ballot, and when he had finished, he handed it to Mr. Lincoln. It stated

that Mr. Seward had received 184½ votes to 181 for Mr. Lincoln. Seward had gained but 11 votes to a gain of 79 for Lincoln. While he did not give utterance to his feelings, I could see plainly an expression of satisfaction pass over his face as he read, for he had a very intelligent and expressive countenance. We then went over to the Journal office. Soon afterward the local editor said he would go to the telegraph office and get the third ballot; he thought it about time for it, and Mr. Davis and I went along. Very soon the third ballot commenced coming. The editor stepped behind the counter and looked over the operator's shoulder, and in a few minutes the operator handed him the result. I saw they were a little nervous, and asked the result, but the editor made no reply. I then stepped around the end of the counter and asked the operator for the result. He said that Lincoln was nominate, but the editor wished to be the first to announce it to Mr. Lincoln. I overtook the editor and Davis a few rods from the foot of the stairs, and Davis was plying the editor with questions, and he finally asked: "How does it look?" Whereupon the editor said: "It looks d—n bad." We walked back together to the Journal office. Mr. Lincoln and a number of other men were there, and the editor undertook to call for three cheers, but the call lacked spirit, and I stepped upon a chair and waved my hat in the air and called for three cheers for the next president. Three rousing cheers were given, and then those who were there commenced calling: "Read the dispatch." It was read aloud and handed to Mr. Lincoln; whereupon he said: "I knew this would come when I saw the second ballot." He then received hearty congratulations from us all. A merchant from Boston, Massachusetts, who happened to be present suggested that it was of great importance to have Mr. Lincoln's life written at once. Lincoln looked at the man and said: "My friend, I do not see much in my life as yet to write about." After some further talk he went down to the sidewalk, and several men were near, playing a game which consisted in knocking the ball with their hands against a building. Mr. Lincoln had played occasionally with them to benefit his shoulders, which were a little stiff at times, as he said, and they ceased playing and came

up to congratulate him. He said: "Come up, boys, we will shake hands while we can, we do not know what effect this may have upon our opportunities hereafter." Afterward he looked over toward his house, and said, rather gravely and with evident sincerity: "There is a lady over yonder who is deeply interested in this news; I will carry it to her." He then walked south on the east side of Sixth street across Washington street, and came in front of the Marine Bank. Robert Irwin, its cashier, came out and congratulated him; their friendship had been of long standing. He then walked on and a messenger boy who had come out of the telegraph office overtook him and handed him a message, for which he receipted, and after reading it he passed on to his house and to his wife.

It has been stated by one, if not more, of his biographers, that this last dispatch was his first notification of his nomination; but the telegram announcing his nomination on the third ballot had been in his hands, as I have stated, as long as twenty-five minutes, and he had been congratulated by a number of people upon his nomination, before this last telegram was handed him. This was due to the fact that there was direct communication between the Convention Hall and some newspapers. After all changes in the ballot had been made, a private dispatch from the superintendent of the telegraph company was sent, and this was the telegram actually handed to Mr. Lincoln on the street. One biographer of Lincoln says that when he read the dispatch he was excited, but this is a total error. Any one who knew him would instantly say it was an error. He showed no nervousness or excitement, when he was first informed of his nomination, that I could discover, and I probably noticed him as closely as anybody. I thought he read the dispatch containing the result of the second ballot with deeper interest than he did the third. He regarded his nomination as a foregone conclusion after he read the second ballot. That day he did not tell a story or "crack a joke" in my hearing; he appeared to be graver and at times sadder than usual. I attributed this to an anticipation of the great responsibility that would await him if elected.

When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated in 1861, I was in Washington. I had called upon him there before that day, and went I left the city I went to the White House to bid him good-by, but I found such a throng of senators and congressmen that I hardly felt justified in trespassing upon his kindness. A few years passed by, and the whole world had become filled with the amplitude of his fame. But I was never again to see alive the greatest man and kindest nature that I have ever known.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN CONGRESS, 1847-1849.

By Charles O. Paullin.

Lincoln spent almost a year in Washington as the Representative to the Thirtieth Congress from the Sangamon district of Illinois. He arrived in the city about December 1, 1847, for the first session, and found lodgings on Capitol Hill, at Mrs. B. Sprigg's boarding-house in Duff Green's row, two squares east of the Capitol.

It was customary at this time for the Members of Congress to board in small clubs or messes, somewhat after the fashion now followed by students in college towns. The Washington newspapers of the olden time contain many advertisements inserted by boarding-house keepers—usually women—informing the public that they could accommodate a "mess of members with pleasant chambers."

Five of Lincoln's messmates were Pennsylvania Representatives—John Blanchard, John Dickey, A. R. McIlvaine, James Pollock, and John Strohm—all men of little note, with the exception of Pollock, who later became governor of Pennsylvania. In 1861, Lincoln appointed him director of the mint at Philadelphia, and it was while holding that office that he was instrumental in having the motto, "In God we trust," placed on the national coins. There were three other Representatives at Mrs. Sprigg's, Elisha Embree, of Indiana, and P. W. Tompkins, of Mississippi, men of no particular significance, and Joshua R. Gidding, of Ohio, for twenty years (1838-1859) the most distinguished anti-slavery leader of the House.

In 1861 Lincoln appointed Giddings consul general to Canada, an office that he held until his death. There should also be mentioned as fellow-boarders of Lincoln, Gen. Duff Green, a politician and diplomatist of some fame in his day; Nathan Sargent, a journalist, who wrote under the pen-name

of Oliver Oldschool, and Dr. S. C. Busey, of Washington. The variety of characters in the mess was quite sufficient to make the talk at the table as enjoyable as the eating.

Mrs. Sprigg seated her guests at a long table, over which she presided. Dr. Busey, a young doctor, who had been recently admitted to the practice of medicine, sat nearly opposite Lincoln, whom, he says, he "soon learned to know and admire for his simple and unostentatious manners, kind-heartedness, and amusing jokes, anecdotes, and witticisms. When about to tell an anecdote during a meal, he would lay down his knife and fork, place his elbows upon the table, rest his face between his hands, and begin with the words 'that reminds me,' and proceed. Everybody prepared for the explosions sure to follow. "I recall with vivid pleasure the scene of merriment at the dinner after his first speech in the House of Representatives, occasioned by the descriptions, by himself and others of the Congressional mess, of the uproar in the House during its delivery."[1]

As a near neighbor to Lincoln, there lived in Duff Green's row, Simon Cameron, then Senator from Pennsylvania, and destined to become Lincoln's first Secretary of War. Lincoln's future political rival, Stephen A. Douglas, then Senator from Illinois, stayed at Willard's Hotel, the chief hostelry of the city.

Andrew Johnson, A Representative from Tennessee; Jefferson Davis, a Senator from Mississippi, and Alexander H. Stephens, a Representative from Georgia, messed at boarding-houses on Capitol Hill, not far from that of Mrs. Sprigg. On the latter, Lincoln, in February, 1848, wrote to his law partner as follows:

"I just take my pen to say that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length, I ever heard. My old withered dry eyes are full of tears yet."[2]

Near Duff Green's row there was a bowling alley that was much frequented by the statesmen on Capitol Hill. Notwith-

[1] Samuel C. Busey, Personal Reminiscences and Recollections, p. 25.
[2] Herndon and Weik, Abraham Lincoln, 1, 268.

standing Lincoln was a very awkward bowler, he played the game with great zest and spirit; and, whether successful or defeated, was always in good humor. At the alley, he often indulged in his favorite pastime of story-telling, and he readily gathered around him a crowd of eager listeners.

Another resort of Lincoln was the post-office of the House. Here, his favorite seat, according to the newspaper correspondent, Ben Perley Poore, was "at the left of the open fireplace, tilted back in his chair, with his long legs reaching over to the chimney jamb. He never told a story twice, but appeared to have an endless repertoire of them always ready, like the successive charges in a magazine gun, and always pertinently adapted to some passing event. It was refreshing to us correspondents, compelled as we were to listen to so much that was prosy and tedious, to hear this bright specimen of Western genius tell his inimitable stories, especially his reminiscences of the Black Hawk war."[3]

The librarian of the United States Supreme Court relates an incident that came to his notice, illustrative of Lincoln's plain, unassuming, backwoods way of doing things. One day he came to the library and asked for some law books which he wished to take to his room. When they were brought to him, he tied them into a bundle by means of a bandana handkerchief, and putting a stick, which he had brought with him, through a knot in the handkerchief, he shouldered it and marched off from the library to his lodgings. In a few days he returned with the books in the same way.[4]

In the first session of the Thirtieth Congress, Mrs. Lincoln stayed for a time with her husband at Mrs. Sprigg's. She was very retiring, and was seldom to be seen except at her meals. She took little part in the social life of the Capitol. Robert T., her eldest son, was with her. She did not return to Washington for the short session.

Mr. Lincoln was frequently named as a member of social committees of semi-official character appointed to give pub-

[3] Allen Thorndike Rice, Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln by Distinguished Men of His Time, p. 328.

[4] Ibid., 96.

lic dinners or to hold patriotic balls. He was doubtless chosen for such duties more often than he would have been had his party in his State been more numerously represented at Washington. He was the only Whig member of Congress from Illinois. It is an interesting coincidence that Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were the Representatives of Illinois among the managers of the National Birth-Night Ball advertised to be held on the night of February 22, 1848, and also among the managers of one of the balls given on the evening after President Taylor's inauguration.

On February 21, 1848, John Quincy Adams received a stroke of paralysis in the House of Representatives, and two days later he died. This melancholy event led to the postponement of the birth-night ball until March 1. Lincoln was one of the members of the House chosen to make arrangements for Adams' funeral. He was one of the managers of President Taylor's inauguration ball, held in an "extensive saloon," newly built on Judiciary Square, near the present Pension Office.

It was of this entertainment that Lincoln's friend, Mr. E. B. Washburne wrote:

" A small number of mutual friends— including Mr. Lincoln—made up a party to attend the inauguration ball together. It was by far the most brilliant inauguration ball ever given. Of course, Mr. Lincoln had never seen anything of the kind before. One of the most modest and unpretending persons present, he could not have dreamed that like honors were to come to him almost within a little more than a decade. He was greatly interested in all that was to be seen, and we did not take our departure until three or four o'clock in the morning. When we went to the cloak and hat room, Mr. Lincoln had no trouble in finding his short cloak, which little more than covered his shoulders, but after a long search, was unable to find his hat. After an hour he gave up all idea of finding it. Taking his cloak on his arm he walked out in the Judiciary Square, deliberately adjusting it on his shoulders, and started off bareheaded for his lodgings. It would be hard to forget the sight of that tall and slim man, with his

short cloak thrown over his shoulders, starting for his long walk home on Capitol Hill at four o'clock in the morning without any hat on.'"[5]

Lincoln's career in Congress ended with the inauguration of Taylor in March, 1849. Twelve years later he returned to the Capitol as President-elect of the United States.

[5] Allen Thorndike Rice. Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln by Distinguished Men of His Time. P. 20.

REMINISCENCES OF P. P. GROSBOLL.

Contributed by Colby Beekman.

Until about the year 1898 there stood on the old "McGrady Rutledge Farm", about four miles northwest of Petersburg an old log cabin that was of particular interest to Lincoln historians, as in it Lincoln plead his first law case, while he was yet a surveyor.

Mr. Rutledge had several years before the above date sold the farm to Mr. P. P. Grosboll, who still owns it and to whom Mr. Rutledge many times told the story of "Lincoln's first case", of which there has been but one attempt to record.

About 1898 Mr. Grosboll wrecked the house and used many of the timbers from it in the construction of a corn-crib which is in use today.

McGrady Rutledge was an associate of Lincoln during his residence at New Salem perhaps oftener than any other person, especially during the time Lincoln was a deputy surveyor under Calhoun, and it was he who brought Lincoln to the bedside of the dying Ann Rutledge, his cousin.

At the time of this story the cabin was occupied by one who was a Justice of the Peace. Lincoln was surveying in the neighborhood one day, young Rutledge carrying chain. They were to eat dinner at the house of the Justice, and upon arriving there they found that "court was about to open", the case being that of the betrayal of an orphan girl "bound" to a neighboring family, by a dashing young man, who was a nephew of the Justice.

When the hour of the trial arrived, Lincoln noticed that the young man was represented by a "smart lawyer" from Beardstown, while the unfortunate girl had no one to plead her cause, not even a sympathetic friend to comfort and shield her from the hard stares of a curious and unsympathetic crowd. Lincoln's heart was touched and addressing the Court

informed him that as yet he was not a "regular" lawyer, though he had been reading law, and in the absence of other counsel asked that he might be allowed to represent the girl. The Court readily assented and Lincoln held a short talk with her, after which the case proceeded in an orderly and perhaps rather discouraging manner for Lincoln's client, and in due time the pleading of the "lawyers" began.

Until now, Mr. Rutledge said, it appeared the girl had little chance for winning. She was an orphan "bound" girl, not considered the "equal" of the dashing young man whose family was of some social prominence in the pioneer community, and besides, he was the nephew of the Justice. Of Lincoln's address to the Court we know but little, and Mr. Rutledge always gave this solemnly and slowly, as it had been impressed upon his mind so many years before.

"The reputation of this young man", said Lincoln, "is like a white dress which has been soiled, but can be washed and made white again. But the reputation of this young girl is like a beautiful vase that has been crushed against a rock and is lost forever". And Mr. Rutledge added, as he stood hat in hand gazing over the old room, "In this room Abe tried and won his first case long before he began to practice law, taking, as he always did, the right side of the case".

Perhaps but two now living know the names of the principals, which for obvious reasons they "forget", but Lincoln's part in the story is but another illustration of that generosity of spirit and sympathy of soul he always displayed, until today the world acknowledges him to be the "Greatest Humanitarian of all time, barring only one other man, he too of humble birth—Jesus of Nazareth".

THE PIONEERS OF MACON COUNTY.

By N. M. Baker.

During the reign of King James the First of England, a colony consisting mostly of Scotch Presbyterians, though with a sprinkling of Highlanders and of English, was planted in Ulster, Ireland. These people intermarried with each other and to some extent with the native Irish; so that the Scotch-Irishman as known to history is a blend of the Scotch, English, and Irish blood, with the Scotch predominating. These colonists multiplied rapidly in Ireland, and emigrated in large numbers to America during the Colonial period, Philadelphia being their principal port of entry. As the pioneers of Macon County were almost exclusively of this stock, it becomes a matter of interest to learn the route of their travel and the different stages of the journey. I can illustrate both of these points by my own ancestors. About the year 1759 my great-grandfather, John Martin, who had just escaped from a long captivity among the Indians, was living in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, with his wife and small son, Josiah. In 1780 this same John Martin was living in Lincoln County, North Carolina, while his son Josiah, then of military age, was fighting the British and the Tories along the Catawba and Broad rivers, and at the battle of the Cowpens. John Martin died in North Carolina, but in 1812 we find his son, Josiah Martin, my grandfather, comfortably established in Rutherford County, Tennessee, with a family of two sons and six daughters. Josiah died in Tennessee; but in 1828 two of his daughters, my mother and my aunt, with their husbands of the same Scotch-Irish stock, reached the Ward Settlement, in Macon County, Illinois, and in the spring of 1829 they built what I believe to have been the first cabins in what is now Long Creek Township. Here they lived and died at a good old age; but their descendants have already followed the Star of Em-

pire westward to the Pacific coast, and even beyond to Honolulu.

And as this John Martin found his way from Pennsylvania to North Carolina, so many others during the Colonial period drifted from Pennsylvania and other colonies to the Carolinas and Virginia. They concentrated in Mecklenburg County, and are said to have issued a Declaration of Independence preceding the immortal document of 1776. They did not seek the flat lands of the coast, but rather the back country. They were the hill men, the sturdy fighters that kept the field as a forlorn hope under Marion and Sumter, after Charleston was captured and the Carolinas over run by Tarleton and Ferguson. These were the backwoodsmen that gathered at the call of the Colonels and fought the battle of King's Mountain. And it was the sons of these same men that enabled Jackson to defeat the British at New Orleans on the eighth of January 1815,—Jackson, who was himself a Scotch-Irishman, illustrating in his own character some of the best, as well as some of the worst, tendencies of that stubborn stock. The line of emigration, then, was, during the Colonial period, from Pennsylvania and the neighboring colonies to the Carolinas and Virginia, and after the Revolution from Virginia and the Carolinas into Tennessee and Kentucky and Georgia, and later from all these states to Illinois.

As late as 1840 there were very few people in Macon County who were not from the South. Out of 189 persons who were here before 1840, whose records it has been possible to trace, forty-five were born in Kentucky, thirty-one in Tennessee, thirty in Virginia, twenty-five in North Carolina, seventeen in South Carolina, eleven in Ohio, seven in Maryland, five in Connecticut, three in New York, three in Indiana, three in Pennsylvania, two in New Hampshire, two in Alabama, one in Massachusetts, one in Georgia, two in Ireland and one in England. Of these 189 it will be seen that 158 were from the South. It has only been possible to trace the route by which ninety-one of these reached Macon County. Seventy of the ninety-one came by what may be called the Carolina-Tennessee-Kentucky route.

These people were pioneers almost by instinct, at least through the inheritance from several generations of pioneer-

ing ancestors. They were a homogeneous people, having the same aspirations and ideals. They were very democratic. There was a greater equality of condition at the first than ever has been since or ever will be again. Nobody was better off than his neighbor. True, some men brought more money with them than others, and so could enter more land if they wanted it; but the land-hunger of most of them was satisfied when they had secured from 80 to 160 or 300 acres, for land was the cheapest and most abundant thing there was, and why should a man want more of it than he could make use of? Few had imagination enough to look forward and see the country filled up and fenced as it is today. Most of the pioneers believed that there would be plenty of free pasturage on Government land in the prairies for ever and ever, amen. Neither was it necessary to cultivate many acres. The stock ran wild in the woods and prairie from spring till the snow flew in the fall, and it did not take much grain to feed all the stock necessary for family use through the winter. And why should anyone try to raise much more? For a good many years there was no market, no chance to sell either stock or grain except to supply the needs of new settlers; and these did not come in a flood, neither did they bring much money with them.

I do not know that the hardships of the first settlers have been exaggerated but they have been set out in undue proportion. The real pioneers had more leisure than we, their sons and grandsons, have today. The head of the family built his house with his own hands, it is true, but it did not take him as long to do it as it does to get a house built now. To be sure, there was not at the first a foot of sawed lumber in it, but neither was there in the house of his neighbor, so he had the comfort of being in the fashion. After the few acres of corn were laid by, the wheat-patch harvested and tramped out, and the flax in the flax-pen, there was little more to do during the glorious months of the fall but to hunt and fish and visit the neighbors, and attend camp-meetings if religiously inclined; and horse-races and shooting-matches furnished plenty of excitement for those who were not. In the winter there was little to do but to keep wood cut to supply the all-consuming open fireplaces, and to get in the small acreage of

splendid corn, which, followed the southern custom, was supposed to be of course a winter job till the big snow kept nearly the whole crop buried till spring, and suggested the wisdom of an earlier harvesting.

The first settlers had little money, and a good part of what they handled was of French coinage. The five franc piece passed for a dollar, though it was well known that it lacked five cents of being worth a dollar. But it was not the custom to be exact in making change. To be within a few cents of it was near enough; indeed, to have insisted on payment to the last penny would not have been good form, it simply was not done.

These first settlers also brought with them the southern custom of doing business on credit, so far as they had any business to do. As soon as there was a sparse fringe of cabins along the edges of the timber, an enterprising huckster with a good span of horses and a two-story wagon bed traveled long distances, making up a load of beeswax, tallow, hides, furs, and live chickens, taking at the same time orders for sugar, tea, coffee, and spices. The load was driven to St. Louis, the groceries hauled back, and when the man made his round for a second load he distributed the groceries in payment for the first load. The same system was followed in the sale of hogs, as soon as there were hogs enough in the country to make a drove. By agreement those from each settlement would be driven by their owners to a designated place. The buyer would be there with a pair of steelyards. Each hog would be swung up separately in a sort of leather breeching, and the steelyard was balanced as accurately as the kicking, struggling, and squealing of the frightened pig would permit. Indeed, it is likely that they often got within from fifteen to twenty pounds of the real weight of the hog; but as two dollars and a half per hundred was the top price, fifteen or twenty pounds one way or the other were not supposed to be worth considering. These separate bunches of hogs were then collected, and the whole drove taken on foot to St. Louis, but nobody expected any pay till the drover got back with the money. This custom was continued without question till one sad day the drover actually returned, (which was a wonder), but without the money! This was a disaster to a good many

people, but a good thing nevertheless, for it put an end once for all to this buying of stock in a wholesale way on credit.

Of course the shooting-matches and horse races of the south were imported with the people. The prize in the shooting-match was usually a fat cow. Each contestant had as many shots as he was willing to pay for. The four highest scorers each took a quarter of the beef, the fifth the hide and tallow, and the sixth the lead cut out of the tree against which the boards containing the marks were set. There was a race track in the river bottom, near the foot of the hill on the west side of the river, just south of the road leading to the bridge at the Spangler Mill place. It was a straight course. The racing horses were the common farm stock. Cows and other animals wagered on these races would be driven to an enclosure and put in charge of a stake-holder before the race, and the loser's contingent honorably turned over to the winner after the judges had declared the result. There was considerable whisky consumed on these occasions, and sometimes there was what would now be called a rough-house. Doubtless the whisky was good so far as whisky can be good, for it was home-made, like nearly everything else. There was a "still-house" near a little spring on the east side of the river, about halfway between the Cowford and Spangler bridges, and the distiller was a genuine Kentuckian who advertised his own liquor by being a liberal consumer of the same.

There is an old saying that if a Scotchman who is religiously inclined is set down in a new place anywhere in the world, his first aspiration is for a church and his second for a schoolhouse near by it; and this is still characteristic of a Scotchman even though modified by a sojourn in Ireland. Many, if not most, of the Scotch-Irish of Virginia and the Carolinas were Presbyterians by inheritance, and that of the straightest sect, but during their stay in Tennessee and Kentucky they were mightily stirred by the historic revival of 1800. Some of their ministers broke away from the old hard doctrines of election and reprobation, preached free-will and a salvation offered in the same sense to every man, and they also encouraged displays of emotion that, according to the old standards, were not seemly. There were ecclesiastical difficulties, the heresy hunter was abroad, and as a result an

independent Presbyterian Church was organized in 1810, prefixing the word Cumberland as a distinguishing mark because they were in the Cumberland country. So it was this modified Presbyterianism that came to Macon County with the pioneers from Tennessee and Kentucky.

We have a striking example of the influence of personality in the fact that the first settler often fixed many of the characteristics of the neighborhood, moral and social, for years to come. The spaces were very wide and empty; people of similar feelings and faiths and practices were inclined to draw together for mutual encouragement and support. And so the country churches as they exist in this county today are mostly monuments to the religious faith and upright living of the men and women who first settled there. This is equally true as at Mt. Zion, where a village has grown up about a country church. The Ward settlement was a mixed community, part Baptists and part Cumberland Presbyterians, and so there is a Baptist church and a Presbyterian church there today. The Methodists concentrated about Mt. Giliad, Long Creek, and the village of Decatur; the followers of Alexander Campbell near Harristown and at Antioch and the Cumberland Presbyterians at Mt. Zion, Bethlehem, Madison, North Fork, and Friend's Creek. There are living congregations of these denominations at all these places today, except that the Mt. Giliad church has been moved to Elwin and the Friend's Creek church to Argenta. Of course the prefix Cumberland has been dropped from these Presbyterian churches since the reunion with the mother church in 1906.

The Methodists and Cumberland Presbyterians brought with them not only their denominational faiths, but also one of the agencies which had had a large part in adding to their numbers in Kentucky and Tennessee. The pioneers maintained five camp-grounds in Macon County; one at Mt. Giliad for the Methodists, and for the Cumberland Presbyterians at Mt. Zion, Bethlehem, North Fork, and Friend's Creek. These camp-grounds were permanent, the camps remaining and occupied by the same families from year to year. When the set time arrived the people of the community left their homes on Friday morning and took possession of their camps. All

business was forgotten, and during Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, services were held day and night. Usually after a short service Tuesday morning camp was broken, and the people returned home, though often when the interest seemed to require it the meeting was continued over another Sunday. These camp meetings supplied a real gospled need. The people lived so far apart that they could not attend a series of meetings and return home between services. The only chance for a protracted meeting was to come to the ground and stay there till the meetings closed, and people did come from twenty miles or more; some in covered wagons, in which case they lodged themselves in and under the wagon, and many others on horseback, trusting to the hospitality of the campers. Pasturage and grain were provided for the horses, and everybody was fed and lodged. All this entertainment was free as the air of heaven, as free as the gospel that was being preached; and be it said to the honor of the pioneers, of all religious and of no religion at all, that this lavish hospitality was but little imposed upon, for there were no tramps, no "Weary Willies" in those days. It must not be overlooked that these camp meetings also served a social need. People met who had not seen each other for a year: old acquaintances were renewed and new acquaintances were formed.

We have said that a Scotchman's first aspiration is for a church and his second for a school. It was so in this case. The subscription schools were irregular and unsatisfactory, and even after New England influences succeeded in securing the adoption of the Free School system in this state in 1855, the schools were very poor. How poor, a concrete example will illustrate. It was the arithmetic class; the problem was in square root, the pupils had failed to solve it. The teacher also failed, and it was put over till the next day. When it came up the second time, no progress having been made, the teacher decided that, though the solution reached was not right, it was near enough right to do, and let it go at that! Faced by these conditions, the good people of Mt. Zion, the real pioneers who were still living taking the lead, determined to establish a school where the Humanities could

be taught. In spirit it was a church school from its inception, though not legally so. A Joint-stock Company was formed, members of all the Cumberland Presbyterian churches in the county taking stock, as did also liberal-minded Methodists and men of no church at all. These stock-holders put up a frame building, advertised the school, employed a Principal; and with the forks and poles of the old Camp-ground arbor still in place on the campus, the first term was opened in the fall of 1856. This frame building was soon burned, and one term of the Academy was taught in the church, while the stock-holders, with commendable energy, were erecting a brick building in place of the frame. Having got the school well under way, the stockholders turned it over as a free gift to the Decatur Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and it thus became in law a church school, as it had been in spirit from the first. For sixteen years this school prospered and did a splendid work, drawing its students from Decatur and the surrounding country, from Montgomery and Bond counties, from wherever, in fact, Cumberland Presbyterian churches had been established. So I must claim for the Scotch-Irish pioneers from Kentucky and Tennessee the honor of establishing the very first school in Macon County where the higher mathematics, the sciences, and Latin and Greek were taught.

In Smith's History of Macon County it is asserted that this Academy ultimately failed because of the establishing of Lincoln University, (now Lincoln College) in Logan County. I have never thought so. It ceased to exist because it was no longer needed. Under the Free School law, High Schools were opened in Decatur and in the surrounding towns, offering practically the same courses of study. Mt. Zion Academy had bridged a gap; it had given to at least one generation of the boys and girls of Macon and surrounding counties opportunities that without it they would not have had. It was not killed by Lincoln College, it did not fail in the usual sense of that word. It ceased to function because its work was done, and well done.

Such, then, were the real pioneers, such their habits and customs, such the conditions in Macon County as shaped by

them; and these conditions were but little modified by immigration from any other source till after the railroads were built in 1854. Decatur may have felt the influence of eastern immigration before that time, but the surrounding country hardly at all. After the timber land was taken up, and a strip of prairie a mile or so wide along its edges, things in the country stood stationary for several years, except that the original cabins mostly gave way to hewn log and frame houses. During this period of arrested development, some attempts were made to get the surplus products of the country to a distant market. Emigrants from Norway and Sweden had formed a considerable settlement in Wisconsin, and were in need of milch cows, for home use and to give them a start of domestic stock. Cows that could be bought here for from six to ten dollars could be sold there for thirty or forty dollars. So a considerable drove was collected, and as soon as the grass was sufficiently grown in the spring was started on the long northern journey, grazing by the way. After reaching the Scandinavian settlement, the diminishing drove had to be herded while it was gradually distributed, an animal or two to each individual purchaser. When the young cowboys, who did not wait for the selling of the herd, returned, (they walked all the way), they told wonderful stories of the bull-snakes they had seen, of the Tamarack swamps, and of the half-underground houses covered with sods, a style of architecture quite unknown on this part of the frontier. From the nature of the case, however, this was but a temporary demand and was soon supplied.

The possibilities of the Sangamon river as a water way were also tried. I do not think that it is mentioned either in Smith's history of the county, or in Mrs. Johns' recollections; but at least two flat-boats were built in this county and sent down the Sangamon. One was built near Decatur, and I think it was loaded with bacon by Peddecord and Armstrong. The other was built near Spangler's mill and freighted, I think, with flour and meal and corn in the ear. This seems hardly probable, but my memory will hold it that way. There were no corn shellers then; and besides, I could go now to the place on the river bank where the pen was built and the corn

hauled and stored in it, waiting to be loaded when a sufficient rise in the river should enable the boat to start on its downstream journey. I infer that these efforts to reach a market by water met with difficulties and were not very profitable; at least they do not seem to have been repeated.

The railroads, The Great Western, now the Wabash, and the Illinois Central, and the Free School law of this state came into operation at about the same time. Either alone would have changed conditions, both together produced something of an upheaval. People began to come in of a different stock, with different habits and different standards. Pennsylvania, during the Colonial period, was the goal not only of the Scotch-Irish; it also received a large contingent from the Palatinate and the neighboring Duchies and principalities of Germany. These at first were mostly of the persecuted sects, dissenters from the established church,—Mennonites, Brethern of the Unity, and various others. Later, but still in the Colonial period, there was a considerable influx of adherents of the Lutheran and German Reformed churches. Some of these people remained and prospered in Pennsylvania, some found their way into the Shenandoah valley of Virginia, and from there to Ohio. Between 1854 and 1860 they came to this county in considerable numbers, bringing with them their traditional love of the soil, their habits of thrift and industry, the Lutheran church, and also some of the dissenting sects that had their origin in Europe and that have persisted with little change since the Thirty Years War,—the Amish, the Dunkards, and the United Brethern, formed in this country by a union of two German sects. The names of the ministers of these churches at any roll call would clearly indicate the German ancestry of most of them. This was a very valuable addition to the population of the county, and all the more so because the most of them located their homes according to individual choice, without any attempt to draw together in colonies or to maintain their own language, and so were readily absorbed into the general citizenship. Some exception to this must be made in the case of the Dunkards, or Church of the Brethern, who have formed a considerable settlement in the northeastern part of the county, and retain

their peculiarities of dress and their attitude of passive submission to, rather than active support of, the civil government. Also, a number of families came direct from Germany about 1853, and settled near together in what is now Blue Mound township. They organized a German Methodist Church which is still supported by their descendants, and the services in this church have been continuously held in the German language till the late war made the use of German unpopular. Another line of German immigration into the county was along the Illinois Central railroad. This road, in its construction through this part of the country, employed mainly German workmen, many of whom remained and became permanent residents of the county. The same, I think, is true of the Irish, who were employed in building the Great Western road, now the Wabash. Few of these settled in the country districts, but Decatur owes many of its Irish families to this source. During these same years, many people from new England and other Eastern states found their way into Macon County, but we have but one "Yankee Colony." In 1858 a dozen or more families from New Hampshire settled in Illini township, bringing the Congregational church, a bit of the New England atmosphere, and the New England thrift along with them.

This inflow of population stimulated business everywhere. The vast bodies of government land in the prairies, that had found no takers at a dollar and a quarter an acre, had fallen to the Illinois Central railroad, and were being rapidly taken up from it on easy terms, but at a largely increased price. This prairie land was being quickly put under the plow, and frame houses and little groves began to dot what had been for ages the treeless prairies. There was also an increased activity along the edges of the timber. The pioneers found it worthwhile to increase their cultivated acres, not so much from the example of the new comers, though doubtless that had its influence, but because there was now a market. What they did not need they could sell. There was more money in circulation, and barter and credit as the way of ordinary business mostly went out together. Even the old settlers began to receive and to pay the last penny in the settlement of a debt without protest!

The rich prairie lands, and the prospect of business in the thriving stations on the railroads, were the lures that brought most of this new immigration; but this was not all. School districts were being formed, and schoolhouses were being built, and the young men and young women of New England were prompt to come in and take possession. As a rule these were not experienced teachers. Many of them were narrow and provincial in their New Englandisms. Anybody from the east was supposed to be able to teach a western school. The scholars they found were many of them young man and young women, anything over six and under twenty-one; these young people were also narrow and provincial and proud, and not to be patronized by anybody. This brought two different civilizations, or at least two social orders, into very close personal relations, sometimes with surprising results. On first contact, it was apparent that teacher and pupils spoke different dialects of the English language. It had a queer sound, and each felt that the difference was a fault in the other that ought to be corrected. It is impossible to speak in general terms of the various points of view that had to be adjusted, but here is an illustration. A young teacher from New England was standing with some of the larger boys on the playground in front of a country schoolhouse, when he suddenly asked, "Boys, what town is this?" The boys looked at him in astonishment, then the one who first found his tongue answered, "Town? Why, this isn't any town at all, it's the country!" Which was very obvious. To the boys it seemed that the teacher had asked a foolish question; to the teacher, the boys had seemed to give a foolish answer. Each knew the institutions of his own home county, but neither was broad enough to realize that those same institutions did not necessarily prevail everywhere else. The teacher was thinking of the town as a political entity, the basis of one form of county government. But as we at that time had never had that sort of local government, and did not adopt it till 1860, the only idea the boys had of a town was a collection of houses. And so in many things the self assurance of these teachers as well as of these scholars had to be toned down a little. But there were good teachers as well as

poor ones, and as time went on the difference between Yankee or Southern or native born became less noticeable, or at least was less noticed. We were growing into something like a homogenous people when the fires of the Civil War quickly burned out all distinctions as to place of birth, and threw the people into the new alignments of loyal or disloyal, Union League or Knight of the Golden Circle.

I will not attempt to tell the story of the developments during and since the Civil War, or the effect on conditions in the county of the arrival from Southern Europe of Greeks, Italians, Slovaks, and Lithuanians. Indeed, the processes of the melting-pot have not yet gone far enough to assure us as to what the result will be. It may be worth while to devote a little time to the question that has been raised, whether Eastern or Southern men have had most influence in moulding the county into that which it now is.

Among the men of energy and public spirit who have started enterprises that have been profitable to themselves and beneficial to the public, some were from New York, some from Pennsylvania, some from Ohio, and some from Virginia and the South. Jasper Peddecord, who started the first reliable bank in Decatur, was born in Maryland, and his assistant, Lowber Burrows, was from New England. The second reliable bank was founded by James Millikin, from Pennsylvania, and his partner, Jerome R. Gorin, was born in Kentucky. So the honors here seem to be even. The only man, so far as I know, who ever went to the United States Senate from this county, Richard J. Oglesby, was born in Kentucky. Of the five men from this county who rose to be Generals during the Civil War, two, Oglesby and Isaac Pugh, were born in Kentucky. G. A. Smith was born in Pennsylvania, and Jesse H. Moore in Illinois, but both of southern parentage; and the fifth, Herman Lieb, in Switzerland. As to beneficial improvements in the county outside of Decatur, the proprietor of Spangler's water mill was born in Pennsylvania. This mill was built about 1840. I have failed to learn when Maffit's mill was built, or from whence the Maffits came. The first threshing machine brought into the eastern part of

the county was operated by John Bell, who was born in Tennessee. This machine threshed the grain, but the chaff and straw had to be separated by hand afterward. This must have been about 1846. The second thresher was run by a man named Malson, from Kentucky. It cleaned as well as threshed the grain, but the wheat was fed to it with such extreme care and caution that it took all day to thresh one hundred bushels. This, however, was a great accomplishment compared with tramping it out with horses and cleaning it with a hand-power fanning mill. This same man ran a circular saw-mill with the same horse-power that ran the thresher, the first circular saw, I think, at least on the east side of the river. In these local matters that bettered conditions in the county, men born in the south and in the east seem to have had well nigh an equal share.

But I cannot say as much as to those larger benefits that have come to this county in common with the other counties of the state, through acts of Congress and the State Legislature. Macon County is not far from the northern limit of the territory which was overflowed by this early invasion from the south. The real pioneers of the northern part of the state were mostly from the east; and besides this, all through the southern part of Illinois there were professional men from the east, especially lawyers, who were active politicians and frequently rose to prominence and positions of influence. Lincoln and Douglas, one born in the south, the other in the east, were rivals in Illinois for many years. Lincoln attained the higher office, but before that time Douglas exerted more influence over legislation than he. To Douglas we largely owe the land-grant that secured the building of the Illinois Central railroad, to the great benefit of the county. The prime mover in securing the acts of Congress which made possible the establishing of agricultural colleges in this and other states was Jonathan B. Turner, an eastern man. The division of the county into towns for purposes of local self government came from New England, though in this case it had to be adopted by a majority vote of the people, to which they were not persuaded until some years after the legislature had passed the enabling act. And the whole idea of the Free

School system as we now have it, bears all the marks of eastern rather than southern influence. In these larger things, then, I must conclude, though with some degree of reluctance, that the influence of eastern men had predominated. But let it never be forgotten that so far as Macon County is concerned, the pavers of the way, the tamers of the wilderness, the real pioneers, were of Scotch-Irish blood, the descendants of the men who rescued the Carolinas from the grasp of the British, and to a great extent made Yorktown possible.

PIONEER DAYS IN COLES COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

By Mrs. Joseph C. Dole.

History has aptly been called the camera through which we may view the events of countries and of peoples. The noble deeds of the soldiers and statesmen are recorded to stand as a monument to them and as an illustrious example for our emulation.

The events of history in general, then, are of greatest interest to us who come after. But of how much more value to us are the events which constitute the annals of our own home county and immediate ancestors! A history of Coles County is a part of the history of America. Local intelligence, wealth, prosperity make up a part of our national wealth and material greatness. The patriotism and self-sacrifice of our pioneers, the bravery and prowess of our soldiers, the high character of our statesmen are no small part of the pride and glory of our nation. In order to understand this period it is necessary to turn back the pages of the history of our County to the very first records that are known and also to study the geography of this section. The present territory of our county was formerly a part of the State of Virginia, under the Royal Charter "From sea to sea" grants. Virginia in 1784 ceded this territory to the United States and this region was called the North West Territory. Thus Coles County comes of noble ancestry. When Ohio became a state Illinois was made a part of Indiana Territory, and in 1809 the tract of land comprising the present State of Illinois was organized into a separate territory. It was composed at that time of two counties, St. Clair and Randolph. Shortly afterwards Madison County was set off from St. Clair and Crawford County set off from Madison. By the time Illinois was received into statehood—1818—there were fifteen counties. Crawford County was named for William H. Crawford,

Secretary of the Treasury under Madison and Monroe; He was an honest man. Later he was a candidate for the presidency in 1824 when Jackson was elected. In 1819, the year following Illinois' admission to statehood, Clark County was formed. It was named in honor of George Rogers Clark, a native of Virginia and a famous pioneer warrior. About twenty-five years before Illinois was organized into a territory, Clark performed a great service to the civilization of the central west. A greater achievement than was that of Napoleon leading a great army across the Alps, which was so applauded by the world! Clark organized an army, all on his own initiative, and, with practically no funds, marched across the Alleghany Mountains which were then the barrier that protected the Atlantic colonies from the terrors of the Indians and French and later the English. He had never seen a steamboat nor heard of the railway train but he did understand war and the transportation of an army, so he built rafts and on them came down the Ohio to where Shawneetown, Illinois now stands, then by difficult marches through swamps and marshes, across country to Kaskaskia on the Mississippi River and captured that important post from the British. Then he marched across the barren, marshy prairie to Vincennes, which he captured from the British, again, thus changing the ownership of all this territory in which lie our state and our county. Coles County was set off from Clark County in 1830. It embraced in its territory then what is now Cumberland and Douglas as well. It was named in honor of Edward Coles, second governor of the state, elected in 1822. As a general rule, it is said not to be safe to name a child or a county for any man yet living, even though he may be as wise as the sages, for one knows not how soon he may fall. But in the case of Coles County's name sake, he died with a name untarnished, a name fit to give to any county. He was a native of Virginia and a large slave owner. When he came to Illinois he brought his slaves with him. Because he loved liberty he set them all free when he arrived here and gave to each head of a family one hundred and sixty acres of land, thus complying with the law at that time that a freed-man must be self-supporting. The former owner also gave bond that the ex-slave would never become a public charge. To this last

wholly unreasonable and impossible requirement, Mr. Coles would not agree, so he was fined $2,000.00, but was never forced to pay it. By his action regarding slavery he shaped the destiny of our state in the matter of whether it should be free or slave. Coles County when organized in 1830, was twenty-eight miles east and west and about fifty miles north and south. At present it is bounded on the north by Douglas, on the west by Shelby and Moultrie, on the south by Cumberland and on the east by Clark and Edgar.

When Coles County was set off from Clark the latter was unwilling to give up a certain portion of its county and inhabitants to the new county, and a settlement of energetic and progressive people; this accounts for the "jog" in the southeast corner of the county. In the northeast corner of the county there is another "jog," which was made to retain the village of Oakland, in Coles County, when Douglas was formed. This village was regarded as having a splendid outlook for growth and development so Coles County was unwilling to give it up and the people of Oakland were unwilling to cast in their lot with the new county.

Treating Coles County from a geographical standpoint, it is situated in latitude 40 north and in longitude 11 west from Washington and embraces about five hundred square miles. Its surface is gently rolling forming a beautiful plateau about 800 feet above the gulf of Mexico. It is largely prairie and constitutes a part of what is known as the Grand Prairie, one of the richest sections in the Mississippi Valley. The origin of our prairie land has been the source of much research. One theory is that the soil resulted from the decomposition of vegetable matter under water together with the fact that conditions here were not favorable to the growth of timber. At the close of the glacial period in the earth's formation, the most southern edge of the glacier came to just about the middle of the county and when the glacier began to melt and recede it left a rich residue of alluvial soil. This accounts for the different soil in the south and southeast part of the county. An immense amount of water was left on the soil when the glacier melted and although the draining of this county has gone on continuously since by means of our streams, evaporation and seepage into the soil, as well as by

artificial systems of drainage, our county is yet far from being sufficiently well and evenly drained for the growing of the largest possible crops. The soil of our prairie land is deep, rich and productive on which the original prairie grass grew very rank, higher than a man's head. As a rule the prairie occupied the higher ground and the timber, the low land along the streams, although there are exceptions to this. The varities of timber are numerous, all kinds of oak, walnut, birch, elm, sugar trees, cottonwood and hackberry.

Speaking of sugar trees I would like to quote a stanza found in Davidson's old history of Illinois:

"The timber here is very good,
The forest trees are sturdy wood,
The maple trees its sweets affords,
The walnut, it is sawed in boards,
The giant oak the axman hails,
Its massive trunk is turned to rails,
And game is plenty in the State
Which makes the hunter's chances great,
The prairie wolf infests the land
And the wild cats all bristling stand."

In settling this country timber was regarded as a very important possession, so every settler bought a portion of timber land, although often times it was far removed from his prairie farm home. At one time timber land sold for more than prairie land.

There are but two streams large enough to be called rivers in this portion of the country, namely the Embarrass and the Kaskaskia. The latter is known in this section as the Okaw because the early French settlers, who gave it the name of Kaskaskia, very early began to shorten it to "Kas", pronounced "Kaw", and, after the French habit, they prefixed the article "Au", so it became "Au Kas" and the later American settlers naturally spelled it "Okaw". A coincidence is that the Ambraw, the American pronunciation of the French, "Embarrass," enters the Wabash River near Vincennes, which was captured by General Clark and the Okaw flows into the Mississippi near the old trading post of Kaskaskia, which

was also taken by General Clark. The Ambraw rises in Champaign County and flows through Douglas and Coles forming the dividing line in Coles County between Morgan and Oakland, Charleston and Ashmore townships and Pleasant Grove and Hutton Townships.

Before the days of railways, an old statute of Illinois declared the Ambraw navigable and numerous vessels were built at Blakman's Mill just south of Charleston. They were freight boats and carried the surplus products of the country to the New Orleans market. All kinds of fish abound in the Ambraw River. The Okaw flows through Okaw Township in the northeast part of the county. It too was lawfully navigable in the pioneer period but it was, and is, a dull, sluggish and muddy stream. There are two other streams not large enough to be called rivers which have their source within the county, namely: the Little Wabash and the Kickapoo, both named with Indian names. They begin near each other but the Wabash flows southwest and the Kickapoo east. There is also a small creek in Morgan township called Greasy Creek, getting its name in a notorious fashion. In pioneer days, hogs were allowed to run in the timber to fatten on the oak mast and many were stolen and butchered although before turning the hogs out in the open, the owners gave them certain ear marks to identify them. So when they were stolen and butchered, the thieves destroyed the heads by throwing them into this creek. On one occasion a band of these pioneer pork packers were overtaken at work scalding them in order to remove the hair but strange to say, all the hogs had first been decapitated! To explain this unusual proceeding they said "they never could get a good scald on a hog while his head was on". This became a local saying to typify a crooked deal of any kind.

In Ashmore Township is another small stream which was named as a result of circumstances. A new comer in the neighborhood had an encounter with a certain kind of cat which lived in great numbers along this creek and this man was so overwhelmed with the success of the little animal's defense that he buried his clothes on the battle ground and christened the creek by the name of the Pole Cat.

In this county there are numerous groves separated from the main timber. What circumstances gave rise to their growth and how long they have been growing, is not known. Dodge Grove in Mattoon Township, about two miles north of the City, takes its name from the following legend: There was a family named Whitley living near it who owned a race mare named "Dodge Filly". They took her to Springfield once, and having no money, staked the filly herself on the race and lost. They did not want to give her up so they brought her home secretly and hid her in this grove and although her new owners and the officers of the law searched for her they did not find her. Hence the name of the grove. Deadman's Grove is in Lafayette Township on the north branch of Kickapoo, took its name from the fact that a man named Coffman, living in the neighborhood, was found frozen to death in it in March, 1826. The corpse was found sitting at the base of a tree with his horse's bridle thrown over the shoulder. Samuel Kellogg is reported to have carried the body on horse back without coffin or escort to the Parker settlement on the Ambraw, south of Charleston, for inquest and burial.

Seven miles northwest of Charleston in Seven Hickory Township standing out in the open prairie, were seven hickory trees. This was very unusual because the hickory tree was not elsewhere found on the open prairie. The original trees long since have gone but a numerous progeny remain.

In Humboldt Township near the village of Humboldt there is a small stream called Flat Branch. This was formerly a camping ground of the Indians and their ponies ate the prairie grass, allowing the blue grass to spring up in its place. This then became the first blue grass patch in the county, and the grove there was so named "Blue Brass".

The Dry Grove is about four miles south of Mattoon and has borne that name from time immemorial. It is supposed to have been named by the first settler in a dry season. Buck Grove near Dry Grove gained its name from the numerous deer killed by the pioneers in this vicinity.

In the southern part of the county in Pleasant Grove Township is a tract called Goose Nest Prairie. About 1827 a person named Jonah Marshall, seeing this fertile and at-

tractive region for the first time and probably thinking of the peculiar richness of a goose's egg exclaimed in an up-lifted voice "This is the very goose nest". Just west is a point of timber known as Muddy Point, so called for its mud. Another prairie is Parker's Prairie in the east part south of Charleston, named after George Parker its original settler.

Prior to 1824 what is now known as Coles County was a wilderness uninhabitated by civilized men. In 1824 the first settlement was made in the county by some pioneers from Crawford County on the Wabash where they had lived many years building forts, living in them and fighting the Indians. They were John Parker and his five sons and their families and Samuel Kellogg and his wife Mary, in all fourteen persons. They were from Tennessee originally and of the sturdiest pioneer stock. The first house in Coles County was built by Benjamin Parker on the east bank of the Ambraw just east of and opposite the place where Blakman's mill was in what is now Hutton Township. It was a rude affair but nevertheless sufficient to turn the rain, break the force of the sun's burning rays and resist the chilling blasts of winter. It consisted of a parlor, dining room and kitchen, and bedrooms sufficient for fourteen persons. The walls were of unhewn logs, the roof was made of clapboards weighted with poles instead of being nailed, the chimney was made of mud and sticks, the floor of puncheons neither hewn nor planed. The help to raise this cabin came from their old home in Crawford County, sixty miles away. They made it a social gathering and the women had a quilting at the same time. In the afternoon the men engaged in wrestling and other athletic sports. John Parker the ancestor of all these Parkers was a soldier in the Revolution as were almost all of the settlers and their immediate ancestors. In the Fall of 1824 Seth Bates and his sons and step sons, Levi and Samuel Doty, came to Coles County and settled the next Spring in what is now Lafayette Township, on the Kickapoo. Others came and started a mill and a tan yard there. Samuel Frost came to this settlement soon after and was the first merchant in the county and also carried the first mail through the county from Paris to Vandalia. There was an old trail leading from

Paris north to Danville and north from there to Detroit and on the south, as far as Vandalia, thus passing through Coles County where the state road now runs. In 1825 the present township of Ashmore was settled by the Dudley family who traced their line of ancestry back to Robert Dudley, Earl of Lester who figured conspicuously during the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England.

In what is now Pleasant Grove Township, the first settlement was made in 1829, on Goose Nest Prairie. Reverend Daniel Barham and sons with Thomas Barker put up the first cabin. What is now Morgan Township was not settled until 1830 when three families, the McAllisters, Clarks and Campbell, made a settlement on the west side of the Ambraw near Greasy Creek. These families had to go over into Edgar County to mill and to send their children to school. Mrs. Clark once spent eight weeks alone in her home during the winter of 1830 with six small children, among the wolves and panthers, while her husband went east to the settlements for provisions.

The territory now embraced in Oakland Township was settled first in 1829 by Samuel Ashmore, the Winklers and Hoskins families coming with him and making a settlement on Brushy Fork. At this time this was the only place in the county where the Indians had a village or trading post, but they and the white settlers are reported to have all lived in harmony together.

The first settlement in what is now Charleston Township, was made in 1826 by Enoch Glassco and sons and J. Y. Brown. They settled about a mile north of the present City of Charleston. The next year the Parkers came from their settlement on the Ambraw and settled on what is now part of the City of Charleston. Charles Morton came to this settlement about this time and first had a mill, but later opened a store and became the most enterprising merchant of the county. He lived on what is now the Decker farm and the settlement at Charleston was named for him. Hutton Township was settled in 1824 or 1825 by John Hutton. In 1826 a settlement was made by some of the Parkers on what is now known as Parker's Prairie south of Charleston. Some time in the year

1826 a settlement was made at Wabash point in the present township of Paradise. The first white settler was Daniel Drake, the next were the Hart family. In this Wabash Point settlement they were a law unto themselves and they tolerated no disorder in their midst. When anyone committed a misdemeanor, they organized a court and tried the culprit, a jury rendered a verdict and the punishment was carried out. On one occasion a man was caught trying to steal anothers cowhide and potatoes; a court was at once organized with Thomas Hart as Judge, Silas Hart, attorney for the defendant and William Higgins and others, jurors. The trial resulted in a verdict of guilty and the punishment was fixed at twenty-nine lashes and banishment from the settlement and it was carried out. In 1826 Charles Sawyer, a native of Kentucky, made the first settlement in the southern part of what is now Mattoon Township. He came first to the home of the True family, who lived in what is now Lafayette Township, looked about him for a suitable place to settle and selected a place on the Little Wabash on the north side of the timber. He hired a man named Bates from the True Settlement to build a cabin for him while he returned to Kentucky for his family. This cabin was the first white man's house built within the bounds of either Mattoon or Paradise Townships. His brother, John Sawyer, came the next year and their cabins both stood in Section Twenty-eight of Mattoon Township.

The home and vicinity of Charles Sawyer was the center of the settlement. It was the camping ground for all comers until they could build a cabin for themselves. He was the friend of all who came, a devout earnest Christian, a Methodist and was the first to aid in planting that church at this settlement. The next year James Graham and family came and located a little east of Charles Sawyer. Mr. Graham was the local Methodist preacher of commendable zeal and an earnest christian man being widely known as one of the most able of the pioneer ministers of the west side of our county. Soon after, Elisha Linder came from Kentucky with his mother, two sisters and one brother and settled south of and adjoining Charles Sawyer and Reverend Graham. Later, in 1832, came the Langstons, the Morrises and Richard Champion, who settled just west of the first settlement.

North Okaw Township located in the extreme northwest corner of the county was much larger than it is at present, extending to the north in Douglas County. Later it was divided into north and south Okaw and what we know as North Okaw was then the south half of the county. North Okaw received its name from the river flowing through it. The name "Martin", was first suggested, after one of the early settlers but "Okaw" was decided upon. The Okaw River, with its tributaries, forms excellent drainage and is bounded with timber which in early days extended southward from the river over fully one-third of the township. The other two-thirds to the south is a rich prairie land, deep black loam. A few settlements were made along the river in the timber as early as 1833 but the prairie land in the south two-thirds of the county was not settled until the great influx of population came with the railroad twenty years later. John Whitley with his four sons are recorded as among the first, if not the first, settlers that settled near the southwest limits of the township, on the Okaw. They came from Tennessee, coming up the Kaskaskia River, making settlements and as soon as other people joined them, pushing onward with the true pioneer spirit. About the same time but higher up the river, Bailey Riddle settled. He was from North Carolina. Jesse Fuller came from Virginia in the fall of 1833 and settled east of the river in the outskirts of the timber bordering what is now Humboldt. In 1834, came Henry and Hawkins Fuller and others. Fuller's Point neighborhood retains their name. The next were William and Jonathan Graham, the Ellises, William, Robert and Jackson Osbern, William Harrison Smith, the Hoskins and Jacob Hoots who came here from Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Indiana. Because the Okaw bottoms were extremely unhealthful many settlers left after having the prevalent chills and ague, and no doubt this stopped immigration for a time to this immediate locality. The early settlers on the Okaw experienced more than the usual privations and hardships. The nearest mill was that of John Pervis, five or six miles south of the settlement and when the water was high enough to turn the wheel, the trails were impassable because of mud. Jesse Fuller opened a

mill, in 1836, across the river so the people had to cross the river to obtain a grinding, the ox teams swam and the grist was carried over in a canoe. In dry times, when the mills could not operate, the settlers had to go to Spangler's mill on the Sangamon near Springfield or to Baker and Norfolk's mill on the Ambraw. From the very first the church was present in the Okaw settlement, Reverend William Martin, a Regular Baptist, being their first minister. Once each month they held church in their homes. Their physician was Dr. Seth Montague who lived in Paradise Settlement.

The mail was carried through North Okaw Township from Charleston to Springfield along the old Springfield Trace by stage. A relay station was established at the home of Wm. Harrison Smith just south and east of where Cook's Mill now is. Mr. Smith was also the first Township Clerk when the county was organized. The first marriage in North Okaw occurred in 1836 when John Turner and Mathilda Simms were married. The first burials were made in 1835 and they were members of the Ellis family.

The winter of 1830 and '31 was one of unusual severity for Coles County pioneers. Snow fell continuously from the latter part of November until late in January, covering the ground to a depth of four feet. In February a warm spell melted this snow and a sudden freeze converted the country into a glare of ice, causing great hardship. A fair crop followed this winter and a few more settlers came and prosperity seemed on its way. Just now in 1832 came Black Hawk's last stand against the whites in the northwest part of the state and Governor Reynolds called for volunteers. Coles County furnished but few such men. Those who went were required to furnish their own guns, ammunition, horses and provisions until they arrived at the general meeting place. At this time they still had the old muster days when there was a general gathering of all the able bodied men at some point to drill. Later the day began to be regarded as one of general frolic and not of drill and so was abolished by the General Assembly.

A most remarkable phenomenon occurred on the night of November 12th, 1833; it was known as the Falling Stars.

Mr. Tremble, an early minister, gives an account of it. He was on his way home from a mill west of Shelbyville, twenty-six miles from his home at the Wabash Point Settlement, with an ox team. He spent the night at the home of a friend near Shelbyville, asking his host to awaken him at 3:00 o'clock in the morning so that he might have an early start. When he awoke he found his host and family very much excited over the appearance of the heavens. He stepped outside the door and saw all about him what appeared to be the stars of the Heavens falling to the earth. He said they did not seem to reach the earth but died out about the time they reached the top of his head. He tried to touch them but could not reach any. The family at whose home he was visiting, thought the end of the world had come and urged him to remain with them. He, however, thinking that he might as well be at his home at the Wabash Point Settlement or on the way there, as in this cabin, if the world did come to an end, yoked his oxen and started forth. As he went along the way, at every settlers house, the people seemed crazed with fright and were on their knees imploring mercy. As it grew daylight, the stars became dimmer and dimmer until at last he could not detect the falling stars any longer. He reached his home safely and lived to be an old man.

Another curious phenomenon occurred on December 20th, 1836. It was a sudden freeze. It had been a mild day, thawing, and raining, when about the middle of the afternoon, a heavy black cloud came from the northwest at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles per hour, accompanied by a terrific roaring noise and as it passed, water, chickens, and little animals were frozen in its track, almost instantly.

The first post office for Paradise Township was located at the home of George Hanson in 1829. He named it in memory of Paradise Post Office in Virginia, where he was born. The post office remained here two years and then was moved up to the state road just then being opened, to the relay house kept by William Langston. The post office remained here two years and then was moved to Richmond, some times called Old Richmond, an embryo town a little to the west on the State Road, on the Houchin farm, where George W. Nabb kept a store. The post office remained here until the Terre

Haute & Alton Railway was completed and Mattoon founded. There is nothing now on the site of the settlement called Old Richmond and the owner of the land last summer in digging to construct a cistern dug into what he thinks was a grave of the old graveyard of the village, but the water came in so fast that he was unable to find out what was there. However he expects to drain it some day and excavate in that spot and see what old relics can be found. The location of Old Richmond was what is now about one-half mile west of the south end of the Long Lane southwest of Mattoon, on the State Road.

The first school of Paradise or Mattoon Townships was taught the winter of 1827 and '28. James Waddill being the first teacher. In 1831, John Houchin attempted to burn brick in the settlement and built a cabin for the hands. The project failed and the cabin was appropriated by the settlers for school purposes. It had long slab seats, puncheon floor and a writing desk along one side. It had a fireplace of mud and sticks and along one side of the room a log was taken out and greased paper put over the aperture, for lighting the room. The teacher was paid so much per scholar and he boarded around among the patrons. Before the building was occupied as a school, a man named Ledbetter appropriated it for his family. Soon after, George Hanson went to order him out. Ledbetter chased him off with an axe. Hanson stubbed his toe in his flight and fell and Ledbetter split the back of Hanson's coat open with the axe. It was not until 1845 that the first school house built especially for the purpose was opened in Mattoon Township, this was just at the time of the first permanent school laws coming into force. It is not stated that any horse mills for grinding grain were built in Mattoon Township as the older settlements all had them and the settlers in this vicinity traveled to them. Pioneer mail facilities in the county were indeed meager, letters were few and newspapers a rarity. Postage, governed by distance, ranged from five to twenty-five cents per letter.

The houses of the early settlers were very primitive. The chimney, at the end, was often five or six feet wide; on the inner side the crane was hung and cooking was done in various pots and kettles suspended from this crane. The floor was laid with split puncheons four to six feet long laid on

short round piles a few inches above the ground. Often times the cabin had only a hard tramped earth floor. A loft was often in the cabin gained by means of a ladder. The immigrants rarely brought an extensive outfit for housekeeping, if any, so they made their own furniture, the bed being a rude affair placed in one corner, and made by placing an upright post about four feet from one wall and six or seven feet from the other. Poles were laid from this upright pole to each wall and slats placed upon them. Dried prairie grass was often used for mattresses until feathers could be obtained. Under this bed was often a smaller one made that could be pulled out at night and it was called a "trundle-bed". Tables were rude and the chairs were three legged stools. Pegs were driven into the walls to hang clothing on. The young people of these early pioneers soon grew old enough to marry and set up new homes. All they received for presents were generally a few home-made household utensils, some good advice and perhaps a horse and saddle. They grew their own corn, potatoes, wheat and a few garden vegetables in a clearing in the woods since they had as yet no plow that would turn the tough prairie sod.

Eastern Illinois, in which lies Coles County, is truly the prairie district of the state and therefor settlement was developed slowly because few pioneers were brave enough to venture very far away from the timber. Along the more traveled trails from the Wabash River Settlements to those along the Illinois River, an occasional settler, more venturesome than the rest, built his cabin, but always where timber was near. An old record says that there was very little settlement upon this prairie until 1849 when there was a rush of immigration, in anticipation of the Douglas "Illinois Central Railroad" Bill, the discussion of which in Congress had attracted much attention to the Prairie Land of our state. At this time the largest settlements in Eastern Illinois were Danville, Paris, Blooming Grove and Decatur. In 1831, Coles County had only 31 voters but the beginning of the National or State Road in 1832 through this section, gave an impetus to immigration, attracting people from New York and Ohio especially. Other unfavorable conditions for colonization existed in this prairie section, at this time, namely: no mar-

kets for the agricultural products and therefore poor prices for them, so that by the end of this decade, 1840, there was a population in Coles County of only about Nine Thousand persons.

The heroic effort, patriotic zeal and religious fervor of our pioneers cannot be over estimated. No obstacle seemed too great, no task impossible of accomplishment. The history of the years following the pioneer period down to the present, is indeed filled with noble sacrifices and acts of christian courage, but they would have been of no avail in the task of rearing the noble structure which is our Coles County without this splendid foundation that was laid by our pioneer forefathers.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF DAVID McCOY AND FAMILY.

By His Grandson, Edwin H. Van Patten, M. D.,
Dayton, Wash.

David McCoy, the subject of this sketch, was born in the year 1790, either in Northern Georgia or Western South Carolina, the exact spot not being known. His parents, soon after his birth, removed to Tennessee, where young David grew to manhood and made a reputation for himself as a hunter and fisherman. Being by nature of a quiet and retiring disposition, he felt more at home in the mountains with his rod and gun than in the villages of that date. Soon after he was of age he accompanied a married sister and her husband to the state of Ohio, where, however, he remained only a short time before going to Montgomery County, Illinois. Here he met and married Miss Mary Kirkpatrick, (sometimes spelled Killpatrick), who was born in Fayette County, Kentucky in 1800, and had removed with her parents from there to Montgomery County, Illinois.

The young couple, in company with the bride's brother and his wife, in 1819 removed to Sangamon County, the same state. They first settled upon land south of Richland Creek, in what is now Gardner Township, but finding that the piece of land upon which they had settled had been set apart for school purposes, and therefore could not be bought at that time, they abandoned their improvements and in 1823 moved to a spot ten miles due west of the old statehouse in Springfield, where they made a home for their growing family. They had three children born to them on Richland Creek, two of whom died in infancy.

Mr. McCoy had brought with him a plow suitable for breaking the tough prairie sod of that section, which he attempted to swing under the axle of his wagon, thinking that he thus could both hold the plow and drive the oxen. He soon

David McCoy

learned that this was impossible, so his good wife, like a true pioneer helpmeet, volunteered to drive for him; but then another difficulty arose. The baby, which was too young to be left alone very long at a time, must be provided for, and David rigged up a box on the beam of the plow in which they carried the baby with them, and thus was their first plowing done.

Experience soon showed him that sawed lumber was necessary for those of the settlement as well as for himself, and he built a dam on Spring Creek, which ran near his house, and erected a saw-mill, to which later he added grinding machinery, much to the joy of his neighbors, for there was no other such mill for a hundred miles.

Every year, when possible, he drove to St. Louis with a wagon load of strained honey and deer hides to be traded for groceries and other family necessities. When his oldest child was seven years of age he managed to procure shoes for his family, much to their joy and pride. Mr. McCoy very early made it a rule that the grist of a widow should not be tolled, and he also loaned money without interest to his less fortunate neighbors, if the purpose of the loan was to purchase land.

His influence in the neighborhood soon became such that he was consulted upon all important matters, and was known as a man whose word was as good as his bond. One Sunday, it is said, that according to his custom, while grinding grain for his neighbors, two preachers, who had been holding meetings in the settlement for a short time, visited him soliciting money. After he had given them all that he had with him, they admonished him about his running his mill on Sunday. He thought over this for some days and then determined that he would never do it again. This incident led to his conviction, and his conversion to a religious life.

As further evidence of his character, it is said that one Sunday on going down to his mill, he found a neighbor helping himself to ground grain which did not belong to him. David simply went in and sat down to talk to the man, bidding him take what he really needed, but not to come again. Who this man was is not known to this day, for Mr. McCoy would never tell. David McCoy died in 1868 and his wife in 1846.

There were born to David McCoy and his wife, Mary Kirkpatrick, eight children who grew to be men and women, as follows:

Owen McCoy, born in February 1820, went to California in the first rush to the gold fields of that state, and died there in 1856, unmarried.

Hugh McCoy, born March 1821, died unmarried in 1848.

Polly Ann McCoy, born April 8th, 1823, on Richland Creek, married Elihu Scott, who was born in Tennessee August 18th, 1821. To them were born six children, namely:

Mary E. Scott, who was born July 30th, 1845, and who married Howard Sowle and lived near her mother until she died in 1877, leaving two children, Josephine and Charles. The boy lived to man's estate and died some years ago, unmarried. Josephine lived after her mother's death with her grandmother, and went to Oregon with her in 1879. She married William O. Munsell, and lives in Portland, Oregon.

Martha J. Scott lived with her mother until she died in 1876.

John B. Scott, was born in 1849, studied law under Scholes and Mather of Springfield, Illinois, practiced for a time with the firm of Dolph and Dolph of Portland, Oregon, afterward married in Oaksdale, Washington, where he was then living, and after retiring from business moved to Portland where he died in 1921.

Owen M. Scott, born in 1854, married Elizabeth Taylor of Winona, Illinois, in 1884, was remarried after her death and now lives near Canby, Oregon. Has two children, a girl and a boy, named Lois and Herbert. Both are married and living in Portland.

Elihu Scott, Jr., went to Oregon in 1878, was married twice, and died in 1914 leaving six children.

Nancy McCoy, daughter of David McCoy, was born in 1825, married Robert S. Bone, eldest son of Elihu Bone of Rock Creek, Menard County, Illinois. To them were born eight children as follows:

Albert, their eldest born only lived five years.

David McCoy Bone, born in 1845, married Mary P. Rainey of Petersburg, Illinois, and is living at Mt. Washington, Kansas City, Mo. They raised a large family.

Mary Ellen Bone, born 1848, married Henry Colby, and died in 1915. They had three children.

Hattie Z. Bone, born 1850, married Wesley Moore, and died childless in 1875.

Maria Bone, born 1853, died unmarried in 1875.

Finis E. Bone, born 1856, married twice, and died in 1918.

James Franklin Bone, born 1859, married Ella Paine, and lives at Fort Scott, Kansas.

Robert Edgar Bone, born 1862, married Alice Keach, raised a family and is now living on the old homestead where he was born, and is considered the community leader in that particular section.

Thomas K. McCoy, son of David McCoy, was born in 1827, married Martha Kendall in 1848, removed to Oregon at an early date, raised a family and died in 1876, while on a visit to Illinois. He had six children, three of whom are dead; namely Mary, Ella and Joseph. Three are living, Elihu Owen, Alice and John. The first named of the living children, E. O. McCoy, lives in The Dalles, Oregon, and is president of the big flouring mills at that place, and has large interests in Sherman County of that state. Alice married Frank Parker and lives in Seattle, Wash. John married and lives on a farm near Walla Walla, Wash.

William K. McCoy, another of David's sons, was born in Sangamon County Illinois, married in Arkansas and finally moved to Oregon, where he died and is buried by his sister Polly Ann near Walla Walla, Wash. He left one son who is believed to be dead.

James P. McCoy, born in 1832, married Jane Seeley of Springfield, Ill., by whom he had eight children, most of whom are still living. They are as follows: Harriett McCoy, now living at Hobart, Okla.; Robert Z. McCoy, civil engineer, lives at Rock River, Wyo.; Seeley McCoy, civil engineer, lives at Bakersville, Cal.; Alice McCoy, teacher at Topeka, Kans.; Martha McCoy, dentist at Topeka, Kans.; David McCoy, lives at San Francisco, Cal.

Joseph G. McCoy, the youngest son of David McCoy, married Sarah Epler, daughter of Jacob Epler, of Pleasant Plains, and raised a family as follows: Mayme McCoy, do-

mestic science teacher, Wichita, Kans.; Florence McCoy, practitioner of Osteopathy, Wichita, Kans.; David B. McCoy, Lansing, Michigan, credit man for Oldsmobile Company.

Rachel A. McCoy, the youngest daughter of David McCoy, married Rev. John C. Van Patten and had six children, three of whom are living. They are: Edwin Hugh Van Patten, retired physician now living at Dayton, Wash.; Francis W. Van Patten, farmer, died in 1889, leaving three girls; Jennie Van Patten, died of scarlet fever at five years of age. Ezra Lyman Van Patten, farmer living on the old homestead near Dayton, Wash.; William McCoy Van Patten, physician in U. S. Health Dept., Seattle, Wash.

Three of the sons of David McCoy, namely James, William and Joseph G., were in the stock business in central Illinois in the sixties and were considered among the reliable men of their day. They were instrumental in opening up the western cattle trade, and at an early date Joseph G. McCoy settled in Abilene, Kansas to look after their interests there, while James staid on his farm on Spring Creek and fattened the cattle, and William looked after the sales in New York City. The trade grew to immense proportions, but was eventually stopped by the so called Texas Fever, which was supposed to have been brought in by ticks on the western cattle. This broke them financially as it did many other good men in the same section of the country. Joseph G. McCoy, was the first Mayor of Abilene, Kansas. In 1874 he wrote a history of the Cattle Trail of the southwest, said to be the first book published in Kansas City. They never got over their financial down fall but all died poor men, leaving their children as the only heritage to society.

James McCoy, who was a very religious man, was in a train wreck some years before he died, in which he was seriously injured. He was taken care of by local Masons, to which Order he belonged. When he recovered sufficiently he returned to his home in Topeka.

He told his wife that while lying in an unconscious state it seemed to him that he was standing on the bank of a small stream, and that the privilege was granted him to die and go across to an exceedingly beautiful land, or to get well and

return to his family. He said "When I thought of the many things I wanted to do for the children, I requested that I might recover. It seemed that a certain number of years was granted me to live."

Time passed on, one evening while sitting with the family at his fireside, he was seized with an obscure hemorrhage. He had a premonition that the end was near. A physician was called who worked all night without success. When morning came James P. McCoy was gone. The allotted time was up.

WILL OF DAVID SHIPMAN, A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER BURIED IN TAZEWELL COUNTY, ILL.

Compiled by Mrs. George Spangler, Historian of Peoria Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

Considering the uncertainty of this mortal life and being of sound mind and memory blessed be Almighty God for the same do make and publish this my last will and testament in manner and form following (That is to say) First I give and bequeath unto Moses Shipman one wagon, four head of horses and gears three cows and two heifers for the benefit and use of himself and sons I do also give and bequeath to my nephew David Shipman of Shelbyville, Ky., six large silver tablespoons, six teaspoons (silver) one silver watch chain and seal also my interest in the balance of the Saint Clair claim containing about forty acres which is situated near and joins the farm of Henry Shipman and David Shipman on Guesse Creek, Shelbyville, Ky., and lastly all the rest and residue of my property of what kind and nature soever I give and bequeath unto George Shipman to be disposed of to the best advantage and place in the hands of my Executor for the sole use and benefit of said George Shipman when he becomes of age and the interest of same at six per cent to be paid annually for the clothing and education of said George Shipman and I hereby appoint John Barlow of Tazewell County and State of Illinois my sole executor of this my last will and testament revoking all former wills by me made in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the nineteenth day of February one thousand eight hundred and forty four. Signed, sealed, published and declared by the annexed name David Shipman to be his last will and testament in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses in the presence of the testator.

Walter B. Wallace,
Daniel L. Burns.

I Neile Johnson probate justice of the peace do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the last will and testament of David Shipman as proved and recorded and filed in my office. Given under my hand and official seal this October 6th, 1845. Neile Johnson, J. P.

Signature as given above.

David Shipman.

ESTATES OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS BURIED IN PEORIA COUNTY.

Compiled by Mrs. George Spangler, Historian of Peoria Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

John Dusenberry died on or about the 26th day of September, 1823, without having made a will. His property was appraised at $209.50 including half a years pension due from the United States. David Dusenberry was appointed administrator.

William Crow died intestate on or about January 25th, 1854. James Crow was appointed administrator and gave bond for $150.00.

John Montgomery died on or about January 25th, 1845 without having made a will. Found a document where his wife Elizabeth Montgomery relinquished all claim to his estate. George J. McGinnis was appointed administrator of his estate under bond of $200.00. An inventory of the estate was given as $16.87.

WILL OF LEMUEL GAYLORD, A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER WHO IS BURIED IN MARSHALL COUNTY, ILL.

Compiled by Mrs. George Spangler, Historian of Peoria Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

In the name of God Amen, I Lemuel Gaylord of Evanstown in the County of Marshall, and State of Illinois do hereby make and declare this my last Will and Testament in Manner and form following to-wit:

First. It is my will that my funeral expenses and all my just debts be fully paid.

Second. As the payment of such funeral expenses and debts I give devise and bequeath to the heirs at Law of my beloved Son Aaron Gaylord deceased the sum of one dollar lawful money of the United States.

Third. I give devise and bequeath unto the heirs at law of my beloved Son Orange Gaylord deceased the sum of one dollar lawful money of the United States.

Fourth. I give devise and bequeath unto my beloved Son and daughters towit—Horace Gaylord, Lucy Gibson, Sylvia Griswold and Laura Sealey all and singular my Estate both real and personal Estate to have and to hold unto themselves their heirs and assigns forever to be equally divided between the above named Horace Gaylord, Lucy Gibson, Sylvia Griswold and Laura Sealey and their heirs and assigns forever and lastly I hereby constitute and appoint Horace Gaylord and James Gibson Executors of this my Last Will and Testament revoking and annulling all former Wills by me made and ratifying and confirming this and no other to be my last will and testament.

In Witness Whereof, I the said Lemuel Gaylord have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-eighth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.

LEMUEL GAYLORD (SEAL)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Lemuel Gaylord as and for his last will and testament in presence of us who in his presence and in the presence of each other and at his request have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

JAMES BEATTY,
SAMUEL BROWNING,
Witnesses.

WILL OF BARNET HOUCKS, A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER OF MARYLAND.

Compiled by Mrs. George Spangler, Historian of Peoria Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

In the name of God, Amen! I, Barnet Houck of Baltimore County and State of Maryland, being weak in body, but of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding, considering the certainty of death and the uncertainty of the time thereof, and being desirous of settling my worldy affairs and thereby be the better prepared to leave this world when it shall please God to call me hence—do therefore make, publish and declare this my last will and testament in form following to-wit:

First, and principally I commit my soul into the hands of Almighty God, and my body to the earth to be decently buried at the discretion of my surviving friends and my Executor herein after named; and after my debts and funeral charges are paid I give and bequeath unto my son John Houck, all my joiners tools of every description at his own will and pleasure.

And lastly I devise, give and bequeath unto my beloved wife Barbara Houck her heirs and assigns forever all my real estate of land and (viz) one tract or parcel of land called and known by the name, Browns Chance heretofore conveyed by Richard and Nicholas Brown to me the Testator Barnet Houck by deed bearing date the twenty-second day of June in the year of our Lord Eighteen hundred and seven containing fifty-three acres and three-quarters of an acre of land more or less. I also give and bequeath unto my said wife Barbara Houck a piece or parcel of land heretofore conveyed by Edward Stockdale (of John) by deed bearing date the seventeenth day of May in the year of our Lord Eighteen hundred and nine it being part of a tract of land called Lauderman's

Chance, containing three acres and thirty-seven square perches of land more or less. I also give, devise and bequeath unto my said beloved wife, Barbara Houck another piece or parcel of land heretofore bought of a certain Jacob Hetenbrand now held by a bond of conveyance bearing date the twenty-seventh day of December in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and two containing and laid out for two acres three-quarters and thirty perches of land more or less it being part of a tract of land called Heriotts Retreat, I do give, devise and bequeath to my said beloved wife Barbara Houck and her heirs and assigns ever all the aforesaid tracts or parts of tracts of land at her own free will and pleasure. Item, I also give and bequeath unto my said beloved wife Barbara Houck all my personal estate or property which I own at her own free will except the Joiners Tools mentioned, bequeathed to my son John Houck, and lastly I do hereby constitute and appoint my wife, Barbara Houck, to be my sole executrix of this my last will and testament, revoking and annulling all former wills by me heretofore made; ratifying and confirming this and none other to be my last will and testament. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal this twenty-seventh day of April in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight.

his
Barnet X Houck Seal
mark

Sighted, sealed, published and declared by Barnet Houck the above named Testator as and for his last will and testament in the presence of us, who at his request in his presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

George Ebaugh,
Jacob Bachman,
Henry Ebaugh (of Geo.)

FIRST WILL RECORDED IN TAZEWELL COUNTY, ILL.

Compiled by Mrs. George Spangler, Historian of Peoria Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

In the name of God Amen, I, Christian Orendorff of Tazewell County and State of Illinois, being weak in body, but of sound and perfect mind and memory do make and publish this, my last will and testament in the manner and form following (that is to say),

First. I give and bequeath to my beloved wife Elizabeth Orendorff, my bay horse to her proper use and dispose, I do also give and bequeath to my two sons Joseph Orendorff and Benjamin Orendorff, the one-half of my hogs belonging to my home place. I further give and devise to my son Alfred Orendorff, his heirs and assigns the east half of the southwest quarter of section numbered nine in Tpw. twenty-one north of range 2 west in the district of the lands offered for sale at Springfield, Ill., containing eighty acres together with the mill thereon situated and the appertainces thereon to the said Alfred Orendorff his heirs and assigns forever provided that he shall provide for my said wife Elizabeth Orendorff, whatever may be necessary for her use and comfort over and above what is and shall be hereon after provided; I do also give and bequeath to my youngest son David Orendorff, two hundred dollars to be made out of a note which I hold of George A. Miles for one hundred and twenty dollars, one note which I hold against Elijah Atterbury for sixteen dollars, and a debt of ten dollars do by account against Isham Wright, all of Tazewell County, State of Illinois, the balance which may be wanting to make the said sum of two hundred dollars to be made out of my half of cattle and hogs, which said sum of two hundred dollars when made and collect as aforesaid shall be let to interest until my said son David, shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years, then to be paid to him together with the in-

terest that shall have accrued thereon; I also give, and bequeath to my said son David, one black colt to be paid to him within three months after my decease. I do further give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Elizabeth Orendorff, all the residue of my cattle and hogs not herein otherwise appropriated to her proper use and disposal, also I give and bequeath to my said wife, Elizabeth Orendorff, all my household and kitchen furniture to her use during the term of her natural life, and at her death to descend to my and vest in my youngest daughter Nancy Orendorff, the balance that may arise from debts owing to me or property not herein named after the payment of my just debts to go to the use of my family—and I do hereby constitute and appoint my son, Joseph Orendorff, and George M. Miles, both of the county of Tazewell, and State of Illinois, to be executors of this, my last will and testament hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 18th day of December, in the year of our Lord, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-nine.

Sign and seal,

CHRISTIAN ORENDORFF.

EARLY MARRIAGES IN TAZEWELL COUNTY.

Compiled by Mrs. George Spangler, Historian of Peoria Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

1. John Stout to Fannie Stout, June 25th 1827, by William Brown. M. G.
2. Henry Landis to Elizabeth Green, June 28th, 1827, by William Lee. M. G.
3. Abraham Hobbs to Elizabeth Evans, June 25th, 1827, by William Orendorff. J. P.
4. Henly Cleborn to Sarah Benedict, May 23rd, 1827, by Jesse Walker. M. G.
5. Amos Lundy to Susanah Copes, August 16th, 1827, by Wm. Orendorff.
6. Peter Curttright to Temperence Kindle, October 14th, 1827, by Geo. Hittle. M. G.
7. Levi Donley to Margaret McClure, November 8th, 1827, by Mathew Robb. J. P.
8. John Hester to Ann Dillon, November 11th, 1827, by John Summers. J. P.
9. E. T. Orendorff to Rosana Orendorff, December 5th, 1827, by Isom Wright. J. P.
10. John Kimler to Mary Cox, Jan. 1, 1828, by Wm. Orendorff.
11. Hugh Stout to Anny Brown, Feb. 2, 1827, by Wm. Brown. M. G.
12. Henry Landers to Elizabeth Green, June 28th, 1828, by Wm. Lee.
13. John Cooper to Rody Clark, Jan. 22nd, 1828, by Jacob Funk. J. P.
14. William Dillon to Malinda Michel, Feb. 3rd, 1828, by Nathan Dillon. J. P.
15. John Cox to Elizabeth Walker, March 18th, 1828, by Wm. Orendorff.

16. Wm. Herford to Elizabeth Perry, April 3rd, 1828, by Isom Wright.

17. Hugh Barr to Matilda Summers, May 25, 1828, by Nathan Dillon.

18. Abraham Hiner to Pheobe Dillon, June 22nd, 1828, by Jos. Dillon.

19. Peter Shay to Jinnatta Alexander, June 27th, 1827, by Nathan Dillon.

20. Michael Hittle to Mary Ewing, July 24th, 1828, by Isom Wright.

21. Amasia Stout to Susan Smith, Oct. 15th, 1828, by Wm. Brown.

22. James Hodge to Minerva G. See, October 23rd, 1828, by Wm. Orendorff.

23. Hezikiah Davis to Sally T. Scott, Nov. 6th, 1828, by Jacob Funk.

24. James Benson to Polly A. Hinshaw, Nov. 6th, 1828, by Ebenezer Rhoades. M. G.

25. Daniel Smith to Margaret Scarlet, Nov. 28th, 1828, by Wm. Brown.

26. Aron Roads to Sally Glenn, Dec. 4th, 1828, by J. K. Scott.

27. James Alloway to July Ann Walker, Dec. 4th, 1828, by Mathew Robb.

28. Eleazer Hibburt to Angeline Read, Dec. 17th, 1828, by Isaac Scarritt.

29. Justice E. Aument to Susan Berry, Jan. 19th, 1829, by Mathew Robb. J. P.

30. James Alexander to Phoebe Dillon, Feb. 1st, 1829, by John Summers. J. P.

31. John Thomeson to Catherine Carlock, Feb. 16th, 1829, by Mathew Harbut. J. P.

32. Thomas O. Rullage to Sinthy O. Rullage, Jan. 1st, 1829, by Wm. Lee.

33. Henry Miller to Temperence Evans, Mar. 12th, 1829, by Wm. Lee.

34. Richard Gross to Elizabeth Harbut, Mar. 15th, 1829, by Wm. Orendorff.

35. Wm. Swards to Sarah Mullon, Mar. 19th, 1829, by Wm. Thompson.

36. Alexander McLees to Phoebe Ricketts, Mar. 24th, 1829, by Jessie Walker.

37. John Slone to Sarah Scarlet, April 9th, 1829, by Wm. Brown.

38. Chathan Ewing to Sarah Judy, April 12th, 1829, by Isom Wright.

39. William Maxwell to Elizabeth Hobbs, April 9th, 1829, by Wm. Orendorff.

40. James Walker to Jain Brock, April 19th, 1829, by Wm. Orendorff.

41. Enoch Hawkins to Rebecca Ann Draper, May 8th, 1829, by Geo. Hittle.

42. John Griffin to Sarah F. Wilson, May 14th, 1829, by Jacob Funk.

43. Ishmael Stewart to Sarah Mukel, Jan. 11th, 1829, by Geo. Hittle. Co. Comm.

44. Jacob Hiner to Martha Dillon, July 9th, 1829, by Geo. Hittle.

45. Thos. O. Rutledge to Sarah M. Rutledge, July 14th, 1829, by Gabriel Watt. M. G.

46. Sharwood Brock to Nancy Hana, August 15th, 1829, by Jas. Burleson. J. P.

47. Archibald Clayborn to Mary Galloway, June 9th, 1829, by Isaac Scarrit. Missionary.

48. Horation A. Sparge to Mary Ann Penbrook, July 24th, 1829, by Wm. Thompson.

49. John Hinckle to Sinthey Eads, Oct. 15th, 1829, by Jacob Funk.

50. Cyrus Hebland to Rosanah Rush, Nov. 1st, 1829, by Joel Hargarves.

51. Daniel Dillon to Ruth Huskins, Nov. 5th, 1829, by Nathan Dillon.

52. Willberry H. Miller to Francis Williamson, Dec. 13th, by Isom Wright.

53. Peter Sparor to Elizabeth Messer, Dec. 27th, 1829, by Wm. Orendorff.

54. Elisha Dickson to Mary Brown, Dec. 31st, 1829, by Mathew Robb.

55. Jos. Blew to Hannah Moore, June 25th, 1829, by Nathan Dillon.

56. Nathan Kinsey to Alvira Fisher, Feb. 11th, 1829, by Nathan Dillon.

57. John Phillips to Mary Whitlow, Dec. 25th, 1829, by Wm. Thompson.

58. Martin Scott to Lucinda Maxwell, Feb. 26th, 1830, by Wm. Thompson.

60. Henry Dawson to Priscilla Habez, Feb. 18th, 1830, by Thos. Galaher. J. P.

61. John T. Hall to Jane Redman, Mar. 4th, 1830, by Daniel Meek.

62. James Hendricks to Sarah Redman, Mar. 4th, 1830, by Daniel Meek.

63. Thos. Chaney to Susan Maxwell, April 8th, 1830, by Jas. K. Scott. M. G.

64. John Brown to Susan Hinshaw, April 1st, 1830, by Mathew Robb.

65. Elijah Watt to Mary Ann Day, May 1st, 1830, by Jas. Burleson.

66. Eli Redman to Elizabeth Sowards, April 8th, 1830, by Daniel Meek.

67. Jos. Newkerk to Susan Harvey, April 8th, 1830, by Joel Hargraves.

68. Lavinas Meads to Anna Brienow, April 22nd, 1830, by Joel Hargrave.

69. Wm. Shay to Jane Summers, April 25th, 1830, by Nathan Dillon.

70. Jeremiah Beagly to Mary Ann Brown, May, 1830, by Joel Hargraves.

71. Geo. Briggs to Margaret Meredith, May 20, 1830, by Wm. Orendorff.

72. Robert Funk to Virginia Stringfield, April 13th, 1830, by Jas. Burleson.

73. Samuel Biggs to Nancy Mullen, May 23rd, 1830, by Ebenezer Rhodes. M. G.

74. Harvey Batman to Ann Dunahoo, May 18th, 1830, by Jacob Funk.

75. Ebenezer Rhodes to Ann Troxell, June 14th, 1830, by Jas. K. Scott.

76. David Statler to Mary Moses, July 22nd, 1830, by Neile Johnson.

77. Joshua Wixson to Witthy Ann Johnston, July 22nd, 1829, by Neile Johnson.

78. Isaac Miller to Polly Heinleine, July 18th, 1830, by Wm. Miller.

79. Newton Reader to Mintewell Johnston, Aug. 3rd, 1830, by Neile Johnson.

80. Arthur Alloway to Ann Wilson, Aug. 5th, 1830, by Mathew Robb.

81. Elijah Bloyd to Rebecca Aaron, Aug. 5th, 1830, by Isom Wright.

82. Uriah Brown to Mary Carlock, August 22nd, 1830, by Mathew Robb.

83. Thomas J. Fisher to Mary Haners, Sept. 9th, 1830, by Jas. Burleson.

84. John L. Annset to Sarah Ann Hodge, Sept. 11th, 1830, by Mathew Robb.

85. John S. Scott to Ann Rolfson, Oct. 22nd, 1830, by Jas. E. Davis. M. G.

86. John Benson, Jr. to Penana Hinshaw, Oct. 21st, 1830, by Mathew Robb.

87. Ambrose Pettecrew to Mary Ann Campbell, Oct. 21st, 1830, by A. N. Denning. J. P.

88. Geo. Hittle to Nancy Judy, Oct. 13th, 1830, by A. N. Denning.

89. Eli V. .... to Elizabeth Coe, Dec. 9th, 1830, by Joel Hargrave.

90. John Stout to Jane Stout, Oct. 1st, 1830, by A. N. Denning.

91. James Alloway to Sarah Wilson, Nov. 24th, 1830, by Denning.

92. John Newkerk to Ruth Dillon, Dec. 11th, 1830, by A. N. Denning.

93. James Brown to Malinda Ann Benson, Dec. 20th, 1830, by L. S.

94. William Ashburn to Margaret Decker, Dec. 20th, 1830, by Wm. Brown.

95. Nathaniel P. Johnston to Mary Ann Brock, Jan. 2nd, 1831, by Isom Wright.

96. John Bennet to Sarah Fisher, Jan. 15th, 1831, by Nathan Dillon.

97. Stephen A. McCan to Sarah Hughs, Jan. 16th, 1831, by A. N. Denning.

98. Reuben W. Williamson to Martha Pasley, Dec. 23rd, 1831, by Jas. McDourle. M. G.

99. Samuel July to Morandy Richmond, Feb. 20th, 1831, by Isom Wright. J. P.

100. David Trimmer to Margaret Havins, Jan. 13th, 1831, by Jacob Spawr. J. P.

101. Charles Straley to Martha Warwick, Nov. 2nd, 1831, by Thomas Galaher. J. P.

102. Wm. H. Osborn to Mary Stewart, March 8th, 1831, by Nathan Dillon.

103. Obed Graves to Margaret Fletcher, Mar. 1st, 1831, by Clark Hollenback. J. P.

104. Ira Ladd to Elizabeth Galaher, Feb. 25th, 1831, by John McDonald. M. G.

105. William Meredith to Barbary Satterfield, Mar. 13th, 1831, by Jas. Burleson.

106. George Spawr to Rohody Walden, Mar. 20th, 1831, by Jacob Spawr.

107. William Alloway to Fanny Harmon, April 5th, 1831, by A. N. Denning.

108. William B. Poplin to Rachael Harmon, April 5th, 1831, by A. N. Denning.

109. John Heath to Hannah Hughele, Mar. 30th, 1831, by S. R. Biggs. M. G.

110. Malon Wilcher to Malinda Porter, Mar. 13th, 1831, by Jacob Funk. J. P.

111. John Smith to Anna Havins, Mar. 31st, 1831, by Jacob Spawr.

112. Idemiah Owen to Elizabeth Soward, May 1st, 1831, by Neile Johnson.

113. Jessie Wixson to Archimasy Rich, April 14th, 1831, by Neile Johnson.

114. Benjamin Stateler to Henrietta Lane, April 28th, 1831, by Jas. K. Scott. M. G.

115. Elbert Dickerson to Obediance Maxwell, May 12th, 1831, by Jas. K. Scott.

116. James Stout to Margaret Stout, May 19th, 1831, by A. N. Denning.

117. William Lucas to Anna Tuchstone, May 12th, 1831, by Isom Wright.

118. Ebenezer Borns to Sarah Hobson, May 12th, 1831, by Mathew Robb.

119. Alexander Scott to Diana Etherton, May 18th, 1831, by Jas. K. Scott.

120. Nicholas Lundy to Phoebe Troxel, May 18th, 1831, by Jas. K. Scott.

121. Archibald Johnson to Sarah N. Davis, April 28th, 1831, by Jas. E. Davis.

122. Elisha Harrington to Mary Huchison, May 12th, 1831, by Joel Hargrave.

123. Samuel Asburn to Jane Stewart, June 23rd, 1831, by John W. Asbun.

124. Frazier Sowards to Emaline Owen, June 19th, 1831, by Neile Johnson.

125. Hugh Woodrow to Amanda Swingle, June 16th, 1831, by Neile Johnson.

126. Benjamin P. Brooks to Cinthy Ann Hirmmons, June 30th, 1831, by Jas. R. Davis.

127. Isaiah Brown to Eliza Ann Bailey, July 5th, 1831, by Joel Hargrave.

128. Thomas Morris to Catherine Garvin, July 7th, 1831, by Joel Hargrave.

129. John W. Thaw to Rebecca Monsis, July 22nd, 1831, by Archibald Johnson.

130. Alexander B. Davis to Jane Buckhannon, July 19th, 1831, by Jas. Davis.

131. William Bennet to Emaly Coldain, July 24th, 1831, by P. P. Scott. J. P.

132 William Waller to Elizabeth Tade, June 29th, 1831, by A. N. Dunning.

133. Jas. Wright to Gulielma Davis, Aug. 20th, 1831, by John Osborn. P. G.

134. David Atterberry to Polly Adams, Aug. 31st, 1831, by Wm. Miller. M. G.

135. Stephen R. Biggs to Elizabeth L. Heath, Sept. 1st, 1831, by Jessie Harb. M. G.

136. Jas. Atterberry to Faneta E. Stroud, August 16th, 1831, by Wm. Miller.

137. Jas. Ford to Mary Cline, Sept. 22nd, 1831, by John Hodgson.

138. Tinny Johnson to Lucky T. Ewing, Sept. 22nd, 1831, by Wm. Miller.

139. Jas. H. Aldridge to Mary Vaublauison, Nov. 22nd, 1831, by Thos. Wiles. E. P. C.

140. Frederick Trimmer to Nancy Orendorff, Dec. 1st, 1831, by Wm. Ryan. J. P.

141. Nathaniel Eddy to Malina Lindley, Dec. 10th, 1831, by David Reader. J. P.

142. Robert Pasby to Lucy Perry, Dec. 29th, 1831, by Jas. E. Davis. M. G.

143. Lot Lock to Malinda Welcher, Jan. 29th, 1832, by David Reader.

144. Daniel H. Judy to Caroline Immington, Dec. 27th, 1831, by Thos. F. Railsback. J. P.

145. Edward Wood to Katharine Hughele, Feb. 16th, 1832, by Nathan W. I. Curt.

146. S. B. Hallon to Jane Mury, Mar. 13th, 1832, by Samuel Woodrow. J. P.

147. Lyman Porter to Mary Ann Patterson, April 12th, 1832, by Jonas H. Hittle.

148. Elias Van Court to Eleanor Shaw, May 31st, 1832, by David Reader.

149. William Willson to Sarah G. McClure, June 20th, 1832, by R. B. McCorkle. M. G.

150. Abner Drum to Lydia Tromble, July 10th, 1832, by John Hodgson. J. P.

151. Robert E. Shannon to Melissa Daniels, Aug. 7th, 1832, by David Reeder.

152. Melvin Harper to Abagail Leek, Sept. 15th, 1832, by John Hodgson.

153. Peter Hiner to Eliza Davis, Sept. 21st, 1832, by Nathan Dillon.

154. Jacob Mickle to Amelia McCarson, Sept. 28th, 1832, by Nathan Dillon.

155. William Burket to Margaret Barrick, Nov. 20th, 1832, by Daniel Meek.

156. Wm. B. Berry to Sidney Ewing, Oct. 10th, 1832, by N. W. I. Curtis.

157. Saml. Stout to Margaret Palsby, Oct. 30th, 1832, by Jas. E. Davis.

158. Nicholas Darsula to Serepla Brooks, Oct. 17th, 1832, by Thos. F. Railsback.

159. Landin Rich to Mary Washburn, Sept. 29th, 1832, by Amasa Turner. J. P.

160. Benj. Jones to Ann Stout, Nov. 29th, 1832, by Chas. Rich. M. G.

161. Philip B. Miles to Delia Miller, Dec. 4th, 1832, by Isom Wright.

162. George Craig to Caroline Harmhill, Dec. 3rd, 1832, by Thos. F. Railsback.

163. Wm. Casey to Hannah Brannon, Dec. 25th, 1832, by Amasa Turner.

164. Israel Tharp to Belinda Marsh, Jan. 12th, 1833, by Amasa Turner.

165. William Peirce to Elizabeth Harms, Nov. 28th, 1832, by David Reader.

166. Samuel Hodgson to Sally Sparrow, Dec. 27th, 1832, by Jas. E. Davis.

167. Abraham Tharp to Margaret Stewart, Dec. 30th, 1832, by Jas. McDowell. M. G.

168. Conoway B. Rhodes to Sarah Harmon, Jan. 1st, 1833, by Jonas H. Hittle.

169. Jas. McCoy to Katharine Shay, Feb. 4th, 1833, by Saml. Woodrow.

170. Hartzell Hittle to Louisa Miller, Feb. 14th, 1833, by Jonas H. Hittle.

171. Jonathan Hellam to Sally Shay, Feb. 21st, 1833, by Nathan Dillon.

172. Thaddeus Bonhan to Elizabeth McCorkal, Mar. 25th, 1832, by Biggs.

173. John Sharp to Phoebe Ayers, Mar. 7th, 1833, by N. W. I. Curtis.

174. Wm. McClure, Jr. to Katharine Price, Mar. 14th, 1833, by Saml. Woodrow.

175. Jonathan Haines to Sarah Hinsey, Mar. 19th, 1833, by Michael Mann. M. G.

176. William Holland to Jane Corvin, Mar. 31st, 1833, by Daniel Meek.

177. Francis Bruzah to Margaret Stone, April 20th, 1833, by Amasa Turner.

178. S. B. Opedycke to Hannah Griffith, April 25th, 1833, by Neil Johnson.

179. Rees Morgan to Rebecca A. Reeder, May 5th, 1833, by Neil Johnson.

180. George P. Wylmott to Mary Ann Howard, June 13th, 1833, by Neil Johnson.

181. John Sundercand to Rebecca Beck, May 23rd, 1833, by Martin Fate. M. G.

182. William F. Reid to Elizabeth Holland, June 12th, 1833, by N. W. B. Curtis.

183. Joel Brown to Margaret Ayers, July 14th, 1833, by Wm. Brown. M. G.

184. Edward Mumblew to Sarah Ann Harvey, 16th, July 1833, by Amasa Turner.

185. Benjamin Ayers to Harriett Elizabeth Reid, Aug. 20th, 1833, by N. W. I. Curtis.

186. Allen Donahoo to Kitty Ann Reid, Aug. 22nd, 1833, by N. W. I. Curtis.

187. John O. Hyde to Mary Hill, Aug. 18th, 1833, by Amasa Turner.

188. John Seaman to Jane Broadwill, Aug. 18th, 1833, by David Reader.

189. Nicholas Lambert to Jane Wilson, Aug. 22nd, 1833, by J. H. Hittle.

190. Henry Dunbar to Nancy Bandy, Aug. 28th, 1833, by David Reeder.

191. Aaron Dillon to Malinda Hodgson, Sept. 4th, 1833, by David Reader.

192. Elmore Shoemaker to Nancy N. Varbal, Sept. 6th, 1833, by N. W. I. Curtis.

193. Henry Cheney to Celia Ayers, Sept. 19th, 1833, by R. B. McCorkle.

194. William P. Dillon to Rebecca Ford, Oct. 9th, 1833, by Neil Johnson.

195. Clemant Oatman to Abagail S. Travis, Oct. 17th, 1833, by R. B. McCorkle.

196. Lauson Holland to Elizabeth Bandy, Oct. 23rd, 1833, by N. W. I. Curtis.

197. Isaac Shay to Phebe McCoy, Oct. 21st, 1833, by Samuel Woodrow.

198. James Boys to Jane Buckingham, Oct. 31st, 1833, by Daniel Meek.

199. Charles W. R. Morris to Sarah Shaw, Oct. 26th, 1833, by Amasa Turner.

200. Jacob Bennet to Rosomia Hebbard, Nov. 30th, 1833, by Archibald Johnson. M. G.

201. John Anderson to Mary Besaw, Dec. 14th, 1833, by Amasa Turner.

202. Jesse Fisher to Catherine Bennet, Dec. 19th, 1833, by Nathan Dillon.

203. Joseph Frost to Jacober Engal, Dec. 21st, 1833, by Jacob Engle.

204. Lewis Edwards to Rebecca Hill, Nov. 22nd, 1833, by Amasa Turner.

205. Harden Oatman to Willmoth Bird, Dec. 24th, 1833, by R. B. McCorkle.

206. David H. Holcomb to Laura A. Case, Jan. 1st, 1834, by Flavel Bascom. M. G.

207. Josiah Brown to Margaret Hougtaling, Jan. 1st, 1834, by Neil Johnson.

208. William Cline to Rachael Leonard, Jan. 2nd, 1834, by John Hodgson.

209. Asa Earl to Manervy Rich, Jan. 2nd, 1834, by Jedediah Owen. M. G.

210. Daniel Hodgson to Catherine Dillon, Jan. 23rd, 1834, by John Hodgson.

211. David Prickett to Charlotte Griffith, Jan. 24th, 1834, by Neil Johnson.

212. Jonathan McPeak to Delilah Sparrow, Jan. 30th, 1834, by James E. Davis.

213. Allen Rand to Mary Luk, Feb. 13, 1834, by David Reeder.

214. Elijah Brown to Mary T. Scott, Feb. 13th, 1834, by Neil Johnson.

215. Harvey Morgan to Sarah Shoemaker, Feb. 20th, 1834, by Amasa Turner.

216. Andrew Ropp to Jacobie Virgaber, April 10th, 1834, by Christian Engel. M. G.

217. Stephen Dobbs to Mrs. Jane Perkins, Feb. 25th, 1834, by Samuel Woodrow.

218. Benj. F. Piper to Lucretia Johnson, March 9th, 1834, by Isom Wright.

219. O. M. Hogh to Mary Ann Bayliss, March 20th, 1834, by Calvin W. Babbit. M. G.

220. Sampson Bethard to Mary Delong, April 10th, 1834, by N. W. I. Curtis.

221. Hanson Huling to Mary Mury, April 2nd, 1834.

222. Robert Owens to Margaret Trimble, April 17th, 1834, by David Reeder.

223. Johnston S. Adams to Venira Crocker, April 16th, 1834, by

224. Jacob Baula, Jr., to Molla Kendig, May 1st, 1834, by N. W. I. Curtis.

225. Chapman Williamson to Mary Sargent, May 24th, 1834, by Jonas H. Hittle.

226. Jacque Pichereau to Catherine Connette, May 26th, 1834, by R. B. McCorkle.

227. Elijah Watson to Mary Ewing, June 8th, 1834, by J. H. Hittle.

228. Amos Davis to Charlotte Delong, June 14th, 1834, by N. W. I. Curtis.

229. Jonathan Roberts to Sarah Caldwell, June 28th, 1834, by Samuel Woodrow.

230. Henry Teets to Mary Shertz, July 8th, 1834, by

231. Peter Summers to Catherine Shirts, July 13th, 1834, by Christian Engle.

232. Michael Moseman to Mary B....., July 13th, 1834, by Christian Engle.

233. James Pillsbury to Mary Alexander, July 9th, 1834, by Flavel Bascom.

234. John Wilson to Susanna Norris, July 20th, 1834, by J. H. Hittle.

235. Franklin Miller to Mary Ann Bird, July 22nd, 1834, by W. Davenport. M. G.

236. Nathan B. Gatland to Elizabeth Ann Hughs, July 24th, 1834, by J. H. Hittle.

237. Henry Teets to Anna Thomas, July 30th, 1834, by Benjamin Jones. M. G.

238. Ephraim Robinson to Jane Ayers, Aug. 7th, 1834, by William Brown.

239. Andrew Cross to Mary Kindig, Aug. 21st, 1834, by N. W. I. Curtis.

240. Moses Scott to Harriett Alexander, Sept. 1st, 1834, by Nathan Dillon.

241. William B. James to Jerusha Ann Byrd, Sept. 30th, 1834, by W. Davenport.

242. Ambrose Roberts to Lavina Ann Spears, Sept. 24th, 1834, by N. W. I. Curtis.

243. Leonara Mathis to Matilda Cary, Sept. 24th, 1834.

244. John Ashby to Mary Allen, Sept. 29th, 1834, by Amasa Turner.

245. James M. Shannon to Emeline Deming, Oct. 8th, 1834, by James A. Lindsy. M. G.

246. Burton Jones to Mary Hail, Oct. 13th, 1834.

247. William Cardill to Elizabeth Garren, Oct. 21st, 1834, by Amasa Turner.

248. Daniel Sowards to Sarah Ann Ruske, Oct. 23rd, 1834, by Amasa Turner.

249. Wm. Forbes to Hannah Buckingham, Oct. 24th, 1834, by Daniel Meek.

250. Jonathan Dillon to Elizabeth Morris, Oct. 30th, 1834, by Nathan Dillon.

251. Aubert Lyismaur to Mary Buckley, Nov. 3rd, 1834, by

252. Amos Hadlock to Elizabeth Ayers, Nov. 20th, 1834, by Benj. Jones. M. G.

253. John McLees to Mary Price, Nov. 27th, 1834, by Samuel Woodrow.

254. Jacob Ballard to Matilda Brown, Dec. 11th, 1834, by Hodgson.

255. Joseph W. Coolidge to Elizabeth Buchanan, Dec. 17th, 1834, by James A. Lindsay.

256. Joseph Kemp to Madaline Ingle, Dec. 23rd, 1834, by Christian Engle.

257. Horrace Crocker to Lucy Ann Merithru, Dec. 22nd, 1834, by N. W. I. Curtis.

258. John L. Peck to Rebecca Brown, Dec. 24th, 1834, by Wm. Holland.

259. James Downs to Isabel Ann Davis, Dec. 25th, 1834, by F. Bascom.

260. Henry Cline to Eleanor Leonard, Jan. 1835, by Hodgson.

EARLY MARRIAGES IN WOODFORD COUNTY.

Compiled by Mrs. George Spangler, Historian Peoria Chapter Daughters of American Revolution.

1. Peter Hininger to Margaret Horn, June 8th, 1841, by Mathew Bracken.
2. Robert Jones to Eve Gross, June 6th, 1841, by Fr. H. Dechman.
3. John Becker to Madaline Rogey.
4. Christian Sherts to Catherine Engle, July 29th, 1841, by J. Naufizingen.
5. John T. Becker to Mary Jane Bernard, July 26th, 1841, by Phillip Q. Young. M. G.
6. Isaac M. Allison to Ann Moffet.
7. Christian Sein to Elizabeth Landis, Sept. 5th, 1841, by J. Baughman.
8. Charles Bernard to Margaret Lewis, Sept. 5th, 1841, by P. Q. Young.
9. Felty Berkey to Madaline Bettstey, Sept. 12th, 1841, by J. Naufzingen.
10. Thos. Evans to Elizabeth Lynch, Oct. 7th, 1841, by Thornton Walker.
11. Jeremiah Hodges to Sowards, Oct. 20th, 1841, by Thornton Parker.
12. John Knights to Elizabeth Kingston, Oct. 21st, 1841, by R. B. McCorkle. M. G.
13. Samuel Minors to Amanda Capel, Nov. 4th, 1841, by Wm. Davenport.
14. Wm. S. King to Eliza M. Stevens, Nov. 9th, 1841, by S. Q. Cross. M. G.
15. Peter Forney to Madaline Oyer, Nov. 20th, 1841, by M. Mosman.
16. Thos. Brownfield to Elizabeth Grove, Nov. 18th, 1841, by R. B. McCorkle.
17. Geo. L. Barney to Mary Ann Rathbone, Nov. 28th, 1841, by Benj. Williams.

18. Alman J. Robinson to Hannah Crocken, Jan. 2nd, 1842, by Thornton Parker.

19. James Vantine to Melissa Black, Jan. 2nd, 1842, by Benj. Williams.

20. James L. Horton to Sarah Jane Dorety, Jan. 6th, 1842, by S. Q. Cross.

21. Wm. H. Benton to Elaine Page, Jan. 13th, 1842, by R. B. McCorkle.

22. Lewis Sweeney to Mary Ann Weckins, Feb. 16th, 1842, by James Robinson.

23. Benj. Rediger to Barbara Oyer, Mar. 28th, 1842, by Andrew Baughman.

24. Henry M. Robinson to Nancy Allison, Mar. 30th, 1842, by R. H. Moffet.

25. John Tannton to Hannah Grove, Mar. 31st, 1842, by R. B. McCorkle.

26. Geo. Yeckley to Jacobina Yerkey, April 26th, 1842, by Thornton Parker.

27. Solomon Davidson to Lucy Ann Willis, May 4th, 1842, by Jas. Robinson.

28. John Bennon to Elizabeth Long, May 23rd, 1842, 1842, by James Robinson.

29. Geo. W. Hobson to Eliza J. Bracken, May 26th, 1842, by Nathan W. Curtis.

30. Saml. Rodecker to ....., June 1st, 1842, by R. H. Moffet.

31. Sam C. White to Nancy McClain, July 14th, 1842, by Levi Moulton.

32. Winton Carlock to Lydia Gaddis, July 14th, 1842, by H.

33. Michael Bettstey to ....., July 24th, 1842, by J. Naufzingen.

34. Thos. H. Jenning to Amy Ann Hobson, Aug. 28th, 1842, by W. C. Moore.

35. Andrew N. Page to Nancy A. Grove, Sept. 22nd, 1842, by R. B. McCorkle.

36. Wm. Rockwell to Susan F. Reeden, Sept. 29th, 1842, by Daniel Jones.

37. Jos. Albrigh to Barbara Gingrey, Oct. 15th, 1842, by Andrew Baughman.

38. Phillip M. Brown to Fanny Gaddis, Oct. 20th, 1842, by Homer Peeber.

39. Wm. S. Magarity to Sarah C. Travis, Nov. 3rd, 1842, by Wm. Davenport.

40. Richard Bracken to Mary Ann Gavin, Nov. 10th, 1842, by Nathan W. L. Curtis.

41. Robert Jones to Mary Beck, Nov. 13th, 1842, by Thornton Parker.

42. John J. Simmons to Clarisa Crawford, Dec. 15th, 1842, by Geo. Whitman.

43. John Miller to Elizabeth A. Quincy, Jan. 26th, 1843, by Wm. Davenport.

44. Wm. Bamby to Catherine Baker, Feb. 12th, 1843, by Isaac Roberson.

45. John Masa to Celia B. Dickinson, Mar. 16th, 1843, by Isaac Roberson.

46. Henry R. Savage to Margaret Miller, April 24th, 1843, by Geo. Ray.

47. Saml. Grant to Elizabeth Potters, April 13th, 1843, by Isaac Roberson.

48. Wanton Parker to Ann Patterson, May 11th, 1843, by S. I. Cross.

49. David Ames to Sophia Fields, June 15th, 1843, by Geo. Whitman.

50. Hiner Parker to Woolsey, June 20th, 1843, by Wm. Davenport.

51. Turner Cross to Ebalina Watkins, July 6th, 1843, by Jas. Roberson.

52. Henry Bouliar to Mary Savage, July 31st, 1843, by N. J. Stahl.

53. Daniel Forgive to Delila Murphy, July 20th, 1843, by Amos Watkins.

54. John I. Davenport to Lucy A. Bullock, Aug. 23rd, 1843, by H. O. Palmer. M. G.

55. James Wright to Eve Margaret Grove, Aug. 24th, 1843, by N. W. I. Curtis.

56. Peter Stine to Ann Maxom, Aug. 24th, 1843, by Geo. Whitman.

57. John Sherts to Madaline Engle, Sept. 3rd, 1843, by John Naufzingen.

58. Garnet B. North to Jane Mundell, Aug. 31st, 1843, by Jas. Roberson.

59. Silas Gaddis to Saline Iben, Sept. 19th, 1843, by Jas. Roberson.

60. Wm. Turner to Sarah Ann Mundell, Sept. 21st, 1843, by Morgan Buckingham.

61. Wm. Hodge to Sarah Hopkins, Sept. 23rd, 1843, by Jefferson Horhan.

62. Joseph Shoats to Elizabeth Naufzingen, Oct. 3rd, 1843, by John Naufzingen.

63. Benjamin Grove to Hannah Rinehart, Oct. 5th, 1843, by N. W. I. Curtis.

64. Jacob Garritson to Catherine E. Genoways, Oct. 19th, 1843, by Z. Hall.

65. Peter Fifer to Mary Curtis, Oct. 19th, 1843, by Z. Hall.

66. Jacob Dowen to Mary Moory, Nov. 7th, 1843, by John Naufzingen.

67. Joseph Brown to Minerva Williams, Nov. 19th, 1843, by Amos Watkins.

68. Jas. Hodge to Sarah Vantine, Nov. 25th, 1843, by Thornton Parker.

69. Christopher Winkler to Elizabeth Snyder, Dec. 26th, 1843, by H. Bartles.

70. Robert Mauhzites to Eliza Coons, Jan. 1844, by Wells Anderson.

71. Peter Kennen to Catherine Baughman, Jan. 16th, 1844, by John Gentry.

72. John D. Clark to Louisa M. Clark, Feb. 18th, 1844, by Thos. Brown.

73. John D. Grant to Judith A. Nagan, Feb. 22nd, 1844, by S. P. Gorin.

74. Wm. Hoshor to Emily .....

75. Christian Kennell to Madaline Kemp, June 9th, 1844, by John Gentry.

76. Jacob .....June 30th, 1844, by Jefferson Horhan.

77. John Evans to Mary Parker, Aug. 8th, 1844, by Wm. Davenport.

78. Charles Moliter to Mary Phillip, Sept. 13th, 1844, by Thornton Parker.

79. Cyrus A. Genoway to Diana Burt, Sept. 19th, 1844, by Thornton Parker.

80. Wm. Hoshor to Emily Munn, Sept. 13th, 1844, by Thornton Parker.

81. James Brown to Malula Carlock, Sept. 22nd, 1844, by A. Watkins.

82. Benj. W. Kindig to Elizabeth Page, Sept. 26th, 1844, by R. B. McCorkle.

83. Garret Armstrong to Malinda Patrick, Sept. 25th, 1844, by S. P. Gorin.

84. Thornton Parker to Martha Applegate, Oct. 22nd, 1844, by S. Q. Cross.

85. Wm. Mott to Mary Ann Morris, Oct. 27th, 1844, by Jas. Robeson.

86. Jas. Cannon to Mary Pratt, Nov. 7th, 1844, by Harlow Barney.

87. Wm. C. Martin to Sarah Emily Davidson, Nov. 16th, 1844, by Jas. Robeson.

88. Peter Weaver to Elizabeth Siple, Nov. 20th, 1844, by Thornton Parker.

89. Samuel Q. Cross to Nancy A. Stephenson, Nov. 14th, 1844, by A. E. Phelps.

90. Ransom Rathbone to Elizabeth Beltz, Nov. 19th, 1844, by Thornton Parker.

91. Edwin G. A..... to Charlotte Allison, Nov. 20th, 1844, by R. N. Moffet.

92. Wm. Caldwell, Jr., to Belinda Thomas.

93. James Crusenbury to Samantha Jane Brown, Dec. 19th, 1844, by Abner Peeber.

94. Conrad Bautz to Mary Jane Bettion, Jan. 11th, 1845, by Thornton Parker.

95. Jos. Rosenberg to Veronica Bombeck, Jan. 9th, 1845, by A. Montuori.

96. John Sumner to Mary Wenzel, Jan. 14th, 1845, by A. Montuori.

97. Alfred Williams to Elnora Derove, Jan. 11th, 1845, by Thornton Parker.

98. Alexander M. Laughlin to Harriet F. Kingsbury, Feb. 5th, 1845, by G. W. Elliott.

99. David Kindig to Elizabeth J. McCord, Feb. 15th, 1845, by R. B. McCorkle.

100. Harris Whittaker to Charlotte Ann Duycus, Feb. 27th, 1845, by Thornton Parker.

101. David Smith to Minerva Jane Gardner, Mar. 14th, 1845, by Jas. Robeson.

102. Isaac Bettion to Susan Bartels, Mar. 17th, 1845, by

103. Wm. Clevan to Elizabeth Cannon, Mar. 27th, 1845, by Harlow Barney.

104. Isaac Watkins to Mary Goings, April 6th, 1845, by Amos A. Brown.

105. David B. Gibbs to Ellen Louisa Neil, April 10th, 1845, by Geo. Ray.

106. R. H. Hardy to Eliza Powers, April 10th, 1845, by Geo. Ray.

107. Wilson Tucker to Sarah Elizabeth Berry, April 27th, 1845, by Wm. Davenport.

108. Frederick Egody to Susan Bartel, May 24th, 1845, by Jefferson Hoshor.

109. Presbury W. Hoxie to Lucinda R. Sherman, May 15th, 1845, by H. G. Weston.

110. Alfred Brozzelton to Delilah Crusinbury, June 8th, 1845, by Amos Watkins.

111. Lewis Ferree to Mary Ann Miller, June 9th, 1845, by S. Q. Cross.

112. Peter T. Weber to Elizabeth C. Kern, June 24th, 1845, by G. W. Elliott.

113. John Q. Perry to Martha Elizabeth Todd, June 19th, 1845, by Wm. Davenport.

114. Horace Clarke to Mary Elizabeth Kingsbury, July 31st, 1845, by G. W. Elliott.

115. Jos. Parker to Susan Moulton, July 31st, 1845, by Thornton Parker.

116. Zephaniah E. Atterbury to Eliza Jane Moore, Sept. 4th, 1845, by Jas. Robeson.

117. Richard Hammett to Nancy Cannon, Oct. 5th, 1845, by Harlow Barney.

118. Samuel S. Burt to Angelina Rice, Oct. 23rd, 1845, by Thornton Parker.

119. David Graff to Barbar Jane Grove, Oct. 25th, 1845, by Chas. Babcock.

120. Peter Engle to Barbara Naffsinger, Oct. 26th, 1845, by John Noffsinger.

121. Robert Owen to Mary Clingman, Dec. 9th, 1845, by Wm. E. Buckingham.

122. John Mason to Sarah Knidelspyer, Dec. 18th, 1845, by John P. Eckles.

123. Reuben Moulton to Susanah Ricketts, Dec. 27th, 1845, by S. Q. Cross.

124. Jas. Moore to Lavina Brown, Jan. 25th, 1846, by Abner Peeber.

125. Phillip Jenkins to Malinda Sweet, Feb. 1st, 1846, by H. G. Weston.

126. Samuel Nichola to Sarah Hodge, Feb. 9th, 1846, by Thornton Parker.

127. Geo. Hadlock to Sarah Ayers, Feb. 8th, 1846, by Harlow Barney.

128. Richard Hammett to Sarah Parker, Feb. 26th, 1846, by S. Q. Cross.

129. Wm. P. Lucas to Margaret W. Park, Mar. 12th, 1846, by H. D. Palmer.

130. Wm. Wright to Sylvana Potter, Mar. 11th, 1846, by Harlow Barney.

131. Alexander Woodcock to Martha Delong, Mar. 15th, 1846, by Thornton Parker.

132. James Worley to Martha Ann Mulin, Apr. 11th, 1846, by Harlow Barney.

133. Amijah Doolittle to Sarah Johnson, Apr. 8th, 1846, by George Ray.

134. Lewis Miller to Lydia Woodcock, May 20th, 1846, by Jefferson Hoshor.

135. Edmond S. Harris to Amy Abagail Taylor, May 19th, 1846, by W. E. Buckingham.

136. Peter Schertz to Magdalina Garber, June 8th, 1846, by John Naffsinger.

137. Geo. Remley to Helen Rice, June 4th, 1846, by W. E. Buckingham.

138. Samuel T. Snavely to Hilpa Dixon, June 23rd, 1846, by Jas. Robenson.

139. Irad M. Havens to Nancy Murphy, June 25th, 1846, by Robert Baker.

140. Jessie D. Havens to Martha M. Curtis, June 25th, 1846, by Chas. Babcock.

141. John Karker to Eve Parr, July 23rd, 1846.

142. Lewis Hughes to Elizabeth J. Robinson, Sept. 1st, 1846, by Amos Watkin.

143. Christian Esch to Nancy Garber, Aug. 30th, 1846, by Andrew Baughman.

144. John Wells to Caroline R. Allison, Sept. 15th, 1846, by G. Moore.

145. Marshall E. Davidson to Virginia C. Gorin, Sept. 9th, 1846, by Jas. Robeson.

146. Joseph C. Eccles to Susanah F. Davidson, Sept. 10th, 1846, by S. P. Gorin.

147. Newton York to Mary Laton, Sept. 10th, 1846, by W. C. Moore.

148. Geo. W. Doneho to Melisa Burt, Sept. 17th, 1846, by Chas. Babcock.

149. Robert W. Summers to Elasta W. Moore, Sept. 30th, 1846, by Q. R. Lowra—.

150. Thos. I. Clark to Louisa E. Stephenson, Oct. 1st, 1846, by Q. R. Lowra—.

151. Jos. Shirts to Ann Zehr, Nov. 8th, 1846, by John Naffsinger.

152. John Cary Barney to Ann Eliza Hadlock, Nov. 8th, 1846, by Harlow Barney.

153. Francis J. Barnard to Mary Mohr, Nov. 12th, 1846, by Amos Watkins.

154. John Snyder to Susan Caldwell, Dec. 15th, 1846, by Jefferson Hoshor.

155. John Boyden to Jane Gunn, Dec. 26th, 1846, by S. Q. Cross.

156. Jacob Younger to Mary Hertz, Jan. 14th, 1847, by Amos. A. Brown.

157. John Small to Nancy Ramsey, Jan. 13th, 1847, by Stephen R. Beggs.

158. John Ropp to Nancy Forney, Feb. 21st, 1847, by Christian Ropp.

159. John O. McCord to Rebecca Jane McFadden, Feb. 25th, 1847, by A. Watkins.

160. John D. Carson to Emily Moulton, Mar. 4th, 1847, by W. E. Buckingham.

161. Valentine Burkey to Madaline Naffsinger, Mar. 14th, 1847, by John Naffsinger.

162. Valentine Strapp to Barbara Gingery, Mar. 28th, 1847, by Christian Ropp.

163. William T. Woosley to Cenith A. Dewees, April 8th, 1847, by Jas. Robeson.

164. Clinton L. Genoways to Minnie Mundell, April 1st, 1847, by S. Q. Cross.

165. Wm. A. Jennings to Mary Ann Robinson, April 15th, 1847, by W. Davenport.

166. John Peter Miller to Gusteen Claudin, May 21st, 1847, by S. Q. Cross.

167. Miletus West to Arabella Fauber, May 31st, 1847, by Patton Mitchel.

168. Phillip Robinson to Barbara Eckstein, June 27th, 1847, by A. Doyle.

169. Allen Hart to Lucy Ann Davidson, July 11th, 1847, by Isaac Messer.

170. Absalom Hoshor to May Jane Sowards, July 18th, 1847, by Harlow Barney.

171. Dempsey Hawkins to Mary Jane Owens, Aug. 3rd, 1847, by Jefferson Hoshor.

172. Nathan O. Keeler to Mary Jane Arnold, Aug. 12th, by Jas. Robeson.

173. Jefferson Hewett to Hannah Elinor Maxon, July 29th, 1847, by N. W. I. Curtis.

174. Samuel Mullin to Sophia Ames, Aug. 22nd, 1847, by Abner Mundell.

175. Jas. Shanklin to Sophia Catherine Crager, Aug. 25th, 1847, by Geo. Ray.

176. Michael Griner to Louisa Shock, Sept. 2nd, 1847, by M. Ruppilius.

177. Jas. M. Lee to Melissa Calfina Gunn, Sept. 6th, 1847, by Benj. Younger.

178. Samuel W. Schleigh to Ellen O. Neil, Sept. 9th, 1847, by Wm. C. Pointer.

179. Geo. Phipp to Elizah King, Sept. 15th, 1847, by A. Mundell.

180. Abraham Richey to Elizah Ann Evans, Sept. 25th, 1847, by S. Q. Cross.

181. Like T. Gardner to Sarah Moore, Oct. 10th, 1847, by McCord.

182. Christian Gingery to Elizabeth Shirtz, Oct. 24th, by Andrew Baughman.

183. Eugene Claudin to Mary Ann Parsons, Oct. 16th, 1847, by S. Q. Cross.

184. Wm. Major to Mary E. Dickenson, Oct. 21st, 1847, by Wm. Davenport.

185. David Bailey to Nancy P. Jones, Nov. 12th, 1847, by C. N. Boblitt.

186. Isaac Brown to Narcissus Moore, Jan. 2nd, 1848, by Abner Peeber.

"CAMP ROOSEVELT—BUILDER OF BOYS"

By Lillian Ewertsen.

Illinois has the distinction of being the pioneer in a movement for perfecting better Americanization through the medium of the great American boy. This is the first State in the Union whose educational institutions have taken a forward stride in the education of the boy by means of the summer camp.

Realizing the great need for correlation between the school and vacation periods, the Chicago Board of Education established a national educational-training encampment for boys, known throughout the country as a boy-builder, "CAMP ROOSEVELT". Here, during the summer months, hundreds of boys who would otherwise waste their time in poolroom or equally undesirable haunts, are taught how to "play at useful work". It is found that by taking large groups of boys out in the open, close to nature, by giving them a carefully prepared program of health-building activities, they improve in health, their minds are cleared of cowwebs, and they become alert, keen mentally and clean morally, and return to school in the fall, one hundred percent more efficient, more desirable.

The camp which uniforms each boy in khaki, thereby placing all on equal footing and giving each boy a chance to prove his own merit, is the one which best teaches training in Democracy. Democracy is but another name for broad-mindedness, for tolerance of one's brother man, of four-squareness.

After a careful study, it has been found that the camp operated on a military plan, best inculcates this training. The boy in uniform is taught to reverence the flag, and to obey the orders and instructions of his officers, because order and discipline must prevail if the camp is to accomplish anything for those who are a part of it. The military organization and

discipline are not necessarily pre-eminent factors in camp life. They give to the camp an effective cohesive organization for its better management and discipline. These two important works accomplished, the military side of life should drop almost out of the picture, for there are other values which transcend the military achievements.

One of these is systematic exercise. Out of a national necessity for symmetry in physical development has grown the science of physical education, a branch of education that is almost as highly specialized now as law or medicine or dentistry. That the addition of physical education adds materially to the interests and benefits of life at camp goes without saying, and it is likewise true that the camp surroundings bring an added value to the course in physical training. In other words, the boys respond more quickly and more whole-heartedly to the program of physical training, because it is an essential part of camp life than if the same program were presented to them without the flavor of camp routine. The plan of instruction should include not only the simple exercises of a routine nature, but active participation in such lively pastimes as swimming, baseball, rowing, boxing, and other activities.

It may seem a bit paradoxical to remark that boys study harder during vacation time than at any other time, but the statement seems to be justified by the progress which is made at Camp Roosevelt. Boys who have somehow failed to make good on certain subjects at their home schools find opportunity through the summer school to make up past deficiencies and yet without missing the joys of the summer's outing. Why should not a boy grasp more readily the subjects studied out in the fresh air, under the trees? What better for a laboratory in geology than a summer day's hike through country holding many interesting secrets for the geologist?

A camp where a boy can assimilate all this knowledge and training, and at the same time spend his days in the outdoors in a healthy, carefree way, is the finest solution to the problem of the boy's vacation.

That not only educators, but men in other walks of life, believe thoroughly in this method is proven by the recent ac-

tion of the U. S. War Department in offering the use of such equipment as tentage, cots, etc., by the action of the American Red Cross, in establishing a hospital, with a competent staff of doctors and nurses, who not only look after the health and sanitation of the camp, but who give in addition, thorough instruction in first aid and Red Cross; by the active support of the Y. M. C. A., the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, and other organizations of national prominence.

This pioneer movement in the direction of boy betterment is ideally located seventy-five miles from Chicago, near La-Porte, Indiana, on the site of what was formerly a boys' school. The tract includes and surrounds Silver Lake, (about eighty acres in extent), with sandy beaches, diving platform, etc. Large fields provide for tentage, sports of all kinds, and parade ground. The ground is rolling, well wooded and drained, and the surrounding country affords opportunity for hikes in every direction. The buildings include a gymnasium, mess hall seating one thousand, kitchens, electric power plant, deep well, modern sewage system, large hospital, classroom buildings, bungalows, dormitories, and recreation rooms.

The instigator of the Camp Roosevelt Plan is Major F. L. Beals, Professor of Military Science and Tactics and Supervisor of Physical Education in the Chicago Public High Schools. Lover and student of boys, Major Beals felt keenly that the summer vacation period is the time when boys slip back two steps for every step forward during the school year. Knowing boy psychology so thoroughly, he formulated a plan whereby the boy could have his fun and his play, in addition to his study and his work, and have all of this in a way that would bring the greatest good to him. This plan he submitted to Superintendent Peter A. Mortenson, who grasped at once the magnitude of such a plan, and aided Major Beals in founding the camp, which was made an auxiliary of the Chicago summer school system.

Being a public institution, of necessity the cost must be sufficiently low to attract the average American boy, not a select and pampered few. For this reason, Major Beals secured the support of public-spirited Chicago business men, who yearly contribute the necessary funds for the mainte-

nance of this immense undertaking, which opens its gates yearly to thousands of boys. The boys themselves pay a very nominal fee for the benefits of the encampment. Mr. Angus S. Hibbard, former Vice-President and General Manager of the Bell Telephone Company, is Chairman of the Camp Roosevelt Association, in charge of financial matters.

The camp is divided into two period of three weeks each. Boys may attend either one or both of these periods, the first of which begins on July 5. There are three divisions in the camp curriculum, the R. O. T. C. or military division; the summer school, which includes seventh and eighth grade subjects and all high school subjects; and the Junior Camp, for boys from twelve to fourteen years of age.

Illinois may be proud of this forward movement in education, for it solves a constantly growing problem which educators the country over have not heretofore been able to cope with. Illinois has taken the lead.

EDITORIAL

JOURNAL OF

THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Double Number.

Published Quarterly by the Society at Springfield, Illinois.

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Applications for membership in the Society may be sent to the Secretary of the Society, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Springfield, Illinois.

Membership Fee, One Dollar—Paid Annually. Life Membership, $25.00

VOL. XIV. APRIL-JULY, 1921. NOS. 1-2.

A DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE JOURNAL.

Readers of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society will note that this is a double number of the magazine, being numbers one and two of volume fourteen, April and July 1921. The Journal like many other historical periodicals has been far behind in the dates of its publication. There are many reasons for this, but now that some of these conditions no longer exist it seems best to combine two numbers for two or three issues and thus bring the Journal up-to-date. This will be an improvement in the Journal and a great convenience to its readers.

The editors are sorry to adopt this course but it seems the best plan, and the attention of the members of the Society is directed to it.

"CARL S. VROOMAN OF BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS, TO HEAD FARMERS' GIFT CORN PROJECT".

Carl S. Vrooman of Bloomington, former assistant secretary of Agriculture, was appointed February 4, chairman of the "gift corn project", of the American Farm Bureau federation. He will have charge of collecting the 50,000,000 bushels

of corn which the farmers of the country have offered to give to feed starving Europeans. Shortly after announcing Mr. Vrooman's appointment, J. R. Howard, president of the federation, received a telegram from the heads of the railway labor brotherhoods offering the services of trainmen free in moving grain from farms to seaports. President Howard immediately wired the various railroad executives, asking them to furnish the rolling stock free.

STEPHEN WHITE CELEBRATES 103D BIRTHDAY.

"Uncle Steve" White, who is probably the oldest man in the state celebrated his one hundred and third birthday on Wednesday, February 9, with almost all his children present. From the reports that came to us, we believe that the relatives and friends of this aged man had a splendid time when they gathered at the old homestead with this old gentleman who has passed the century mark by three years according to the old family record.

Uncle Steve as he is familiarly known is a veteran of the Mexican war and we would like to go to this old gentleman and get a real story for we have not had the pleasure of interviewing him and getting his life's history. At present Mr. White is enjoying very good health and possesses a keen and active mind for a man of his age.

A large number of friends attended the party given in honor of "Uncle Steve" and it would take time to give the event the attention it deserves. He has fifty-three grand children and 5 great grand children. Late in the afternoon the children and friends of Mr. White departed for home expressing a desire to be with this old man upon many more such occasions.

MEDILL SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM DEDICATED.

The Joseph Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University was dedicated to the public service Tuesday evening, February 8th, 1921. Its classes began work at 5 o'clock the next afternoon.

Its plans have been formulated, its purposes made known, and, in the Rev. George Craig Stewart's phrase of invocation, "the wedding of the newspaper and the University performed". And work begins. Decidedly the ceremonies in Patten gymnasium on the Evanston campus had distinction. The setting was good. The people assembled beneath a canopy of green foliage that arched itself over many flags and lights. Above the speakers' platform hung a portrait of the editor for whom the school was named. Beneath it sat one of his two daughters, one of his grandsons, three presidents of American Universities, editors, business functionaries of great newspaper properties, judges, educators and men of affairs. There was the roll of music, the glow of the purple of chancellors' robes, and the flash of the scarlet of the deans' gowns. The flags, the roses, the academic ritual, the dignitaries, all that was fine and fitting. It was a pity that the hundreds of men working down town on the morning's newspapers could not have seen it. It would have given them a thrill of pride and happiness out of the picture, for it would have told them that the academic world is not aloof, but with them.

Things that had meanings were said cordially, earnestly, intimately during the dedicatory services. From Paris, London, and New York, from Florida, and from the lips of the editors and the three presidents on the platform there came to the 1200 listeners sentences that gave them much besides empty phrases and felicitation.

There could hardly be a dedicatory ceremony in which less idle talk was uttered. They all talked about and for an institution they want to have mean and stand for better writing, better scholarship, better workmanship and more spirituality.

They were very concrete.

"Faith, hope and charity" said David Kinley, president of the University of Illinois. "Faith—that is the church; hope—that is the school; charity—that is the newspaper.

President Scott, too, wasted no words in defining the reason for the school. He said: "For centuries we have had in America, schools of theology, for training the leaders in

the church. For decades we have had normal schools for training leaders in the schools. But only now are we beginning to establish schools of Journalism to train the leaders for the press." And later: "Editors are cooperating because they believe the school will bring into the profession better trained men and women, that it will make some contribution to elevating the standard of the profession, and contribute to the ethical religious leadership of the press."

From Printing House square the overlord of the Thunderer—Northcliffe of the London Times—sent a long message by wireless from which these thoughts spring at you: "Events of the last six years have widened and deepened channels of journalism, and increased the demand for pilots of public thought who know the waters far beyond the famous three mile limit of your eastern coast."

Imbedded in the cablegram of Lauzanne of the Paris Matin was this: "The journalist has but one ancestor, Diogenes."

From Petit Parisien, Senator and Editor Paul Dupuy said to the students in the audience: "As journalists you must remember always that you are the eyes, ears, and tongue of millions who depend upon you to see, hear and speak for them.".

And Warren G. Harding told them why the Marion Star is a success when he touched on his thirty-six years in Ohio journalism.

"I send my cordial greetings to the students in the Medill School of Journalism, and wish them the achievement of stamping their individuality on their professions and their work as Joseph Medill left his impress on a great journalistic achievement. Nothing surpasses the possibilities for service that are vested in a great journal commanding the public confidence. That confidence is won through a soul in one's work and a good conscience in every utterance."

Joseph Medill Patterson, on behalf of The Chicago Tribune, which is associated with the University in the founding of the school, surrendered it formally to the University authorities. Like Arthur Brisbane of Mr. Hearst's newspapers, like President Judson of the University of Chicago, he was very human. The surrender was complete and in disclosing

the terms of the foundation, Mr. Patterson said: "President Scott made two stipulations—that he would take our money, and that he wouldn't take our advice if he didn't want it."

The audience knew President Scott and it shouted with appreciative laughter.

Mr. Patterson paid his tribute to Eddie Doherty, the reporter. The school was Doherty's idea, he said: "For months amid mild snubs in the office and in academic halls he had worked on the idea and nursed it, and made it take form and allurement until editors and presidents took respectful notice. At last he won. As our chief said: "He came in with his story", which means in the argot of our profession, to win against odds, to deliver, to make good.

Doherty is in Mexico now or he would have been in that hall—writing this story, which would have been better. Mr. Patterson continued: "This school is started. Just as free as any school ever started. It was not started as a memorial. It was a growing, vital institution before its name was chosen. We are glad and proud that the name it bears was chosen because the name of a man whose record was long and honorable has been given to a school whose record, we believe, will be long and honorable."

Some differences between the purposes and plans of the new School and the Joseph Pulitzer School of Journalism of Columbia University, were pointed out by the speaker, who said: "Perhaps there is an impropriety in my seeming to criticize that great school, but if there is, it will be extenuated by the fact that they wont care what I say about them."

Again there was a shout from those who have detected a certain condescension in the attitude of our eastern colleagues. The gist of Mr. Patterson's point was that the new school did not, among other things, propose to rear reporters who, if you sent them out to get a photograph of a prominent safe-blower, came back with a three column article on the industrial situation in New Jersey.

Mr. Brisbane followed: He said the question of the evening was "If newspaper work is worth while, can it be taught?" He believes it can, but before he went into the question he paused to turn a very deft two-handed compli-

ment to the lady in black who sat at President Scott's right and to his predecessor on the platform. "I now have an interesting sidelight on the theory you will find discussed in Galton's work on heredity—that is, that genius is inherited only through the daughters of a great man."

Then Mr. Brisbane bowed toward the lady and the audience laughed delightedly. It was very pretty to see and hear —it was done so deftly. Here are some of Mr. Brisbane's forcible remarks: "The newspaper is to a nation what the voice is to an individual.

The individual without a voice is nothing. A nation without a voice is the prey of any conspiracy."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the American newspaper is the market square where 105,000,000 people gather every morning and evening."

"To see a thing clearly and to describe it simply—that is the reporter's task. What is the newspaper man's business? Seeing clearly, keeping his head, using judgment and feeling. If you see an execution or a disaster, or cruelty or poverty and don't feel them, your reader wont feel with you. The danger for a newspaper man is that he will cease to feel. To be a good newspaper man you must always keep jumping in."

That prompted Mr. Brisbane to add that Steve Brodie did not jump off Brooklyn Bridge, but dropped off a dummy and then rowed out to it.

Edgar T. Cutter, chief of the central division of the Associated Press, then cordially read messages from Frank B. Noyes and other officials of the great news dispenser, and President Judson, speaking of the old days, said that in his first reportorial assignment he had tried to be humorous with the result that his editor said to him next day, "young man, you are very young." When he remembered those days, he said "My thought is how I would have welcomed instruction in what not to say and how not to say it."

From Robert R. McCormick, now in Europe, came a letter to the students, which was read by Dean James A. James, and from which we quote:

"Let no man think he can be a successful newspaper charlatan. There are such people. We don't deny it. But their success, though it glitters for a while, is neither sound nor lasting. It is ephemeral and the end of such men, as disaster after disaster in the annals of journalism proves, is ignominious. Nor do they survive so long in our profession as elsewhere. The man of unsound heart cannot day in and day out bare his unsoundness to the public eye without detection. We, too, stand in the glare of a publicity that is pitiless.

"Therefore the soul of our work is service—not alone public service that is wide and inspiriting, but, as you will find when you at last swing into the work, personal service that imposes many obligations and makes many a heavy draft on your time, your patience, your tact, and, upon many occasions, your courage and your loyalty to yourself and your community and country.

"But I would not have you think of your future as a kind of martyrdom. Yours will be a service that, I insist, is well requited. I am proud and happy to have been a factor with President Scott and Captain Patterson in establishing this new and intimate relation between the daily press and a great institution of learning. We needed the institution. We shall try, modestly enough, to prove to you that it needs us."

MEDILL SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM GIVEN ITS FIRST SCHOLARSHIP.

On February 5, 1921, the first free scholarship of the Medill School of Journalism was established. The gift was from the Chicago Woman's Aid, and by a coincidence, benefits not only the Medill School of Journalism, but also another institution which bears the name of the editor for whom Northwestern University's new foundation was named.

Defining to President Walter Dill Scott the purposes of the Medill School of Journalism's first scholarship, Mrs. Edward Gudeman, president of the Chicago Woman's Aid, said: "Because the Chicago Woman's Aid has been active in Americanization work in the neighborhood of the Medill High

School, our club has decided to make the new scholarship in Journalism available to students who complete the two years of junior college work at that school. In other words, the scholarship covers full tuition fees for one year in the Joseph Medill School of Journalism, and will be awarded to that senior in the Medill High School, who in the judgment of the principal of that school, gives the best promise of success in the profession of Journalism."

Miss Julia B. Stern, Chairman of the educational department of the Woman's Aid, explained further that the scholarship will cover tuition fees for one year in the regular day full time classes of the School of Journalism at Evanston for the Academic year, 1921-22. The Chicago Woman's Aid is a long established organization composed of Jewish women. Its headquarters are 4622 Grand Boulevard. It did great war work.

SPRINGFIELD OBSERVES LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

The City of Springfield, the State of Illinois and Nation, joined by the little South American Republic of Peru, united Saturday night, February 12, in paying homage to Abraham Lincoln, at the Annual Lincoln Day Banquet at the Leland Hotel in Springfield. The affair, given under the joint auspices of the Lincoln Centennial Association and the Mid-Day Luncheon Club, marked the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the Great Emancipator's birth.

The prophetic vision of deep religious convictions and ever present sense of justice of Springfield's greatest citizen were eulogized by His Excellency, Senor Don Frederico A. Pezet, Peruvian Ambassador to the United States; The Hon. William C. Sproul, Governor of Pennsylvania, Governor Len Small of Illinois and other speakers.

Singing of "America" opened the meeting. The invocation was pronounced by Rev. Jerry Wallace, Rector of Christ Episcopal church. Clarence J. Root, president of the Mid-Day luncheon Club, after reading telegrams from President-elect Warren G. Harding and General John J. Pershing expressing their regrets at their inability to accept the invi-

tations extended to them to speak at this year's banquet, extended the greetings of the Mid-Day Club to the distinguished guests of the evening.

United States Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman greeted the visitors in behalf of the Lincoln Centennial Association. Governor Small then was introduced as toast master of the evening. He declared, in his opening remarks, that Lincoln was a man of the common people, their hopes and their aspirations and therefore was able to sympathize with them at all times.

Governor Small introduced Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania. The Executive of the Keystone State, in the course of his address, declared that "had Lincoln not lived and had not this nation through him not remained united, strong and self reliant, there seems to be little doubt but that civilized society would have fallen in the recent crisis."

The Peruvian National Anthem was played before Senor Pezet began to speak. The visiting ambassador pleaded that all statesmen take Lincoln for their model, asserting that if they do, the "causes of many wars will vanish like morning mists in the sunlight." He declared that Lincoln belonged not to Americans alone, but to all just men everywhere.

He said also "Today it has been my privilege to do honor to the memory of your great president, and in the name of my country, I have deposited a wreath bearing the colors of Peru at his mausoleum. This tribute I have paid imbued with the most intense sentiment of my government, and people, who were thus afforded an opportunity to show their love and admiration for one of America's greatest citizens, and one of the world's most remarkable men, but also, in a very real sense, carrying out what would have been the earnest desire and hope of my grandfather, the contemporary of Abraham Lincoln. When I consider that I owe the privilege of having been given this opportunity to you, gentlemen of the Mid-Day Luncheon Club, to you gentlemen of the Lincoln Centennial Association, and to you, Sir, the Mayor of this capital city of the great State of Illinois, I feel that I am indebted to you for what is probably the greatest honor that has ever been accorded me in my whole life. For what can compare

with the honor of being here today, in this the National Shrine of your most beloved statesman, invited to pay tribute to his great memory, and moreover, to be one of the famed few who have been given this privilege.

And when I reflect that I am the first citizen of a Latin American sister Republic to be the recipient of this honor, I assure you, gentlemen, that I feel that verily a bond has been established between us, I feel that the undying spirit of the Great Emancipator stands before us as he lived, stretching his hands out to us and drawing my people and yours closer together in intimacy and understanding.

The Ambassador closed his remarks, with a Toast to Lincoln, "Acknowledging what I owe to this great country, its government and people, I would beg you to do honor with me to the great Lincoln, the foremost statesman of America, by rising with me, and in a sense of true Lincoln Americanism pay a tribute of respect on this day of days in this city, hallowed by being the depository of his remains, to the man who today holds the honored and extolled position that Lincoln once held—To the President of the United States."

LINCOLN BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCES IN CHICAGO.

Children in 10,000 rooms of Chicago schools reverently listened to the reading of the Gettysburg Speech Friday, February 11, as part of the celebration exercises for Lincoln's hundred and twelfth birthday anniversary. Instead of general school exercises, each room provided its own program. In many, a pupil recited the emancipator's speech. In others it was read by the teacher.

Children from all of the north side schools were invited to visit the Chicago Historical Society. Members of the Society were present to explain the Lincoln exhibit and Mrs. Eleanor Gridley gave a talk during the day on Lincoln: Boy and Man."

Addison G. Proctor, the only living delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1860, spoke before the Chicago Historical Society on "Life Portraits of Lincoln." Proctor was just 21 years old when he came from Kansas as

a delegate to the convention that nominated Lincoln for president.

Dr. M. M. Quaife, director of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, talked on "The Mystery of Lincoln's Genius." He has traced all of Lincoln's ancestors from the first Lincoln to come to America in 1637 down to Thomas Lincoln, father of the president.

The Lawyers' Association of Illinois gave a luncheon. Judge Marcus Kavanagh spoke on "Americanization and Lincoln."

Birthday anniversaries of both Lincoln and Thaddeus Kosciuszko were observed by the Polish National Alliance in the Studebaker Theater. The anniversaries are on the same day. Judge Kenesaw M. Landis and Consul-General Sigmund Nowicki of the new Polish republic, were the speakers. The Grand Army and Memorial Association observed the anniversary. The principal address was given by Attorney Frank C. Loesch. Col. George V. Lauman read the Gettysburg address.

The United States Daughters of 1812, State of Illinois, celebrated Lincoln's Birthday at the Chicago Beach Hotel. Col. John V. Clinnin gave the address.

Gen. Henry Dearborn Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution met in the Fine Arts Building. The Right Rev. Samuel Fallows gave an address on Lincoln, and Chancellor L. Jenks, past president of the Sons of the American Revolution gave a talk on "In the Spirit of the Revolution."

FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CHICAGO. SEMI-CENTENNIAL OBSERVANCES.

The Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding with special services the second week of February, culminating in the Golden Jubilee services on Sunday, February 13th, when the Rev. Dr. John Timothy Stone, pastor of the church for the past twelve years delivered the Anniversary Sermon at the morning service, the Rev. James G. K. McClure, D. D., gave an historical address at the afternoon service and the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., gave some reminiscences at the evening service. Form-

er pastors of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in the fifty years of its history have been: The Rev. Dr. David Swing, Rev. Dr. John Abott French, Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson and Rev. Dr. William Robson Notmon, now deceased, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Hall and M. Woolsey Stryker.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC MONUMENT TO MEMORY OF UNION SOLDIERS ERECTED IN LYNN HAVEN, FLORIDA.

One of the first private monuments of its kind other than State, Government and other official monuments erected south of the Mason-Dixon line to the memory of soldiers of the Union Armies who fought in the Civil War was dedicated February 12, Lincoln's birthday at Lynn Haven, Florida. Credit for the building of the monument goes to a former Illinoisan, Dr. William W. Krape, until a few years ago a resident of Freeport, Illinois and former member of the Illinois legislature from the twelfth district. Dr. Krape is now mayor of Lynn Haven. He is a veteran of the Civil War, having served through the greater part of that conflict with the 46th Illinois Volunteer infantry. Soon after his election as mayor of Lynn Haven he presented to the townsfolk, many of whom are Civil War veterans and former residents of northern States, the proposition to build a monument in memory of Union Army Veterans who after the war settled in Dixieland.

WESLEY SOCIAL CENTER AT ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY. DEDICATED.

Lincoln College, Oxford, England was represented at the dedication of the social center building of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois, Tuesday, February 15th. John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Society, was a fellow of Lincoln College for twenty-six years. In recognition of that fact the seal of Lincoln College has been carved over one of the bay windows of the new Wesley Foundation building at the University of Illinois. The rector of Lincoln College in accepting the invitation to be present wrote, "We are much interested in your foundation and your recognition

of its historical connection with Lincoln College''. The exercises in connection with the dedication covered four days. Representative churchmen were present from all over the United States and Canada. Four of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church took part in the program. Bishops Thomas Nicholson of Chicago, William McDowell of Washington, F. J. McConnell of Pittsburg and Theodore S. Henderson of Detroit. A pageant by the University of Illinois students was a feature of the exercises. The pageant showed John Wesley as a student at Oxford University, as well as some of the later episodes of his life. The closing episode was an international one, parts were taken by foreign students of the University, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Hindustans and Latin Americans. Two of the most beautiful rooms in the building will be set apart for the use of the 230 foreign students of the University and will be known as the International rooms. The rooms were given by Mrs. Fannie E. Jolly of Grayville, Illinois in memory of her son, Mayo Jolly. The Social Center is the first of a group of buildings which the Methodist Episcopal Church has under way at the University of Illinois under its centenary program. The entire group will cost more than $1,000,000. The architecture is Gothic and the material used is Bedford stone. Among the trustees of the Wesley Foundation are Bishop Thomas Nicholson of Chicago and W. K. Heath, the president of the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank. Dr. James C. Baker, the director of the foundation, has been in charge of this work at the University of Illinois for fourteen years.

EXTENSION OF THE ROOSEVELT ROAD FROM CHICAGO TO ST. LOUIS AS A MEMORIAL IS PLANNED.

Extension of Roosevelt road as a scenic and historic highway from Chicago to St. Louis, winding amid the beauties of the Illinois river valley, was proposed to State highway officials in Chicago, February 14th. The plan, fostered as a tribute to the memory of the late president, was offered at a meeting at the Union League Club. Col. C. R. Miller, director of public works of Illinois promised his support. Other officials also were enlisted to aid in the campaign for its success.

Roosevelt road is now completed from Chicago's lake front through Wheaton to Aurora and down the Fox river Valley to Ottawa and Pekin. The proposed extension will touch all spots of especial beauty along the Illinois river. "This proposal is a matter of great importance to future generations," declared W. F. Carlson, executive secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. "The linking up of a roadway, hitherto unthought of, that will take in the beautiful scenery of the Illinois, and giving it the name of Colonel Roosevelt, is a step in history." It was stated at the meeting that there now exists a number of highways running through the state, one of them a continuous hard road from Chicago to St. Louis. The latter may be called purely commercial, while the proposed Roosevelt way will link up the finest patriotic sentiment with the best points of interest in our state. It is planned to organize a tour of the proposed right of way as soon as the weather permits. Engineers, members of the Roosevelt Association, highway officials and influential citizens from points along the highway will be invited. At the meeting the state was represented by Col. C. R. Miller, S. E. Bradt, Superintendent of highways; Thomas G. Vennum, assistant director of public works, and Clifford Older, chief engineer. The Roosevelt Memorial Association was represented by Frank G. Logan, Jens Jensen, Frederick W. Perkins, Howard V. D. Shaw, and W. F. Carlson.

PROFESSOR ALBERT A. MICHELSON GOES AS AN EXCHANGE PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS, FRANCE.

Professor Albert A. Michelson, whose star measuring apparatus has startled the scientific world, left Chicago Tuesday, February 15, for Paris, France, where he will lecture as an exchange professor in the University of Paris for three months. Incidentally he will visit London, where he will be decorated by societies and lecture on his discoveries. Professor Michelson before his departure viewed the fifth issue of films by the Society for visual education, of which he is a supporter. The films, which are being sent throughout America to bring expensive experiments to the smaller insti-

tutions of learning, showed a number of experiments in electricity. The announcement of Professor Michelson's new device to measure the stars came last December, and attracted the attention of the scientific world. By it he has measured many of the greater suns in the visible universe, among them Betelgeuze, which was found to be many million times greater than our sun, and of such immensity it would fill the greater portion of our solar system. He also ascertained that one star, Olpha Orionis, has a diameter 300 times as large as our sun and a volume 27,000,000 times as large.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS, FIRST CITY TO CREATE HEALTH DISTRICT.

Quincy is to be the first Illinois City to avail itself of the State law which permits cities to create health districts and levy a special tax of 2 mills for its support, according to Health Commissioner John Dill Robertson who conferred with Quincy City Authorities, February 18th.

MRS. MARY POTTER OF DWIGHT, ILLINOIS CELEBRATES HER 107TH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

Linking, six wars, extending from the Revolution to the late conflict with Germany, Mrs. Mary Potter of Dwight, Illinois celebrated her one hundred and seventh birthday anniversary, February 23rd. Mrs. Potter has a career that has no counterpart in the United States. Her grandfather, a soldier of the Armies under George Washington; her father fighting against the British in the War of 1812; while she contributed supplies to the men who fought in the Mexican War, the Civil War, the War with Spain and finally the great World War. Mrs. Potter has a personal knowledge of the six struggles for liberty that has been granted no other person in Illinois, or perhaps in the United States. Mrs. Potter was born in Essex County, New York, in 1814, four years before Illinois was admitted to the Union. She came to this state soon after it was admitted to Statehood and has lived here ever since. When they gave land away to attract settlers,

Mrs. Potter and her husband procured one of the grants from the government, for a farm in Livingston County, and that tract is yet in her possession, one of the few pieces in Illinois or it may be in the middle west, which has not changed hands since the original grant from the government. Making this farm her home for more than sixty years, Mrs. Potter turned it over to a tenant when her husband died twenty-five years ago and has since lived in retirement in Dwight. All but one of her children died from the debility of old age. The only surviving child is a son, Albert, residing in Peru, Indiana. He and his children and grandchildren attended the celebration of Mrs. Potter's one hundred and seventh birthday anniversary.

ILLINOIS STARTS FREE CORN TO LANDS OF HUNGER.

Fifteen Hundred Citizens of Eureka Help Handle Seventy-two Wagons.

(By Frank Ridgway.)

With all the spirit of an old fashioned husking bee, Illinois farmers turned up their shirt sleeves and started the first gift corn rolling toward Europe's starving children. Seventy-two heaping wagons rumbled into Eureka, Illinois on Feb. 21st, 1921 bright and early from all parts of Woodford county.

Practically every one of the 1,500 Eurekans donned denims, grabbed a shovel, and helped to handle the 2,600 bushels of corn brought in by the farmers. Two corn shellers were kept humming, while twelve men kept a constant stream of corn running into the grain wagons and to the elevator, where it was run into cars. Two cars were loaded.

Frank Shamburg and Ed. Lehman donated the shellers. Frank Felter, president of the Woodford county farm bureau, brought his tractor from the farm to run the shellers. The cobs were sold from $1 to $5 a load and the money will be used to buy more gift corn. Some farmers were not able to bring their corn in and 500 bushels more were loaded later.

This gift corn day was the first of eight planned in the county. The call did not go out until a few days before the

day appointed, when every farmer was asked to give half a bushel of corn for every acre planted last year. The second gift corn day was held at El Paso a few days later. Others were held during the following two weeks at Minonk, Benson, Roanoke, Metamora, Secor, Washburn and Goodfield. Sixteen car loads of corn all told will be given by Woodford county, basing the estimate on the number of bushels donated at Eureka.

Similar days will be held throughout the corn belt. Indiana farmers will soon begin to load gift corn at Valparaiso. Iowa farmers will start loading at about the same time. As soon as a sufficient number of cars are loaded they will be assembled into trains and started for the seabord and Europe.

All of the Illinois corn, which is being handled under direction of Howard Leonard, president of the state farm bureau, will be milled in the United States and sent to Poland and the starving children in central Europe.

A total of 5,000,000 bushels will be given by American farmers—1,000,000 bushels, milled, will be distributed by Hoover's European relief committee; 1,500,000 bushels, milled, and 500,000, shelled, will go to Poland; 1,000,000, shelled, to China, and 1,000,000, milled, to European countries through a Catholic relief commission.

Nine railroads have agreed to haul the gift corn free of charge. C. S. Vrooman, director of the project, has asked W. L. Barnes, manager of the car service section at Washington, for cars and for free billing.

Final arrangements for the project were made at a conference of farmers, rail executives, relief committees, and millers held recently in the office of the president of the Chicago Board of Trade.

CITY OF CHICAGO UNVEILS TABLET TO ITS SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES.

Mayor Thompson on Tuesday, February 22, paid tribute to the city's hero dead, to whose memory the city unveiled a bronze tablet in the main corridors of the City Hall. "America and American Citizens are proud of the American sol-

dier, living or dead", he said. "I yield to none in my respect for the flag and uniform of my Country". To these mothers and fathers of stalwart boys who in our latest War, in obedience to the call of their country, went forth to fight and to die under the call of Old Glory, I bring the consolation they may derive from the knowledge that their sons, just entering into glorious manhood, died as soldiers of the republic in the performance of their duty, and that they, too, are entitled to their full share of the honor and the glory which a generous and grateful nation accords to its defenders." The tablet was designed by Nancy Cox McCormack, who briefly explained the thought back of her work.

NEW DIRECTOR OF FIELD MUSEUM, DAVID CHARLES DAVIES.

David Charles Davies has been appointed head of the Field Museum, succeeding Frederick Skiff (deceased). Mr. Davies was born in Wales, entered the Museum Service in 1894. Before that he was employed by Marshall Field. Mr. Davies has superintended one of the largest jobs of moving known. The entire museum with its many antiques and curiosities has been moved from Jackson Park to the New Grant Park Building, and was opened to the public May 3rd.

FIELD MUSEUM OPENED TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1921.

Final preparations for opening the New Field Museum of Natural History in Grant Park, May 3, were completed on Monday May 2, 1921. Just one year after the work of transferring the 560 car loads of exhibits from the old structure in Jackson Park was started. Witnessing the finishing touches were Stanley Field, president of the board of directors; D. C. Davies, acting director; and John Glynn, Superintendent. When the doors of the $6,750,000 structure are thrown open to the public, guards attired in new French gendarme uniforms were on duty to show visitors around. The decision to dress these men in the quaint uniforms which were worn by the guards at the World's Fair and later in the old Museum

was made by the board of directors to maintain the atmosphere of the old building. The Museum will be open every day between 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., it was announced. Admission will be free on Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. On other days a charge of 25 cents will be made to cover incidental expenses.

The first exhibition room after the entrance is passed is the Stanley Field Hall, where is seen an exhibit of East Indian jewelry of various ages. A Chinese gateway, nineteen feet high and more than sixteen feet wide adorns the southern end of the hall. The work was carved in teakwood by inmates of a Chinese orphanage maintained by missionaries near Shanghai. Close by can be seen a number of bronze bathtubs used by ancient Romans.

An exhibit of American Indian life showing totem poles, war clubs, weaving, and pottery is another interesting feature of the main floor. The Egyptian section contains mummies and coffins thousands of years old, ancient glassware and pottery work showing the artistic ability of one of the earth's first civilized peoples.

Another striking exhibit is a roomful of mounted prehistoric animals of Africa, among them being the mastodon. Nearby is an Irish deer of the post-glacial period, and a great herbivorous dinosaur which was found by scientists in Colorado in 1901. In the piscatorial exhibit every known species of fish is represented, including the skeleton of a whale forty-five feet long.

The first floor also includes the James Simpson theater, where 1,000 persons can be accommodated at scientific lectures which are to be given from time to time.

The opening of the Field Museum of Natural History is important in the progress of Chicago as one of the educational centers of the world. It is a step in the civilization and culture of mankind. The former site of the Museum, in the old World's Columbian Exposition palace of art in Jackson park, was not as advantageous as it might have been because of its distance from the hotels and business center of the city. It had many thousands of visitor, but their numbers

will be greatly increased because of the new and convenient location in Grant Park.

Housed in classic architecture and ranking near the top of the world's list of great museums, the museum is one of Chicago's greatest institutions.

The museum's huge American Indian Collections alone, counted the best and most extensive in the world, more than repay a visit. Museums are great storehouses of knowledge, accumulating material for the student, the scientist, the historian, as well as for intelligent laymen.

PLAN TO PRESERVE THE OLD FIELD MUSEUM BUILDING IN JACKSON PARK, CHICAGO.

It is hoped that the old Field Museum building in Jackson Park will be repaired and preserved at a cost of $1,640,000 and this will be done if the recommendation of the Municipal Art and town plan committee, Illinois Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, is carried out. The Chicago Woman's Club, the City Club, and the board of governors of the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs are working toward the end of saving the building from ruin. A report urging that the necessary funds be raised by a mill tax on the south park districts was presented at the full committee meeting in the Cliff Dwellers' Club, February 12, and was then submitted to the south park commissioners. The plan is to have a referendum on the tax at the earliest possible moment. "The building is in excellent shape," D. H. Burnham of the subcommittee said. "It could be covered with a permanent waterproof cement, re-roofed, and thoroughly repaired, and have an adequate, modern heating plant installed for $1,640,000," he states in his report. "The old art palace is practically unequaled as a pure example of architecture", George Maher, Chairman of the art committee said. "For sentimental reasons alone it should be preserved." Some of the uses advocated for the building are: A community recreation and art center, art branch of the Art Institute, space for the exhibit of the Trocadero collection, and other art ex-

hibits. The subcommittee which drew the report is composed of Mr. Bunham, Richard E. Schmidt, Howard Shaw and Thomas E. Tallmadge.

LINCOLN BEAT HIS JUMPING.

J. J. Russell, 92, of Lincoln, Ill., who used to hop, step, and jump with Abraham Lincoln (although he was twenty years younger than Mr. Lincoln) has recently celebrated his fiftieth wedding anniversary with Angeline Aldenderfer Russell, 88. When Lincoln traveled the Eighth Judicial Circuit from 1839 to 1857, he stopped at the Deskins tavern, across from the frame court house where he practiced law. The old Court House is still standing. A block to the west the young men of the town would gather to pitch horseshoes, hurl the maul, and for wrestling and jumping. "I always beat Abe in the hop, step and jump," Russell says, "but he beat me in the broad jump. His legs were too long for me." This town was early known as Postville, having been laid out by Russell Post in 1835. Lincoln is a mile from the former town of the Kickapoo Indian Nation, on the banks of Salt Creek. The first whites came in 1819.

MR. AND MRS. STEPHEN B. GARRIGUS CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTY-SECOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Garrigus, 1020 Lathrop Avenue, Forest Park, Chicago, celebrated their sixty-second wedding anniversary, May 5, Mr. Garrigus is 87 years old and his wife 81. They were married in Lacon, Illinois, and came to Chicago forty-four years ago. The couple belong to two of the oldest families in Illinois.

The Garrigus family in the days preceding the Civil War, had the only hotel in Lacon and among their guests was Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Garrigus served with the Union troops throughout the Civil War. There are two grandchildren, Helen and Edna Davies, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Davies. The aged couple have also a son, Percy and another daughter Nettie C. Carrigan.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK M. PEBBLES CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pebbles, residents of Oak Park since 1865, celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary Sunday, June 26, 1921 in the home of their daughter Mrs. Fred G. Baker in Alameda, California. Three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren were among those present. Mr. Pebbles came to Illinois from Wisconsin to become "ornamenter and designer" in the "old round house" of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. In those days locomotives were named after various celebrities and it would be the duty of Mr. Pebbles to paint the countenance of the engine's namesake on the headlight.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SEEMS TO LIVE AGAIN AT NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS.

Governor Small Dedicates State Museum.

The old streets where Abraham Lincoln walked as a grocery clerk, the old cabins where he probably told many of his famous stories, the old Rutledge Tavern wherein his friends had boasted "Abe could out-wrestle any one thereabout", came back to life on May 19, 1921, with the dedication of a museum in the State Park where old buildings are being restored. Only in place of a crowd listening to Abraham Lincoln or watching "Abe Lincoln" wrestle, there was a crowd listening to Governor Len Small. There is a Lincoln Museum at the center of the park. Representative Homer Tice of the Menard district presided at the ceremonies and introduced Judge G. E. Nelson, president of the Lincoln-Salem league. Many of the State's Representatives and Senators were in the audience. "Although nearly overwhelmed in Springfield by business of State incident to this General Assembly" the governor said, "I deemed it my sacred duty as governor and a precious privilege as a citizen of our grand commonwealth to meet with you today to pay homage again to the memory of Illinois' greatest son, that king of kindness, Abraham Lincoln." Governor Small paid further tribute to Lincoln and told how the State had grown since those days.

Then in closing he said, paraphrasing the Gettysburg address. "Let us be dedicated to the task for which he fought and died, that from our honored dead we consecrate ourselves anew to the cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion; that we highly resolve that his sacrifice shall not be in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH DOYLE NINETY YEARS OLD.

Carried Message Through Confederate Lines During the War of the Rebellion.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Doyle celebrated her ninetieth birthday, May 21, 1921 in Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Doyle, the wife of a Civil War Captain and the mother of Hon. C. J. Doyle, former Secretary of State, is one of the few women who carried messages through the confederate lines during the Civil War.

MEMORIAL TREES.

(From the Chicago Tribune, April 22, 1921.)

No finer memorial could any one ask than a tree. James Keeley's suggestion that a tree be planted on the national highway for every man who gave his life in the recent war is an inspiration. The Tribune has broadened the idea to make this tree planting a memorial of service, and we hope to get the support of the American Legion, all the patriotic societies, the G. A. R. and other veterans' associations, and, of course, the press.

The central idea in its latest form is that a tree shall be planted on a main highway for each man who served his country in the late war, the tree to bear his name, unit, and service. There were over four million in the national army. It has been roughly estimated that at thirty foot intervals a line of trees on both sides of the national highway could be set from New York to San Francisco, and still leave more than

half the men without representation. The latter could be provided for along the other main highway systems, north and south.

The project, we think, should be taken up by states and we hope Illinois will lead off. Every Illinois man with the colors on sea or land, at home or abroad, should be commemorated by a tree, a tree bearing his own name, somewhere along the main highways of this state.

In the prairie country the plan should appeal especially, for we need trees for soil preservation, for road protection, for beautification. Every Illinois boy in the A. E. F. will remember the fine trees that lined the French roads mile after mile, What an addition to the comfort of travel in our hot—or cold —and windswept countryside would be similar files of fine trees, traversing the landscape wherever the great roads run.

The plan has a footing on practical grounds, for the planting of the memorial trees, besides yielding immediate benefits in making travel pleasanter, acting as windbreaks, etc., would undoubtedly stimulate tree planting by individuals and by communities as a permanent policy.

The salvation of the soil productivity of the Mississippi valley depends upon forestation.

But we place this tree campaign on higher grounds than the material advantage it assures. The American people have just passed through one of the great experiences of their history. It was an experience of sacrifice, of high effort, of inspiring accomplishment. That the nation rose to the test and met it in a spirit of which our ancestors might have been proud and our posterity will be proud is due to the character of our people and especially to the character of the men who, at the battle front or in the camps preparing, did their duty with intelligent will and with a spirit unconquerable.

To this character and to this spirit we can erect monuments and memorials of marble. But let us do more than that. Let us recognize the individual whose service went to make up the splendid whole by planting four million trees along the highways of the republic, each dedicated to a patriot who, according to the opportunity and place assigned to him, served loyally the common cause.

The significance of this will, in The Tribune's opinion, sink deep into the nation's consciousness, strengthening the sense of our nationhood and our common citizenship. Above all else it will write across the face of the continent, in symbols of living beauty, the real meaning of the American republic, which is that our institutions, our strength, our prosperity, our progress rest upon the individual citizen—private as well as general, from the President, with his heavy burdens, to the untried youth casting his first ballot. That tremendous reality we call America rests upon each of us, stones in a mighty arch which bears the nation's destiny and, we may say it without arrogance, the foremost hope of mankind.

This is what the planting of the trees will mean to us and to our successors. American representative democracy belongs to the freeman, the individual who is not lost in class or caste, the essential unit, whose character and spirit sustain the whole.

No deeper, truer lesson of the meaning of American could be read in the benignant countenance of our beloved land. The trees will keep the lesson green for ourselves, for our posterity, for the world.

MEMORIAL TREE IDEA INDORSED BY PRESIDENT HARDING.

President Harding indorses the Chicago Tribune's movement for soldier memorial tree planting along the highways of the country. In a letter to J. M. Patterson one of the editors of the Tribune, the President says he is "altogether responsive" to Mr. Patterson's request for an appeal to the people to participate in this memorial idea. "I can hardly think of a more fitting testimonial of our affection and gratitude than this;" the President said. The following is his letter:

Washington, D. C.,
May 5, 1921.

My Dear Mr. Patterson:

I find myself altogether responsive to your request for an appeal to the people to plant memorial trees along the important public highways as memorials to the men who were sacri-

ficed in the World War and, indeed, also to those who gave their service without the ultimate sacrifice. I can hardly think of a more fitting testimonial of our gratitude and affection than this. It would be not only the testimony of our sentiments, but a means to beautify the country which these heroes have so well served. A general adoption of this plan would, in the coming years, be noted as one of the useful and beautiful ideas which our soldiers brought back from France. The splendid avenues of France have been among the great delights and attractions to travelers there and a similar development would equally add to the beauty and attraction of our country. I am pleased to know that the idea has been already taken up quite extensively and that considerable progress has been made. If the cooperation of state, municipal and county administrations may be secured, as well as of the forestry services of the nation and the states, it ought to be possible to make a rapid advance in a comparatively short time. I hope that you and your coadjutors may be successful in securing a most substantial beginning in this direction during the present season."

President Harding's indorsement of the memorial tree campaign makes the White House family unanimous on the subject, the first lady of the land, Mrs. Harding, having given the movement her approval Saturday, April 30th, when she planted a memorial tree for the State of Ohio, in the grounds of the American Forestry Association.

STATE OFFICIALS FAVOR PLAN FOR MEMORIAL TREES.

Governor Small, the State Highway Commissioners and the State Director of Agriculture gave their indorsement to plans to create roads of remembrance for soldiers of the World War on May 13th. They told State Adjutant William Q. Setliffe of the American Legion that a special meeting will be called on Wednesday, May 18, to decide exactly how the trees should be planted. "There is no law as to how far apart they shall be", said Adjutant Setliffe. "No permits are needed for planting these trees. The last question about dis-

tances will be decided upon Wednesday and the planting can begin at once."

Peter Mortenson, Superintendent of Chicago's schools said: "The school children will want to help in these great 'Roads of Remembrance'. The idea of planting many at one time is, of course, the only sane way to do the thing, and much more will be accomplished than if the trees were planted individually. I will study on a plan whereby the children can assist and we will give it publicity in all Chicago schools. Many children who cannot plant a tree or perhaps ever buy a tree and pay for the planting, might want to give something to the American Legion to assist in the purchasing of a tree."

ILLINOIS LEGION TO PLANT 10,000 TREES. GREAT CEREMONY PLANNED FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

The American Legion, through Major-General Milton J. Foreman, past department committeeman, and the State Adjutant, William Q. Setliffe announced on May 5th that the legion will plant the 10,000 trees the county board has offered, or as many trees as it can get, even if it is more than that, on the last of the month.

It will be a truly great Decoration day, when the great organization of American fighters begins the greatest of all memory roads with this service. "It is the greatest thing ever undertaken," General Foreman said, "and it deserves the help not only of the Legion, but of every individual who had a live interest in this great war—and that means everybody. I can think of nothing that will do the country such credit and the soldiers such honor as these Roads of Remembrance". Adjutant Setliffe says he will notify all American Legion posts in Illinois to do all they can toward getting the trees planted as soon as possible. He will issue a general bulletin. Of course there are soldiers who had money. There are soldiers who still have money, but there are any number who, with their familes, will want to give trees for their own soldiers, or their friends, and who haven't money. So if you can spare a little toward the Country's Roads of Remembrance send what you can to "The Chicago Tribune", Tree Editor.

There are 352,000 men and women in Illinois who served in the late war. Eventually there will be 352,000 trees to their everlasting memory, beautifying the roads of the State as nothing else could beautify them. The 10,000 trees will be planted under the watchful eye of experts who will, no doubt, volunteer their services. The forestry department at Washington will give directions as to the distance apart the trees should be planted and the distance from the road. The trees that are best suited to Illinois will be chosen by foresters.

ILLINOIS LEGION PRAISED FOR TREE MEMORIAL PLAN.

In a telegram to William Q. Setliffe of Chicago Adjutant of the American Legion of Illinois, the American Forestry Association today announces it will register every memorial tree planted in Illinois on its national honor roll and send certificates of registration to each post or next of kin showing the date of the planting. There is no charge for these certificates. The Association is registering memorial trees in one great honor roll from every state.

The telegram to Adjutant Setliffe follows: "Congratulations to the American Legion of Illinois on the great memorial tree planting plans, about which we have just read in the Chicago Tribune. Illinois will lead the states and set a great example to the rest of the country under the leadership of yourself and Colonel Milton J. Foreman. The American Forestry Association will register every tree planted on its national honor roll and send without charge the certificate of registration to the post or the next of kin. Tree day programs will be sent free to any post asking for it.

The Association sent fifty tree day programs to Adjutant Setliffe. This program is being used in thousands of places throughout the country. One of the biggest ceremonies thus far held under the auspices of the Legion was when a memorial tree was planted on the grounds of the Walter Reed hospital. The American Legion has issued bulletin No. 38 to every post in the world on Memorial tree planting as follows: "Department Adjutants are urged to notify their

several posts that should they desire to include the planting of trees in their memorial activities, valuable information can be obtained by communicating with the American Forestry Association, 1214 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. At the same time advantage should be taken of this opportunity to emphasize the fitting part played by the proper setting of memorial trees to any form of memorial as well as to encourage both the protection and preservation of all trees now growing within our cities. Due to the great interest being displayed throughout the country and to many instances where trees are being planted, the American Forestry Association is compiling a national honor roll for all memorial trees.

MEMORY TREES.

Tin Hat Design for Tags on Memory Trees.

The American Legion for Illinois has decided upon the tags that are to label the memory trees for all soldiers of the World War. These trees that are to be planted along the nation's highways, to form across the country a great leafy cross.

Adjutant William Q. Setliffe, State Adjutant of the American Legion for Illinois, and his committee have decided there could be no more appropriate tag than one shaped like the famous tin hats or steel helmets that the boys wore in their overseas service. Among the sketches submitted this was the most popular, the suggestion having come from William Wisner, who drew the picture with the remark that no war need be named, the tin hat being peculiar to this greatest of all Wars, would be recognized instantly. The tin hat tag is being patented by Adjutant Setliffe.

Adjutant Setliffe will ask firms dealing in bronze plates for bids, and when they are all in, the tree markers will be ordered by thousands, and may be secured through the American Legion. Each community will have to find out how many tags it wants, and order them from the Legion. The lowest possible price will be obtained, as the tree planting cost must be kept low in order that all 4,000,000 trees may be in place by Memorial day 1922.

There must be nothing on the tags for the memory trees, except the name of the soldier and his regiment. The Legion thinks it best not to name his rank. Only the date of his death if he died in action, and only his name and his regiment if he did not die in action.

These trees are only for the glory of the soldiers, to perpetuate the memory of their service, and to give a great gift to posterity in these greatest of memory roads. The tree will be planted by the State and in the State in which the soldier lived, so there need be no name on the plate but his. Mrs. J. DeLacy, secretary of the Illinois Gold Star Mothers, who had three sons in the war, and lost one of them, was chosen by the American Legion to speak for the Gold Star Mothers at the big celebration in Minneapolis, June 11, 1921. On that date 555 memory trees were planted along the city's Victory driveway, dedicated to the soldiers from Hennepin County, Minn., who were killed in the World War.

OGLE COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

Citizens Plant Trees as Memorial to Soldiers.

"What plant we in these maple trees?
Tribute from hearts that burn and ache,
And hurt with restless throbs that make
War's toll a lasting pain and deep,
All through life's years to mourn and keep;
And yet a glory pride and joy
That brave young souls should earnestly
Go fight and die for liberty
We plant with these maple trees."

It was this spirit that caused the people of Ogle County to plant a maple tree for the dead and a white elm for the living as a part of their tribute to the heroes of the World War. This County was the first in the United States to plant "Service Rows" of trees along the roads, just as the Chicago Tribune has planned to have them planted as memorials along the Dixie and Lincoln Highways.

Mrs. Horace G. Kauffman of Oregon, chairman of the Woman's organization for Ogle County, Council of National Defense, and author of the poem, at the beginning of this article, while the war was still going on had planned a tree for every dead and living soldier. The planting was started in the spring of 1919 and still continues.

On August 29, 1920, the Oregon Unit consisting of six townships, dedicated the Rock River Service row by erecting a re-enforced concrete pier on which was placed a bronze tablet at the point where the row begins.

The Chicago Tribune's tree Memorial plan has gained widespread approbation. At a meeting held recently of the Legionnaires Club the project was indorsed.

Charles Lathrop Peck, president of the American Forestry Association declares that in the Tribune plan of Memorial tree planting the greatest good will be found.

ILLINOIS CITIES TO MAKE GRANT WAY TREE MEMORIAL.

Thirteen cities in Illinois have banded together and are going to make definite plans immediately to join in the Chicago Tribune's campaign of memorial tree planting and plant trees along Grant highway. This memory road before the summer is finished will link Chicago with the Pacific coast. The road is being made of concrete, part of it having been completed.

Colonel George D. Roper of Rockford, president of the Grant Highway Association, who carried through the dedication and improvements, and W. G. Edens, the Vice President, sent Malcolm Mackinnon of Rockford, the Secretary, to tell the Tribune of the highway Association's proposal. The cities that form the Association and will take over the responsibility of planting memorial trees to all soldiers along this road are: Chicago, Elgin, Hampshire, Marengo, Belvidere, Cherry Valley, Rockford, Freeport, Stockton, Elizabeth, Galena, East Dubuque and Dubuque, Iowa, the only city not in Illinois. Galena was General Grant's home and his home is now owned by the state.

Major George S. Roper, father of the Association's president, was in charge of the commissary in the first regiment that General Grant commanded, and later Major Roper was a member of General Grant's staff till the end of the war. The Grant highway, which starts at Chicago, extended to Dubuque, Iowa, until the Armistice; then it was lengthened, and now it stretches across to Yellowstone park, crossing Iowa, Nebraska, and Wyoming. This summer it will be extended across southern Idaho, Oregon and to Portland, making a national road from Chicago through to the Pacific coast.

Chicago has varied interests, more than one trail, and some groups who will plant along other roads than the Lincoln highway. But the Chicagoans who belong to the Grant Highway Association will center their planting interests there. A former member of Battery B, 149th Field Artillery, has a farm near Chicago, and this fall he proposes to plant a tree for each member of that battery, about 200 in all, in a clearing of about four acres. He will mark the trees for the comrades he fought with, and while he is considering hard maple trees for the living, and oaks for the dead, he invites suggestions.

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30, 1921 AT CHICAGO.

Veterans of Five Wars March to Honor Hero Dead.

From the first blare of the trombones in "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes", to the last soft notes of "Onward Christian Soldiers", as the Salvation Army marched into the distance, it was one of Chicago's greatest Memorial day parades.

There were veterans of five wars who thus publicly paid homage to their military dead; there were thousands of Chicagoans in the reviewing stand that stretched on Michigan boulevard from Chicago Avenue to Twelfth Street, who paid tribute to both dead and living.

Behind the grand marshal, General James E. Stuart, himself a veteran of three campaigns, there came the fast thinning numbers of Civil War Veterans in automobiles—men who years ago swung as proudly down the boulevard as did

the clean cut lads of the Reserve Officers' training camp of this Memorial Day. There were among those white haired soldiers some who saw service in the wars against the Indians. Behind them, more numerous, were the campaigners of the Philippines, of Porto Rico, of Cuba, and of the Florida coast in the days of '98. They included men who climbed the walls of Peking during the Boxer rebellion.

And then the veterans of the great war just closed—members of the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the World War Veterans, the Buck Privates Society. "Reilly's Bucks" were there—their first appearance in a marching line since their triumphal return from France. There were Canadian veterans preceded by a piper's band; a thin straggling line of Italian fighters, a group of French poilus, a company of Britons.

And there were also—shall we say coming veterans of future wars?—the solid ranks of the National Guard, of the Naval contingent from the Great Lakes, of cadets from military academies and officers' training schools. Then closing, were the blue coated ranks of the policemen and firemen and the gray of the postal carriers.

The parade at the reviewing stand in front of the Grant park monument to General John A. Logan founder of Memorial day, lasted two hours and forty minutes. It was nearly eight miles in length. Long after the first battalions were dispersing at Twelfth Street the columns were still gathering at Lincoln park. In the official stand were Gov. Len Small, General Stuart, Grand Marshal, and his staff, Colonel Marcus Kavanaugh, Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, Colonel John V. Clinnin, General Florenz Ziegfeld, and Colonel James A. Healy, Adjutant General Frank S. Dickson and his staff, Chief of Police Charles C. Fitzmorris, and Mayor Thompson.

The Spanish-American War Veterans were under the command of John Wold. The American Legion was led by George Lee. Major-General Milton J. Foreman was in charge of the military division, with Brigadier-General Abel Davis commanding the 1st brigade and Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly the 2nd brigade.

The parade, while the most spectacular, was not the dominating feature of this memorial day. It was in the scores of cemeteries that one found its real spirit. At Oakwoods one saw two tall, quiet men in civilian clothes walk slowly down a gravel path and reverently lay wreaths upon two graves, then stand silent for a moment or two. They were General John J. Pershing, chief of the staff of the American Army and his brother, James Pershing. The graves were those of their father and mother. General Pershing later went to Princeton, Illinois, where he decorated the grave of his sister, Mrs. Richard Paddock. Later he reviewed a parade and addressed several thousand persons at the Princeton memorial day exercises.

At Graceland, over the grave of an unidentified soldier killed in France, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Lake View Post, No. 235, held solemn services. In this same graveyard members of Lyon Post, No. 9, G. A. R., W. S. Hancock Post, No. 560, and Posts Nos. 91, 737, 540 and 575, G. A. R., assisted by Camp 6, Sons of Veterans and Posts 235 and 10 of Camp 21, A. L. W. W., held services.

In Mount Olive Cemetery Winfield Scott Post, 445, G. A. R., held its services at the monument which it has erected there. The sixteen survivors of the post were addressed by the Rev. Joshua Oden of the Irving Park Lutheran Church.

At Mount Hope Cemetery G. A. R., Posts Nos. 444, 628, 91 and 467, aided by Post No. 232 of the American Legion and Posts Nos. 513 and 177 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, held services and decorated graves.

At Oak Ridge, G. A. R. posts Nos. 602, 667 and 740, camps Nos. 74 and 75 of the U. S. W. V., and camps Nos. 61 and 65 of the S. of V. conducted the ceremonies.

At Mount Carmel Cemetery a detachment of Company "A" 2d Infantry, I. N. G., fired a salute over the grave of Miss Carmelite O'Connor, the only nurse killed over seas, whose body is buried in Chicago. Among the speakers were Monsignor William M. Foley, Vicar General of the Great Lakes District; the Rev. John F. O'Donnell, former chaplain of the 132d Infantry; Captain D'Archie, Chaplain of the Marines, and the Rev. Edward Dandowsky.

At Forest Home Cemetery, G. A. R., Post, No. 706, U. S. W. V.; camps No. 74, V. F. W., camps Nos. 143 and 105 the A. L. W. W.; camp No. 144 S. of V.; camp No. 12 and D. of V., tent No. 4 conducted the services.

At Waldheim Cemetery the Knights of Pythias were in charge of decorating the graves, at Woodlawn, the American Legion supervised the services and at Concordia the ceremonies were sponsored by various fraternal organizations.

Members of the order of Red men held services in Lincoln Park at the boulder which marks the burial place of David Kennison, last survivor of the Boston Tea Party, and founder of their organization who died in 1852. Addresses were given by J. A. Kapps and W. H. Malone. The Bohemian Memorial Association, camp 30, U. S. W. V., and Post 38, A. L. W. W., held services and decorated graves in the Bohemian National Cemetery; G. A. R. Posts, Nos. 521, 467, and 91, U. S. W. V.; camps Nos. 51 and 58, American Legion Post, No. 232, Posts Nos. 177 and 513, V. F. W., and Camp No. 6 S. of V., held services at Mount Greenwood.

At Rosehill were members of eight posts of the G. A. R.; at Oakwoods five posts. At Rosehill, Colonel Addison Jones of the regular army delivered the principal address.

At Calvary three G. A. R., posts, Veterans of the Spanish-American and Great War held services. Special exercises by Evanstonians also were held at Calvary, following a parade in the northern suburb. More than 50,000 marchers of Polish origin held a parade of their own on the southwest side in honor of General Thaddeus Kosciusko, hero of the Revolutionary War. Memorial services under the auspices of the Polish National Alliance followed.

At Palatine 1,500 school children, Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls, and Veterans of three wars paraded. W. G. Edens, Vice president of the Central Trust Company, made the address.

For the first time in history Knights Templar acted as escort for another organization when they marched with Columbia Post 706, G. A. R., at Forest Home Cemetery.

MAJOR EDWARD KENT ARMSTRONG—TO BE HONORED IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS STADIUM.

Major Edward Kent Armstrong, Chicago, who was killed while in Red Cross Service in Palestine in 1919, will have a column dedicated to his honor in the new University of Illinois Stadium.

According to a plan adopted by the Executive Committee columns will be erected to each of the 183 Illinois Alumni and students who were killed in the World War. These memorial columns will be directly in front of the stadium gridiron and will surround a court of honor.

In addition to these individual memorial columns for those who died, each of the 75,000 seats in the mammoth new structure may be dedicated to soldiers and sailors of the state and university who fought in the war. Practically $700,000 has already been raised for the stadium and it is expected that more than $1,500,000 will be pledged in the nation-wide campaign during the football season next fall.

MRS. EMILY M. CARLISLE STEVENS.

Fifty Years Service in Chicago's Schools.

With fifty years of service in the public schools to her credit, Mrs. Emily M. Carlisle Stevens, 210 South Ashland Boulevard, was honored at a dinner in the Great Northern Hotel Tuesday evening, June 21, 1921, by officials and employees of the board of education. It was a surprise party. When Mrs. Stevens, who is retiring from her duties as chief statistician in the educational department, walked into the crystal room of the hotel to keep an engagement with an old friend, she was greeted by cheers of 125 of her associates. Speeches praising Mrs. Stevens were made by Trustee Hart Hanson, Superintendent Mortenson, and Charles E. Gilbert, Secretary. A locket set with pearls was presented by Ambrose B. Wright, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, in whose office she has been employed for the last thirty-one years. Mrs. Stevens has been a resident of Chicago for sixty-five years and graduated from the normal school when she was 17 years old. She became teacher in the

Washington School immediately afterward and later she was elected principal of the Scammon school. She was transferred to the board office in 1890.

GRANT'S WAR FLAG TO REMAIN AT TOMB.

The flag which flew from General Grant's field headquarters during the last days of the Civil War and is now among the relics at Grant Tomb on Riverside Drive, New York, is presented to the Grant Monument Association by the will of General Horace Porter. General Porter also left to the Association $10,000 to aid in the maintenance of the tomb. All of his letters and papers, swords, medals, and other war relics are bequeathed to his daughter, Mrs. Elsie Menden.

MRS. LUCINDA GOODALL CELEBRATES HER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Lucinda Goodall of Marion, Illinois, celebrated her one hundred and third birthday on June 23, 1921, by helping cook dinner for a big birthday party. Her motto is, work hard, work right, eat meat and bread, and drink coffee, don't fear sun or rain, and treat everybody alike. Mrs. Goodall wears no glasses and often walks several miles. She has three children, thirty grandchildren, forty-two great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grand children.

MRS. HARRIET L. MITCHELL NINETY-SIX YEARS OLD.

Mrs. Harriet L. Mitchell, 96 years old, lays claim to being the oldest voter and Chicago Tribune reader in Oak Park. Mrs. Mitchell lives at 515 North Cuyler Avenue, with her daughter, Mrs. W. T. Robinson. She was born in Canada and has been a resident of Illinois since the Civil War. She has two daughters, nine grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren living. Mrs. Mitchell voted at the last two presidential elections, and keeps well informed on all current events.

JUDGE G. W. THOMPSON DIES AT GALESBURG, ILL.

Judge George W. Thompson for twenty-four years judge of the ninth judicial district and for years on the appellate benches of the Second and Third districts, died at his home in Galesburg, Illinois, February 5th after a years illness, aged 71 years.

MRS. MARY FISCHER, DIES AT 110 YEARS OF AGE.

Mrs. Mary Fischer died of old age, February 11th, at the home of her daughter Mrs. Catherine Pakulla at 416 Bixby Court, Chicago. Mrs. Fischer was born in Posen, Poland in May, 1811. She came to the United States forty-three years ago with her daughter and son-in-law, Raymond Pakulla. Despite her advanced age, her faculties were clear up until a few hours before her death. In recent years her eyesight had failed to the extent she was unable to read, but she kept up with current events and was a keen conversationalist on topics of the day. She is survived by five children and eight grandchildren.

DIES AT THE AGE OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS. MRS. SUSIE B. WOODWORTH. KNEW LINCOLN.

"You are a pretty little girl, are there any more at your home like you?" Mrs. Susie B. Woodworth, who died Monday, February 14, at the age of 100, used to tell her grand children and great-grandchildren how Lincoln took her on his knee when she was 16 years old and said these words to her. Her father Isaac Berner, enlisted with Lincoln in the Black Hawk War and they were friends. Lincoln used to be a visitor at their home in New Salem. Mrs. Woodworth, a resident of Chicago for twenty years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Thressa W. Wines, 4632 Kenmore Avenue. She came to Illinois when she was 5 years old. She was born in Overton County, Tennessee. Her grandfather John Witt, fought in the Revolutionary War. Her body will be taken to Lake Maria, Wisconsin for burial in a cemetery near there, where Mrs. Woodworth's husband and three children are already buried.

DR. F. J. V. SKIFF, FIELD MUSEUM DIRECTOR, DIES IN CHICAGO.

Dr. Frederick James Volney Skiff, director of the Field Museum, Chicago since it was founded more than a quarter of a century ago, died in St. Luke's hospital, Thursday, February 24. He was 70 years old. Death was caused by Angina pectoris, superinduced by a complication of diseases, followed an illness of three days. Dr. Skiff, who lived at the Parkway hotel, 2100 Lincoln Parkway, attended a meeting of the Museum's board of trustees Monday afternoon. Dr. Skiff was born in Chicopee, Massachusetts. He moved to Lawrence, Kansas, in 1870 where he was engaged in newspaper work. Seven years later he went to Colorado as a member of the staff of the Denver Tribune, of which he became editor in 1881. He was a member of the Colorado state legislature in 1885-86, and was later commissioner of immigration and statistics for Colorado. He was deputy commissioner general of the Columbian World's Fair in 1893, chief of staff to the commissioner general of the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1900, director general of the St. Louis exposition in 1901, director in chief of foreign participation at the Panama-Pacific exposition in Seattle in 1911, and director general of the San Francisco exposition in 1915. These activities served as foundation for his international fame. In 1904, Dr. Skiff was made a Commander of the Legion of Honor of France. He was entitled to wear the Order of the Crown of Italy, the order of the Red Eagle of Germany, the Order of the Double Dragon of China, the grand cross of the Sacred Treasure of Japan, as well as decorations bestowed by Leopold of Belgium, Francis Joseph of Austria and other sovereigns. He was sometimes referred to as the "most profusely decorated man in America." Dr. Skiff, who received the degree of master of arts from Colorado College in 1905 and degree of doctor of laws from George Washington University in 1908, was a member of American Institute of Mining Engineers, the International Museum Association of England and of the National Education Association. He is survived by his widow who was Miss Mary R. French of Garrett, Kansas. They were married in 1876. Funeral services were held in the New

England Congregational Church, on Monday afternoon, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus officiated. Burial was in Oakwoods Cemetery.

ORLAND P. BASSETT, EDITOR AND LINCOLN'S FRIEND DIES.

Orland P. Bassett, a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, died Saturday, February 26, at Pasadena, California, aged 86. Mr. Bassett organized the Pictorial Printing Company of Chicago and was the first horticulturist to commercialize the "American Beauty" rose. He had lived in Pasadena since 1902. Mr. Bassett came from western Pennsylvania to Sycamore, Illinois in the late fifties, and started a newspaper there. In 1868 he came to Chicago and organized the Pictorial Printing Company, of which he was president until 1916, when he founded the florist's firm of Bassett and Washburn. The body was brought to Hinsdale, Illinois for burial.

DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, EDUCATOR, CLERGYMAN, LECTURER AND BIBLIOPHILE, DIES IN CHICAGO, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1921.

Doctor Gunsaulus, prominently identified with Chicago life, first as a preacher and college professor and finally as head of Armour Institute, died early Thursday morning, March 17, at his home 2919 Prairie Avenue. Doctor Gunsaulus was born at Chesterville, Ohio, January 1, 1856. Son of Joseph and Mary Hawley Gunsaulus. Married Anna Long of Parsons, West Virginia, September 20, 1875. J. Ogden Armour pronounced the following eulogy on Doctor Gunsaulus. "No eulogy can do justice to Doctor Gunsaulus. His life was one of achievement; his success lay in helping others to help themselves. He was a wonderful orator, a sound thinker, and a great organizer and, most of all, a real man, who leaves the world better than he found it. No one associated as I have been all my life, with such a lovable character could be other than bowed down with grief at his untimely passing." Doctor Frederick Shannon, rector of Central Church conducted the funeral services in the New England Congregational Church,

March 19, assisted by Dr. Charles W. Gilkey of the Hyde Park Baptist Church and Dr. Clarence T. Brown of the Austin Congregational Church. Active pallbearers were Philip Armour, Eugene Thomas, Charles Stridiron, Alfred Hodge, George Allison and Raymond Thornberg.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR (B. L. T.) DIES.

Humorist, Editor "A Line o Type or Two" on the Chicago Tribune died at his temporary home at 195 East Chestnut Street, Chicago, March 19. He was born in Goshen, Massachusetts, on November 13, 1866, educated at the College of the city of New York. As soon as he was graduated he entered newspaper work, serving as a reporter and as a writer on several weeklies and dailies. Later he was an editor of a newspaper at Greenfield, New Hampshire. In 1895, Mr. Taylor married Miss Emma Bonner of Providence, Rhode Island. The following year he came west and was editor of the Duluth News-Tribune for three years. In 1899 he came to Chicago and began the career in which he became noted. A column known as "A Little about Everything" had been started in the Chicago Journal. Originally it had been intended to contain brief items of news. Gradually these were interspersed with humorous paragraphs and bits of verse. When Mr. Taylor took charge of the column he changed it materially and the column became famous. The editors of "The Tribune", impressed with the originality of his work and style, asked him to join "The Tribune" staff and he began to conduct "A Line o' Type or Two", a column that has been read and commented on all over the world. Its success was immediate. Almost immediately his initials "B. L. T." became as critics often have said, "the most famous initials in America." Proof of this was given by the post office officials, who often forwarded mail addressed only with the initials. In 1903, Mr. Taylor resigned from The Tribune to go to New York, where for six years he was a contributor to Puck and the New York Sun. In 1909 he returned to Chicago and the Tribune and resumed "The Line". He was regarded as the dean of America's column conductors, having developed paragraphing into its present prominent position as a newspaper feature. His

daily mail was voluminous, his contributors numbering thousands. To make the Line became a coveted privilege for which some of the leading literary lights of the country strove. All masked their identity. Conducting "The Line" was only a part of Mr. Taylor's literary labors. He contributed verse and articles, particularly concerning golf, his favorite recreation, to many magazines. In addition he was the author of several books including "The Well in the Wood", published in 1904; "The Charlatans" 1906; "A Line o' Verse or Two", 1911; "The Pipesmoke Carry", 1912; and "Motley Measures", 1913. Mr. Taylor's home was in Glencoe. There survive besides the widow, two daughters, Alva Thoits Taylor and Barbara Leston Taylor.

LOUIS KURZ, FAMOUS ARTIST, FRIEND OF LINCOLN DIES.

Louis Kurz, 87 years old, well known artist and painter of church paintings died at his home at 2141 North Clark Street early Monday morning, March 21st. Mr. Kurz, who was one of the founders of the Art Institute, came to Chicago in 1852. He founded the lithographing house of Kurz and Allison. Mr. Kurz was a friend of Logan, Lincoln, Grant, and Longfellow. During the Civil War Lincoln asked him to make sketches of the battlefields and his pictures were the first to be issued after the close of the war. "Washington's Entry into Trenton" was one of his famous historical paintings. Mr. Kurz is survived by four sons and three daughters.

MEMORIAL TABLET IN HONOR OF LIEUT. DINSMORE ELY, WAR HERO, TO BE PLACED IN THE WINNETKA CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

"Like a Liberty bond, it is an investment, not a loss, when a man dies for his country". These words written home by Lieut. Dinsmore Ely, son of Dr. James Owen Ely of Winnetka shortly before he was killed in battle, will be carved in bronze on a memorial tablet to be placed on a wall of the Congregational Church of Winnetka. The design has just

been completed by H. C. Stearns, instructor in design at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and bids for casting have been asked. The tablet will be set early in the summer. It was at the request of Doctor Ely that the design was made at the school where Lieutenant Ely formerly was a student. The tablet is the second to be erected for him. The first was erected shortly after the third Liberty Loan drive, started by his $5,000 life insurance. The Memorial subscription authorized by himself, brought upward of $1,000,000 from Chicagoans.

MRS. MARY EMILY BLATCHFORD. HELPED BUILD UP THE PRIMARY SCHOOL SYSTEM IN CHICAGO. DIED IN PORTLAND, MAINE.

Mrs. Mary Emily Blatchford active in the establishment of the primary school system in Chicago shortly after the Civil War, and widow of Eliphalet Wickes Blatchford, a civic leader in the early days of Chicago, died on March 30 in Portland, Maine, at the home of her son Charles P. Blatchford. Mrs. Blatchford lived for many years at 1111 N. LaSalle St., and was one of the organizers of the Woman's board of Missions. Mrs. Blatchford's husband was one of the two trustees under Walter L. Newberry's will and is the man who planned the Newberry library.

MRS. GEORGE M. PULLMAN. DIES IN PASADENA.

Mrs. George M. Pullman, widow of the car builder, George M. Pullman and founder of the city of Pullman, Illinois, died at the Raymond Hotel in Pasadena, California, March 28, at the age of 82 years. Mrs. Pullman was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Sanger of Chicago. In 1867, she was married to Mr. George M. Pullman and they were the parents of two daughters and two sons, Florence, Harriet, George M., Jr., and Walter Sanger. Only two survive. Florence, wife of Frank O. Lowden and Harriet wife of Francis Carolan, of San Francisco. Accompanying the body from California were former Governor and Mrs. Frank O. Low-

den, Miss Harriet Lowden their daughter and Francis Carolan of San Francisco. They were met in Chicago by Mrs. Carolan, Miss Frances Lowden and Pullman Lowden. Funeral services were held Monday, April 4, from the home, 1729 Prairie Avenue, Rev. Charles F. Wishart, former pastor of Second Presbyterian church read the services, assisted by Rev. Josiah Sibley, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. Honorary pallbearers selected were: Robert T. Lincoln, Marvin Hughitt, Cyrus McCormick, Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, Brig. Gen. C. G. Dawes, Rensselaer W. Cox, John J. Glessner, John S. Runnels, John G. Mitchell, J. Ogden Armour, John D. Field, John A. Spoor, T. W. Robinson, Brode B. Davis, Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, Dr. Joseph A. Capps, W. J. Chalmers, Dr. Frank Billings, E. F. Bryant and Edward A. Ayer. Burial was at Graceland Cemetery.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN'S TRIBUTE TO MRS. PULLMAN.

Chicago has lost one of her most loyal and philanthropic citizens. In the winter of 1862 at Memphis, Tennessee, I first met Miss Harriet Sanger, the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Sanger of Chicago. Sherman's Army was mobilizing in that city, preparing for the siege and capture of Vicksburg, the Gibraltar of the Mississippi River. General Logan was then in command of the 3d division of the 17th Army Corps, commanded by Major-General J. B. McPherson. It is safe to say no more magnificient a body of men than these stalwart volunteer officers and men were ever assembled. The officers were busy all day organizing and training troops for the gigantic movement in the early spring. But in the evening they participated in the social functions which are always given for officers at a military post. Miss Sanger as a most charming and fascinating young woman, had scores of admirers. I frequently chaperoned her, as in those days no young lady appeared at any social or dramatic entertainment without a chaperon. With escort of officers, we rode through the fathomless mud during the occupation of the city, accompanied by the troops on horseback, from hospital to hospital,

laden with all sorts of delicacies for the sick and wounded men who had not been sent north after the siege of Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, Corinth, and the tedious marches before reaching Memphis. Miss Sanger distributed with her own hands thousands of dollars worth of relief to the unfortunate soldiers of 1862. In due time we were ordered north. Miss Sanger taking with her the admiration and heart of more than one gallant officer and the gratitude of many soldiers. As soon as she reached Chicago she joined the army of women workers for the Union soldiers of the Sanitary Commission, as the wife of Mr. George M. Pullman found her unchanged in her generous work for the unfortunate. Increase in wealth only served to inspire her to multiply her charities, encouraged by her generous and indulgent husband and finding opportunity on every hand after the great conflagration of Chicago in 1871. Early and late she was found on her errands of mercy to the homeless, her own home sheltering for days many who had lost their all. Charity was not her only, though the greatest of her virtues. Every enterprise for the advancement of any good thing for Chicago received from her enthusiastic support. She had traveled extensively; her home was filled with art treasures and articles of historic interest. One very remarkable characteristic was her talent for making her home attractive. She was ever ready to supplement her husband's fondness for entertaining and it is probably true that they entertained more distinguished people of our own and other countries in their own home than have any other private persons in the United States. Chicago owes to Mrs. Pullman's memory a full measure of gratitude for what she did in the long ago and up to the day of her death towards maintaining its reputation for progress and hospitality.

MILITARY FUNERAL HELD FOR OVERSEAS NURSE.

Miss Therese Gilligan who died Thursday, April 14, at the United States Army hospital from a complication of diseases contracted in France while an army nurse, was buried on Saturday, April 15, in Chicago. It was one of the first

military funerals ever held for a woman. Miss Gilligan's body was conveyed from the Church to the cemetery on a regulation army caisson, and taps were blown and a firing squad discharged a salute after her body was lowered in the grave. Miss Gilligan whose home was at 743 West Fifty-fourth place was attached to the Juvenile Court for nine years as a nurse. In 1917 she enlisted as an army nurse and served eighteen months overseas. Following her discharge she returned to the Juvenile court, but recently was compelled to give up her work and go to the hospital. The funeral was held under the direction of Delavan Post of the American Legion.

LUCY L. FOWLER, LEADER IN CHICAGO'S EDUCATIONAL AND CIVIC CLUB LIFE, DIES IN CORONADO, CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. Lucy L. Fowler, for nearly thirty years a leader in Chicago's Educational and Civic Club life, died April 27, at Coronado, California, where she had lived since 1902. She was 84 years old. Mrs. Fowler, the widow of Attorney James M. Fowler, had been in ill health ever since moving west. Her only surviving child, Mrs. John V. Farwell, formerly Mrs. Dunlap Smith of 229 Lake Shore drive was with her at the time of her death. Lucy Louisa Cones was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Her college work was done at the Packer Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn, New York. In 1859 she came west alone, having obtained a position as teacher in the Madison, Wisconsin High School. In 1863 Miss Cones married Attorney Fowler of Madison. They moved to Chicago ten years later. In 1875 Mrs. Fowler became a member of the board of trustees of the Chicago Half-Orphan Asylum, and later a member of the board of the Chicago Home for the Friendless. Mrs. Fowler was prominent in organizing the Illinois Training School for Nurses in 1880. She helped organize the Lake Geneva Fresh Air Association which gave poor children a few weeks' annual outing. In 1890 she was elected president of the Chicago Woman's Club, and was also head of the Fortnightly Club. She was also a trustee of the St. Charles State School for Boys until she moved

to California where Mr. Fowler died in 1909. Mayor Washburne appointed her a member of the Chicago School board in 1891. Three years later she was elected a trustee of the University of Illinois. The crowning recognition of Mrs. Fowler's service came in the naming of the Lucy Fowler Technical High School.

PETER REINBERG MEMORIAL PLANNED IN THE FOREST PRESERVE DEER GROVE PARK, ILL.

As a memorial to the late Peter Reinberg, former president of the county board, the Deer Grove Tract of the forest preserve is to be named after him and a bronze tablet bearing his name erected therein, according to an announcement April 25, by forest preserve commissioners. The Deer Grove park is near Palatine, Illinois, about twenty miles from the business center of Chicago.

SIMEON W. KING—ONE OF THE PALLBEARERS FOR PRESIDENT LINCOLN, IS DEAD.

Simeon Woodrow King, former United State Commissioner, the last survivor among the men who served as pallbearers at Lincoln's funeral, died Tuesday May 3, at the James C. King home at 360 East Garfield Boulevard, Chicago, at the age of 88 years.

Mr. King was born in Morgan County, Ohio. He was educated at T. Clarkson Taylor's academy in Delaware. Later he took a course at the Union College of Law after coming to this city in 1854. When the Civil war broke out, he was one of the first to answer Lincoln's call for soldiers and served on Governor Richard Yates' Staff at the Battle of Shiloh.

After the war Mr. King was admitted to the bar, a few months later he was appointed United States Commissioner of Northern Illinois by Richard Drummond under the Lincoln administration. For three years Mr. King was county attorney. He was a member of the county board of supervisors and at one time was president of the south town board.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN MILAN C. EDSON.

Captain Milan C. Edson who served with Company "D" of the 63d Illinois Volunteers in the Civil War, died on May 7, at Mesa, Arizona.

WILLIAM GROTE, FORMER MAYOR OF ELGIN, DIES.

William Grote former Mayor of Elgin, Illinois, died May 15, 1921. He was born in Hanover, Germany, November 22, 1849, and came to America a poor boy in 1866. At his death he was rated the richest man in Kane County. He was president of the Home National Bank and Vice President of the Home Trust and Savings Bank of Elgin. Mr. Grote was prominently identified with the Republican politics of the State, having been a close friend and adviser to former Governors Yates and Deneen. He was twice a delegate to Republican National Conventions. He was an officer in thirty religious, educational and charitable institutions, and a lay member of the Illinois Conference of the Evangelical Association. For the last twenty-four years he has been a member of the board of trustees of the Northwestern College of Naperville, Illinois.

MRS. MARY CUNNINGHAM DIES AT URBANA, ILL.

Mrs. Mary Cunningham died at Urbana, Illinois May 16. She had resided for sixty-seven years in Urbana. She and her husband, the late Judge J. O. Cunningham were personal friends of Abraham Lincoln.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHARLES C. PIERCE DIES.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles C. Pierce, head of the American War Memorials Commission, died of pneumonia in France, May 16, 1921. He resigned as rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia to go to war and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and Cross of the French Legion.

WORLD WAR NURSE HONORED.

A Chicago heroine of the World War was honored Saturday, May 28, when a memorial tablet was dedicated for Miss Lucile Pepoon, a nurse who died in France. The tablet was placed in Independence Park near a tree planted a year ago in her memory. It is several hundred feet from the home of her parents Dr. and Mrs. Herman S. Pepoon, of 3842 Byron Street. Before volunteering for service Miss Pepoon was in the bureau of medical inspection of the health department. Dr. H. O. Jones, assistant chief of the bureau presided at the exercises, and the dedicatory talk was given by Dr. Henry Spalding, chief of the bureau. Short talks were given by the Rev. A. S. Haskins, and Dr. John Dill Robertson.

WILLIAM E. MASON, 1850-1921.

Representative William E. Mason, Congressman at large from Illinois and former United States Senator, died in his apartment at the Congress Hall Hotel, Washington, D. C., June 16, 1921. He was 71 years old. Heart failure caused his death. He became seriously ill, but rallied and was believed to be on the road to recovery when he suffered a relapse.

Joseph G. Cannon announced the death of Mr. Mason in the House of Representatives immediately after it convened, the House then adjourned without transacting any business. A resolution expressing sorrow and sympathy was offered in the Senate by Senator McCormick of Illinois, and adopted unanimously. Representative Richard Yates, the other Congressman at large from Illinois, issued a statement eulogizing his colleague; he said; "It was his disposition to not only be devoted to duty but also to be the friend of the downtrodden, the oppressed, the 'under dog'. The tortured Cuban in 1918 was the recipient of his strenuous efforts; his burning denunciations of Spanish brutality were not matched or equaled. The sufferer in the World War, and above all the Irishman, he championed and fought for until his latest breath. His place cannot be filled."

William E. Mason.

William E. Mason was esteemed to be one of the nation's wittiest citizens, one of its old time stump speaking, story telling orators, and one of its fighters. A politician since he was six years old, he was born in the village of Franklinville, Cattaraugus County, New York, on July 5, 1850. He was one of ten sons of Lewis J. and Nancy (Winslow) Mason and he had four sisters. The elder Mason was a wagon maker and a pioneer. He moved west to Bentonsport, Iowa, in 1856. Mason got but 75 cents a day for his labor, and yet he managed to feed those fourteen children and two others whom he and his wife adopted. During the evening he made furniture, and after a time he became proprietor of a hotel and stocked it with home made furniture.

William E. Mason was fifteen years old when his father died. He was thrown on his own resources. He got a job teaching school at Bear Creek and after he had thrashed the biggest boy had little difficulty. In 1868 he went to Des-Moines, Iowa, and began studying law in the office of Thomas Wethrow, who soon after was appointed general solicitor of a railroad, and moved to Chicago. Mason came with him, remained in his office a year, then studied in the office of John N. Jewett. He was admitted to the bar when he was 21 years old, was elected to the Illinois Legislature before he was 30, and was elected State Senator in 1882.

It was in these years that Mason became known around the stump circuit as an orator, a humorist, a story teller. When he would walk out upon the platform and shake his long black hair and lift his eyebrows, shrug his shoulders, start in telling yarns—he at once caught and held the attention of his audience.

He was elected to Congress in 1889 and was re-elected for the second term. But on his third attempt he was buried in a Democratic landslide. Five years later, in 1897, he was elected to the United States Senate by the Illinois legislature by a strict party vote, receiving 125 votes against 78 for John P. Altgeld. He succeeded Gen. John M. Palmer in the Senate. He became a spectacular figure in the Senate, taking first rank as a ready debator. His reputation won in the house, helped to establish him at once.

Mr. Mason was a persistent advocate of the rural free delivery bill, and championed all bills favoring the rights of labor and attacking trusts and combinations of capital. He was one of the first to advocate the freeing of Cuba. After his defeat for re-election to the Senate in 1903 he was out of Congress for a number of years. He came back as Congressman-at-large for Illinois, put himself over without an organization, without money, without even a headquarters. And he was twice re-elected with the aid of the Thompson-Lundin organization with which he was affiliated. Following the war Congressman Mason became one of the active champions of the Irish Republic, and was the author of resolutions directing American recognition of that republic, and the exchange of diplomatic and consular representatives. In 1873 Mr. Mason married Miss Edith Julia White of DesMoines, Iowa, and they had seven children. The Mason home has their picture in a stained glass window.

There are some, perhaps, who will point to Mason's record during the late war, and call him anything but patriotic. He opposed the declarations of war, the draft, the taking of National Guard troops to France. However, he pointed to a son on the firing line to show that he worked for the prosecution of the War, although he did not believe that America was right in entering it.

JAMES NELSON BUCHANAN, 1849-1921.

James Nelson Buchanan died Wednesday, June 8, at his home, 5555 Kenwood Avenue. He was born October 16, 1849, at the southeast corner of Adams and Dearborn Streets, his parents having come to Chicago in 1839. In 1871 he entered the contracting and real estate business. Mr. Buchanan was a member of the Thirty-sixth General Assembly of Illinois, representing the second district; charter member of Company A, 1st regiment, Illinois National Guard. He served in the regiment eight and one-half years and retired as Captain. He organized and was elected Colonel of a regiment during the Spanish-American War, but hostilities ceased before the regiment was called into service. He is survived by his widow,

Isadore Berry Buchanan; a daughter Mrs. George H. Lamberton; a son, William N. Buchanan, and two brothers, D. C. H. Buchanan and E. P. Buchanan.

SARAH A. COOKE 94 YEARS OLD RELIGIOUS WORKER DIES.

Sarah A. Cooke, better known as "Auntie Cooke, who died Sunday, July 10th, 1921 at the age of 94 years was buried Wednesday at Graceland Cemetery. For more than fifty years she worked almost night and day in missions, hospitals and churches. When the late Rev. D. L. Moody started out as an evangelist she was instrumental in leading him into the experience of "the baptism of the spirit", to which he attributed his great success in evangelistic work.

EUGENE W. FARRAR, FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN DUPAGE COUNTY, ILLINOIS DIES.

Eugene W. Farrar, first white child born in Dupage County, Illinois, died in Downers Grove Monday, July 25, 1921, his home was only two blocks from the site of his log cabin birthplace. He was born July 24, 1835, and his life has been spent in Downers Grove. He served in the Civil War as a Sergeant in the Thirteenth Illinois Infantry. He married Martha J. Carpenter in Downers Grove in 1866, and she survives him, with their four sons and two daughters.

GIFTS OF BOOKS, LETTERS, PICTURES AND MANUSCRIPTS TO THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

Bakeless, John M. A. The Economic Causes of Modern Wars. David A. Wells Prize Essay. Gift of William College, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

Belleville, Illinois. Anniversary Edition. Official Directory and Year Book of the First Presbyterian Church of Belleville, Illinois. 1914-1915. Rev. Charles A. Highfield, Pastor. Gift of Judge H. Halbert, Belleville, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Year Book, Aurora Chapter, D. A. R., 1920-1921. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. David J. Peffers, 288 Downer Place, Aurora, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, D. A. R., Bloomington, Illinois. Year Books 1899 to 1921, except for the years, 1900-1901, 1907-1908. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. James R. Riggs, 603 East Mulberry St., Bloomington, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Shadrach Bond Chapter, D. A. R., Carthage, Illinois. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. Mary L. T. Newcomer, Carthage, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution, Charleston, Illinois Chapter, D. A. R. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Miss Etta Nott, Charleston, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Chicago Chapter, D. A. R., 1921-1922. Gift of Mrs. Charles E. Herrick, Chicago, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Governor Bradford Chapter, D. A. R., Danville, Illinois. Year Books, 1909 to 1922. Gift of Mrs. J. W. Hunter and Mrs. Charles E. Wilkinson, Danville, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Stephen Decatur Chapter, D. A. R. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. E. L., Pegram, Decatur, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Dixon Chapter, No. 418. Year Book 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Miss Anna G. Pratt, Dixon, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Ann Crooker St. Clair Chapter, D. A. R. Year Book, 1921-1922, Effingham, Illinois. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. C. F. Burkhardt.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Fort Dearborn Chapter, D. A. R., Evanston, Illinois. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of the Cor. Sec., Mrs. Willard L. Pollard, Evanston, Ills.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Rebecca Parke Chapter, D. A. R. Year Books, 1912-1920. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. A. I. Sargent, 393 N. Cherry st., Galesburg, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Benjamin Mills Chapter, D. A. R., Greenville, Illinois. Year Book 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. F. E. Watson, Greenville, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Rev. James Caldwell Chapter, D. A. R. Year Book 1921-1922, Jacksonville, Illinois. Gift of Miss Effie Epler.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Mattoon, Illinois, Chapter No. 71. Year Book 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Miss Emily Dole Oblinger, Mattoon, Ills.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Mary Little Deere Chapter, D. A. R., Moline, Illinois. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of Miss Lucy D. Evans, Moline, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. The Puritan & Cavalier Chapter, Monmouth, Illinois. Year Book 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. J. Clyde McCoy, Monmouth, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Joel Pace Chapter D. A. R., Mount Vernon, Illinois. Year Book, 1920-1921. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. W. T. Pace.

Daughters of the American Revolution. George Rogers Clark Chapter, D. A. R. Year Book 1921-1922, Oak Park, Illinois. Gift of Mrs. Theo. L. Condon, Oak Park, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Madam Rachel Edgar Chapter, D. A. R., Paris, Illinois. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. W. T. Scott, Paris, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. James Halstead Senior Chapter, D. A. R., Robinson, Illinois. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of Mrs. Katherine B. Newlin.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Fort Armstrong Chapter, D. A. R., Rock Island, Illinois. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Miss Clara Whitman, Rock Island, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution. George Sornberger Chapter, D. A. R., Victoria, Illinois. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. I. R. Gordon.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Daniel Chapman Chapter, D. A. R., Vienna, Ill. Year Book (Typewritten), 1921-1922. Gift of Mrs. P. T. Chapman, Regent, Vienna, Illinois.

Felt, Dorr E. Radicalism in Great Britain. January 24, 1921. Gift of Dorr E. Felt.

Houck, Louis, Boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase. Pub. 1901. Houck, Louis. Memorial Sketches. 1915. Gift of Louis Houck, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

Huguenots. Story of the Huguenots. By Henry A. DuPont. Gift of Henry A. DuPont, 1711 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.

Lincoln, Abraham. Address by James M. Coburn, read at Westminster Congregational Church, Kansas City, Missouri, February 10, 1921. Gift of Mr. Purd B. Wright, Librarian Kansas City Public Library, Kansas City, Missouri.

Lincoln, Abraham. Banquet, Programme and Menu of Lincoln Day Dinner held February 12, 1921. Gift of Mr. P. B. Warren, Springfield, Illinois.

Lincoln, Abraham. Life of Abraham Lincoln in the Chinese language. Gift of the Commercial Press Ltd. Sales Office, C. 453, Honan Road, Shanghai, China.

Lincoln, Abraham. Kharas, (Dr.) Theodore. Lincoln: A Master of Efficiency. Gift of Dr. Theodore Kharas, White Haven, Pennsylvania.

Lincoln, Abraham. Piece of wood from roof of home at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, where Thomas Lincoln married Sarah Bush Johnston, December 2, 1819. Gift of Rev. Louis A. Warren, Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Presented to the Society at Annual Meeting, May 21, 1921.

Lincoln, Abraham. Souvenir of Lincoln National Park, Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Gift of Rev. Louis A. Warren, Kentucky.

Newspaper. Framed New York Herald, April 15, 1865. Gift of C. E. Filson, Chapin, Illinois, Grandson of William J. Patterson, of the 101st Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Pageant. The Path of Progress. Gift of the author, Annah Robinson Watson, Memphis, Tennessee.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Independence Hall, The National Museum, Independence Hall Group. Its History and Growth. 14 p 12°. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Issued by the Department of Public Works, Bureau of City Property, 1921.

Robertson, D. D. The Works of William Robertson, D. D. To which is prefixed an account of his life and writings, by the Rev. Robert Lynam, A. M. Vols. VIII, IX, X, XI. London, 1824. Printed for William Baynes & Son. Gift of Miss Martha Wilson, Lincoln Library, Springfield, Ills.

St. Cair County, Illinois. Historical Sketch of the County of St. Clair from Early Times to the Present, prepared for the Fourth of July Celebration, 1876. By Edward William West. Gift of Judge William H. Halbert, Belleville, Illinois.

Saddle bag carried through the Revolutionary War by Colonel Jabez Gross. Gift of Kirke D. Gross, Edwardsville, Illinois.

Whig, American and Democratic Review, 12 Vols. 1837-1849, 1845-1851. Gift of Mr. Albert Thompson, Fullerton, Nebraska.

White, (Rev.) John C. Sec. Journal of the 44th Annual Synod, Episcopal Church—Diocese of Springfield. Held in Pekin, Illinois, May 11, 1921.

NECROLOGY

MAJOR EDWARD S. JOHNSON, 1843-1921.

Major E. S. Johnson, for twenty-five years custodian of the Lincoln monument, died at his residence Tuesday, Feb. 15th, at 6:30 o'clock, after a lingering illness of several months. Major Johnson was 77 years of age and one of the best known Civil war veterans in Illinois.

Major Johnson was born in Springfield, August 9, 1843, and has always lived here, with the exception of the years spent in the army and a short time in Chicago. In his youth he was a printer's apprentice. But the Civil war came along, and he enlisted in '61, with the Seventh Illinois infantry—the first regiment to leave the state. He was in the army four years and three months, seeing the fight through to the finish.

After the war he entered the lumber business, alternating management of a yard with managing of hotels here and in Chicago. During the World's Fair he ran a hotel in the lake city. Then came his appointment as custodian of the Lincoln monument. On the first of September, 1920, he had served for twenty-five years as custodian of the monument.

Major Johnson was a classmate of Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, whose age exceeds the major's but eight days. His father and Mr. Lincoln were great friends, and so he had many memories of the martyred president. At one time Lincoln used two rooms in the Johnson home for reception rooms. Sometime ago in discussing this Major Johnson said:

"It was at the time Lincoln was staying at the hotel, after having broken up housekeeping. He was well established in the hotel, but needed some reception rooms. So my father offered him two rooms in our house, and they were gladly received.

It was Sergeant E. S. Johnson of the Springfield Grays, afterward Company I, commanded by Captain John Cook, who had the honor of leading the first squad of armed men into

Camp Yates. It was a detail to guard food supplies. Johnson was then a lad of about eighteen years. Company I was the first company of the Seventh Illinois Volunteer infantry, and the first in the state of Illinois to tender its services to Governor Richard Yates. That was about April 15, the day following the firing upon Fort Sumter.

Major Johnson was mustered into the three months service as a captain on April 22, 1861. On July 22, 1861, he was mustered into the three-year service as a first lieutenant with the Seventh Illinois Volunteer infantry. He was promoted to the rank of captain February 15, 1862, and promoted to the rank of major April 22, 1864. He was mustered out of service on July 9, 1864.

Major Johnson has two daughters surviving him. They are Mrs. Genevieve Laugeman and Mrs. W. C. Stith both of New York City.

The last rites for Major E. S. Johnson, Civil war veteran and custodian of the Lincoln monument, were held at the Central Baptist church at 2:30 o'clock, Thursday afternoon, Feb. 17, 1921, Rev. Euclid B. Rogers officiating.

Accompanied by the veterans corps of the old Governor's Guard, and Stephenson Post, No. 30, G. A. R., the body was borne to its last resting place. Full military rites were performed at the grave.

The pallbearers were: John B. Inman, John Underfanger, Robert H. Easley, Stuart Brown, William C. Sommer and George Fisher, three being members of the G. A. R., and three of the Governor's Guard.

Interment was in Oak Ridge cemetery in the Clinton lot, besides Major Johnson's wife and son.

MAJOR EDWARD S. JOHNSON.

The death of Major Edward S. Johnson, though it came at the ripe age of seventy-seven years and was among the things naturally expected, brings a deep and natural regret to the people of this community where he was born and had spent practically all of his long and honorable life. It is especially felt by those who, like himself, were natives of Springfield and who, with him, have seen the city grow from

a frontier town to a modern city, and those who were his comrades in arms in the great war for the union.

Formerly in his business career as a hotel keeper and later in his position as custodian of the National Lincoln Monument, he was necessarily brought into contact with all kinds of people from all parts of the world, and it was characteristic of his gentle and kindly nature that he was able to impress upon the memory of all with whom he was associated his personality which was the natural outgrowth of such a nature.

Edward S. Johnson was married August 10, 1869 to Miss Laura I. Clinton of Springfield, who died several years ago.

In his relation to the survivors of the civil war who went with him through the stirring scenes of conflict and endured with him the hardships of service, his attitude was ever that of one whose whole heart was devoted to the task of preserving the records of that time, keeping alive the old memories and strengthening the ties of comradeship.

As a member of the older military organizations of Springfield he did much to imbue the young men of his time with the spirit of patriotism and sacrifice and to help train men for possible service in the defense of their country, so that when the time came he was ready to take his place as a leader and to render adequate service to the government.

In Major Johnson, Springfield mourns a native son who has reflected honor upon her name, and a citizen who has always been found ready to respond to the call of duty. He has lived well and deserves a peaceful rest and eternal reward, for he wearied not in well doing.

WILLIAM REID CURRAN, 1854-1921.

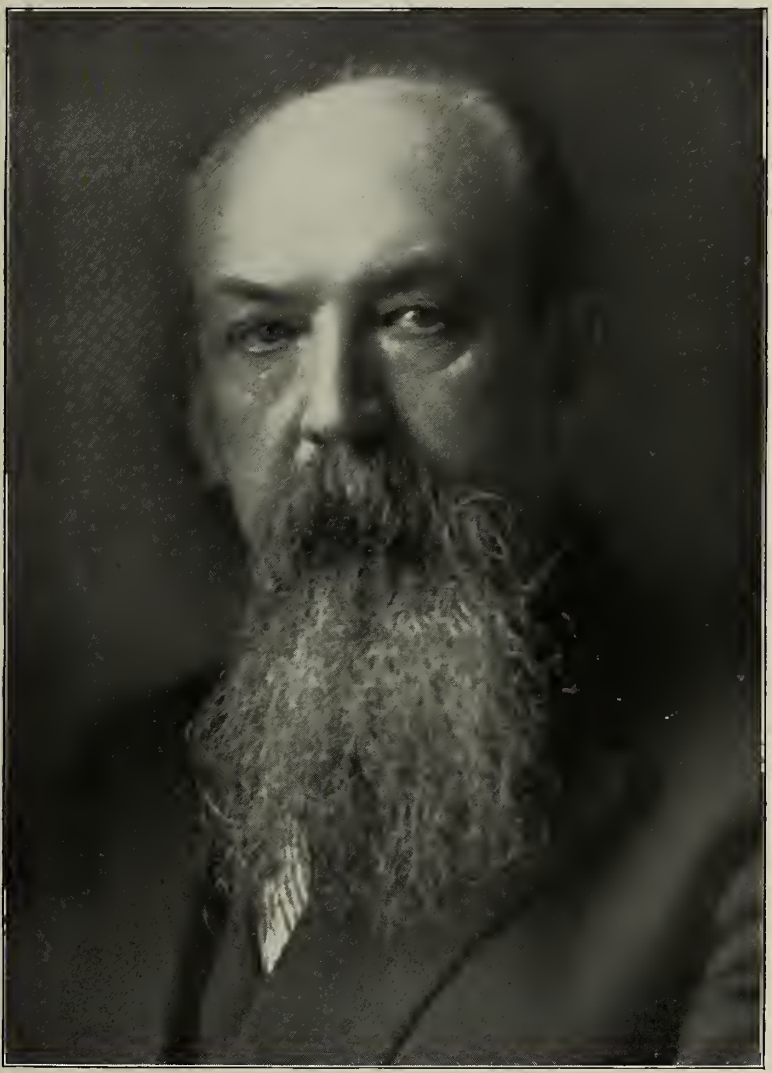
(By Ralph Dempsey.)

William Reid Curran was born in Hardin County, Ohio, December 3, 1854, and died at his home in Pekin, Illinois, February 26, 1921.

One who rises to distinction above his fellow men, does so by reason of his exceptional value as a citizen and a public servant. Those qualities of a man which, blended together, determine his character, are difficult to portray. What Judge Curran achieved in his various activities evidences best the manner of man he was. From his works accomplished we may gain knowledge of his character and know why he was honored by his fellows.

When one knows the habits and environment of the forbears, less difficulty is encountered in tracing to their origin, virtues and characteristics found in the offspring, than when that knowledge is wanting. Not much is known of the antecedents of William Reid Curran. His father, Thomas Smith Curran and mother Margaret Reid Curran with their family, consisting of William Reid Curran, and another son Charles who died in early manhood, moved from their home in Hardin County, Ohio, to a farm in Livingston County, Illinois in 1859 where they lived until 1865 when the family moved to the Village of Chatsworth, Illinois. Here William Reid Curran grew to manhood, and availed himself of the rather limited school facilities which Chatsworth offered at that early period.

He had none of the advantages that wealth, social position or family influence may offer and he must have concluded in his early youth that such progress as he was to make, must come from his unaided efforts. Certain it is that with limited schooling, he became an educated man; with no



Judge W. R. Curran, Pekin, Ill.

assistance from his family, he established himself in the profession of the law and amassed a competency; without family influence or prestige, he rose to distinction and honor in his State.

Poorly equipped as he was, with knowledge gained from books; without college or university training and with his education in the law such as it was, gained by study in the office of Attorney Samuel T. Fosdick at Chatsworth, Illinois, over a period of two years during which he also taught a country school near Forrest, Illinois, on July 4, 1876 at the age of twenty-one years, he was admitted to the Bar of the State of Illinois. His admission to practice in the United States District and Circuit Courts took place in the month of April 1888, and in March 1897, he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

His first effort to establish himself in his profession was at the little Town of Delavan, Tazewell County, Illinois, in the year 1876 immediately following his admission to the Bar. He remained at Delavan with but indifferent success until the year 1880 when he moved to Pekin, the County Seat of Tazewell County, where he continued in the active practice of the law until a few days before his death. On December 28, 1876, not long after locating in Delavan, he was united in marriage with Mary C. Burgess and she and one daughter Bessie C. Smith survive him.

His strong will, tenacity of purpose and determination to advance himself in the law, were put to the test when he entered the field in Tazewell County. Here he had to meet and cope with practitioners, ripe in experience and skilled in the arts of their profession, who were the peers of any of the lawyers of Central Illinois. Among these able lawyers he was soon accepted as an equal, and in time he was recognized as the leader of the Bar of his County, a position which he held until he gave up active practice in the Courts two or three years prior to his death.

William Reid Curran was possessed of unusual strength of will, a clear vision, confidence in his fellow men and an abiding faith in the Christian Religion. He had a logical and

retentive mind, stored with a mass of useful information which he commanded with facility.

He was fearless in the discharge of his duties and tireless and ardent in his labors; once having formed his opinion and determined upon his plan of action, nothing would change his conviction or cause him to waiver in his course, save proof that he was in the wrong. His influence in public affairs was always toward the right; his moral courage never was questioned.

No opponent ever concluded an engagement with him at the Bar without respect for his ability as a lawyer. No difficult problem ever discouraged him. He was quick to see advantages in a situation which to his associates seemed hopeless. At all times respectful to the Courts, he maintained his dignity as a lawyer and a man, and nothing moved him from his chosen course in the furtherance justly of his client's cause. Of commanding presence, possessed of unusual oratorical ability and dramatic talent, the recognition which he gained among his fellow lawyers of Central Illinois as a trial lawyer of unusual skill and ability, he never lost. For a period of more than twenty-five years preceding his death, he appeared as counsel in every important case tried in the Tazewell County Circuit Court and his aid and counsel were often sought by lawyers and litigants in the Courts of many Counties throughout the State. If he was intemperate in anything, it was in work and in times of business stress, he drew heavily upon his seeming abundance of physical and nervous strength.

He was active in the affairs of The Tazewell County, State and American Bar Associations. He was President of the Tazewell County Bar Association in 1902-1903, and the lawyers of this State honored him by electing him President of the State Bar Association for the year 1910-1911.

His rare attainments as a lawyer were recognized by the Judges as well as the lawyers of his Circuit, and from 1886 until 1894 he served as Master-in-Chancery of Tazewell County. The voters of his County honored him by electing him County Judge in 1894, a position which he held until 1898.

While he was most widely known as a lawyer and although the demands of his professional life were most heavy, he applied himself with diligence to many tasks in other lines, and took time to share with his fellow men the obligations of citizenship.

In 1911, he organized the Banner Special Drainage & Levee District in the Counties of Peoria and Fulton in the State of Illinois, whereby thousands of acres of overflow land were reclaimed from the waters of the Illinois River and reduced to cultivation in spite of difficulties which would have disheartened one of more limited vision and less courage.

As a Director of the Lincoln Circuit Marking Association, and as a member of the Tazewell County Historical Society, and a Director of the Illinois State Historical Society, he displayed a keen interest in the furtherance of the objects of those societies, as is so well known to members thereof with whom he was associated.

He was instrumental in the organization of the Tazewell County Memorial Association, of which he was President at the time of his death, and during the last two years of his life, he gave freely of his time to the end that that association might bring about the erection of a suitable memorial in commemoration of the soldiers of all wars who had claimed Tazewell County as their home.

His faith in men was constant. He was ever ready with encouragement and aid for those who had failed or saw disaster confronting them. That his efforts to aid his fellow men sometimes came to naught, as seemingly they did at times, never discouraged him or weakened his conviction that the good in men far outweighed the evil in them and that his helping hand might be all that was needed to bring uppermost the good and turn them from the path of failure to the highway of accomplishment.

His admiration for Abraham Lincoln, knew no bounds, and he never lost an opportunity to add to his knowledge of the life of the great emancipator. His address on the life of Lincoln delivered at Pekin on the occasion of the Lincoln Day Celebration February 12, 1909, later printed in pamphlet form, attracted favorable attention throughout the nation.

This address was an unusual literary production and proved that its author had a rare knowledge of the character of the martyred President Lincoln.

The Congregational Church of which he was a member, knew him as a worker in the vineyard and as one always ready to give freely of his time and to aid financially in advancing the cause of the Christian religion.

As one of the founders of The Pekin Union Mission, he had the satisfaction of living to see the abundant good work of the Mission bear fruit. A few years ago he purchased and gave to the Pekin Union Mission, a building adjoining the property then owned by the Mission, in order that the work of that institution might be not retarded for lack of proper space. Fully conscious that the gift without the giver is bare, he took an active part in the conduct of the affairs of the Mission and continued as a teacher in the Mission Sunday School long after his physical strength had so failed him, that he was compelled to remain seated in conducting his class work. His sincere and unselfish devotion to this work after he had been forbidden by his physician to continue it, best evidences his keen desire to aid in the betterment of those in his home City who otherwise would have grown up without the good influences of the Pekin Union Mission. Although he reached a high station in his chosen profession and was honored for his activities in civic affairs, he will be as long and favorably remembered for what he gave and what he did to help make the poor boys and girls of his home City, better men and women through his mission work, as for any other phase of his activities.

To his memory can be most fittingly applied this tribute:

He never failed to march breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never thought though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are beaten to fight harder,
Sleep to wake.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN HONOR OF MRS. B. H. FERGUSON.

High tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. B. H. Ferguson, a member of the Illinois State Historical Society and a prominent social, civic and charity worker was paid Sunday afternoon, March 20, 1921 by a large number at special services held by the Springfield Art Association at Edwards Place.

Rev. J. T. Thomas of the First Presbyterian Church told of his association with Mrs. Ferguson during the last few years. Mr. Stuart Brown who was familiar with the work of Mrs. Ferguson from boyhood paid tribute to her in a brilliant address. The friendship beteen the Ferguson and Brown families dates back to the early youth of Mrs. Ferguson.

Vachel Lindsay, read several appropriate poems for the occasion among which was "The Censor." Musical numbers were presented between addresses. Mrs. Latham T. Souther concluded the program with a review of the work done by Mrs. Ferguson for the Springfield Art Association and other like organizations of the city.

Mrs. Helen Brown Read sang a number of songs. R. Albert Guest presided at the piano.

IN MEMORIAM, ALICE EDWARDS FERGUSON, 1844-1921.

By Stuart Brown.

The government eighty acre tract, upon which we stand, was first individually owned by William Kelly, who acquired it from the United States in 1823.

This William Kelly was one of those five brothers, who came to Sangamon county in 1819. His brother, John, built on the corner of Second and Jefferson streets the first cabin erected within the limits of Springfield. There the first court in Sangamon county was held.

William Kelly came from Rutherfurd county, North Carolina, and left the shadow of Asheville to come to live on the upper northern branch of the waters of Spring creek.

In 1832 Kelly sold the whole eighty acres for $280O to Dr. Thomas Houghan, who had come here from the north. On June 26, 1843, Dr. Thomas Houghan sold fifteen acres of that eighty, with his house to Benjamin Stephenson Edwards, and until this particular part of that fifteen acres was conveyed to the Springfield Art Association, it remained in the control and was used by the Edwards' family as their home. Here in 1844 Alice Edwards was born; and, on this Edwards place she continuously lived until March 4, 1921. In our American unrest, our frequent change of abode, it seems remarkable to us that a woman should be born, should live for 76 years and should die upon the same place.

The conditions of the holding of this Edwards place but typify the conditions of Sangamon county. Here south met north and middle east. Here in 1839, B. S. Edwards, with cavalier forbears of Virginia, brought Helen K. Dodge, with Puritan forbears from Connecticut.*

* A brief biographical sketch of Mrs. B. S. Edwards, who was an honorary member of the Illinois State Historical Society was published in the Journal of the Society, Vol. II, No. 1, April, 1909.

In the conflict of ideas from widely separated places, we best reach the readjustment of common sense. Logan of Kentucky meets Conkling of New York City, Treat or Lockwood of western New York debates with Reynolds of Tennessee or Stuart of Kentucky, and strangest contrariety of fate, Douglas of Vermont, advocating the right of territories to decide for themselves the ownership of slaves, opposes Lincoln of Kentucky.

Benjamin S. Edwards I loved and admired. He had the southern pride and impetuosity, without it languor. He was my first questioner in the law. My beginner's book of legal study was Blackstone's Commentaries, and I proudly finished the introduction of thirty-four pages the first day. Mr. Edwards asked me how I was getting along at the end of the day, and I told him what I had read. He replied: "You should have taken a week on that." Then by a few questions he convinced me that he was right.

I have known him to make a cutting remark to a friend, to brood over it until 11 o'clock at night and then walk a mile in darkness to make amends before he could go to sleep. I have heard that at one time when he was impressed by an appeal for the starving children of Asia Minor, he impetuously deposited his watch and chain in the contribution box and redeemed them next day at their original cost.

Mrs. Ferguson's mother was of a different temperament. Decided in her opinions, she was temperate in statement. Courteous to all was she—but no one presumed on that. I admired the calmness and the poise of her nature.

It has been considered remarkable, by many of those who wrote about our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Lincoln, that he displayed qualities of culture and understandings of polite manners. They call him a "self made man," and contrast his rude beginnings with his later conduct in high position. They forget the unusual and brilliant men and women with whom he lived here during many years.

To us, who have known the Lambs, the Cooks, the Trumbulls, the Edwards, the Forquers, the Bunns, the elder Mrs.

Ferguson—speaking only this day of a very few of those charming women related by family ties, it is not at all remarkable. We have always thought that among those character forming women, Mrs. Benjamin S. Edwards was not the least important. She brought to this middle post of civilization the breadth and influence of what was then known as Yale college with whatever of its New Haven environment there was for good breeding. She brought the traditional New England zeal of the Dodge family with its hundred year life of development. At the time Mrs. Ferguson grew up to girlhood there were no good common schools, such as we have now. Girls of her age received what education they had, in private schools or by tutors in the home.

When she was 16 our Civil war threw the country into turmoil and trouble. I do not believe she had what we call educational advantages, but she was a reader of good books from a well-selected home library. She had the privilege of contact with people far above the average of that day.

I have often thought that the persons who were a part of the growth of the state of Illinois from a small beginning to the glorious commonwealth of today, had special advantage, for they grew as science, art and general knowledge grew. Education is not so much what you know, as what you know how to use. From my acquaintance with Mrs. Ferguson I should say she was a well-informed person.

Mrs. Ferguson had a rich heritage in her parents and a most rare companionship with her sisters, Helen and Molly, whom we know as Mrs. Condell and Mrs. Raymond.

We were not of the same generation and our meetings were infrequent. As a growing boy I watched them from afar and with a boyish awe. We have always been proud in Springfield of our good women. We may have been provincial in the highest degree and yet, we felt in those days and still feel that Springfield had an atmosphere of its own that could bear comparison with much larger places. There was a gracious hospitality and a kindly spirit that permeated all circles. There seemed to be, I will not say a depth of learning, but a general culture that was marked.

There was a spirit of tolerance and yet there was a well-drawn line of conduct.

How much of this we owed to the selected good people, who were sent to us from other parts of the state and how much we owed to other favorable circumstances, I cannot say.

But we thought our women were above the average and among those to whom we attributed one satisfaction, were the ladies at the Edwards place.

Mrs. Ferguson was greatly benefited by companionship with her husband. To that gallant yet modest soldier, who forgot that he could claim a title—to that honorable and upright citizen, Benjamin H. Ferguson, Springfield owes much and then there was his own mother, Mrs. Sarah Ferguson. I speak with veneration, when I recall the modesty with which she shrank from conflict about immaterial matters and the nobility and steadfastness with which she met the real things of life. My first real acquaintance with Mrs. B. H. Ferguson was when I was ten years old. My father took me with him and we joined a party for a summer trip to Chicago, St. Paul and Duluth. I was not ten years old, but I can remember Mrs. Ferguson distintcly. My child's mind wondered how she could keep her travelling suit so immaculately clean after a day's dusty travel; how becomingly her hair graced her forehead; how she could maintain serenity amidst those unlooked-for disturbances, which come out of a clear sky to all travellers.

To my childish eyes she seemed old and now, when I think back and recall that she was not 25 years old, I can see her in a different light.

The younger set cannot appreciate the real charm of Mrs. Ferguson because they did not know her in her happy time.

The last part of her life she suffered much bodily pain—no one can work or play greatly when in pain. Yet as I look back upon our many meetings and reflect on what I have heard from others I do not recall that she ever spoke unkindly of any one, that she ever displayed anger or malice, that she ever did an unworthy act. Mrs. Ferguson had an urge toward the beautiful in nature. She wanted to raise to higher degree her appreciation of art and artistry. With a modesty all her own, she wanted to

carry along with her her friends and companions. She made no pretense to having technical knowledge. She enjoyed what was worthy and she wished others to enjoy it with her.

She was sowing a seed, which, if you will but watch over it tenderly and keep it away from destructive agents, will grow and develop a flower beautiful.

On the pages of the golden book of Springfield her name should be inscribed.

Dr. J. F. Snyder

DR. JOHN FRANCIS SNYDER, 1830-1921.

(By A. R. Lyles).

If an honest man is the noblest work of God, we do not hesitate to say that Doctor Snyder was entitled to that appellation. For we who knew him best, were cognizant that honesty was his watchword. Strictly honest in all his relations to his fellow men, and not afraid to criticize the man whom he knew to be dishonest.

However we would not wish to leave the impression that honesty was his only commendable attribute, for he had many others. Had he not been kind hearted and sympathetic, he could never have made the success he did as a physician. He was all in all a man, possessing an intellect that was both broad and deep (in fact the very Mississippi of minds) capable of grasping great things, and not only of grasping them, but also of retaining them, and then of imparting knowledge to others in a most fascinating way. He did not have a college degree, although he would have had, but the college he was attending had to suspend for lack of funds. Yet he was a graduate from the university of hard study and work. Because of this he had a mind well stored with valuable knowledge, not only along one line, but a number of lines.

He has many times told me that Geology would have been his favorite pursuit, if he had only had the time and money. As it was, he was a geologist of no mean ability, and I feel that if time and money had been at his command, we would have a better knowledge of geology to day than we now have. While the profession of medicine was his business, and he did not neglect that, he had hobbies, and one of his hobbies was that of Geology. Another hobby in which he became quite proficient was that of American Anthropology and Archeology. When he had any spare time at all, it was used in study and investigation. He was for many years a

valued contributor to the Smithsonian Institute, and this institution was one in which he took great interest.

The study of American anthropology and archeology was to him a most fascinating one, and much of his spare time was devoted to the study and collection of Indian antiquities. He, at one time, had in his possession one of the most valuable collections of Indian antiquities that had ever been brought together in the state of Illinois. He offered to present this collection to the state, provided a fire proof building would be furnished in which to shelter the collection. Nothing was done, and the state lost a most valuable archeological collection.

In addition to his love for the study of geology and the American Indian, I do not hesitate to say that few men have known more of the early history of Illinois than did Doctor Snyder. Even when he was most busily engaged in the practice of medicine, he never lost an opportunity to gather all the historical data that he could get together. Much of this data has never yet been published. I have read his biographical manuscripts of early Cass County Doctors, which include all Cass county doctors up till 1861. Many of these sketches read like a romance, and with these sketches is interwoven much of the early history of Illinois. He seemed to know all about every public man who had even gained any prominence in the state of Illinois, and many of the earlier ones he knew personally. He seemed to remember every thing he had ever heard of any public man, for he had a wonderfully retentive memory. Yet he kept many notes of events, both of those which had transpired during his lifetime and also of those which were handed down to him. He was a versatile writer, but did not hesitate to express his opinion as he saw it. No favoritism was shown. To write the truth and nothing but the truth was his object. Few men have been as familiar with the early history of Illinois as was Doctor Snyder.

It was largely through his efforts that the Illinois State Historical Society was organized. He might have been the first president, but saw what was coming and placed in nomination another man, and then immediately made a motion that he should be elected by acclamation. The society then

made him vice president, and at the next election made him president. He furnished the society much valuable material for publication, and was a most loyal and ardent supporter of the society till the time of his death. He was also an honorary member of the Missouri State Historical Society, and was held in high esteem by the members of this society because of his interest in the early history of Missouri. He was a man who, even up till the time of his death, kept well posted on all passing events the world over, and I feel sure that he might have been a very successful writer of history, because of his wonderfully retentive memory, his versatility as a writer, and his intense love for the subject.

Doctor Snyder was a physician of more than usual ability, and the greater part of his life was devoted to the relief of suffering humanity. While he was successful as a physician, and was always ready to respond to the call of those who needed his professional service, and while he was always interested in the welfare of his patients to the extent that he gave them his very best attention, he was not in love with the profession of medicine. He has many times told me that the profession of medicine was obnoxious to him. I can easily see why he so regarded it. He came to Virginia more than fifty years ago. The country was thinly settled. His work was mostly country work, and extended many miles in each direction. Many times the roads were almost impassable, for this was at a time when good roads were hardly thought of much less cared for.

The method of travel was mostly horseback. Sometimes in a one horse cart, and often on foot. He has frequently told me that he often traveled all day through fields on foot, because he could make better time than by riding a horse over roads that were two or three feet deep in mud. When the weather and roads were at their worst, the demands for his service were greatest. This, he kept up for more than thirty-five years, with the exception of one term in the state legislature. After the one term, he was thoroughly disgusted with politics, and returned to the practice of medicine. This was kept up through all kinds of weather, year after year, winter and summer, day or night, cold or hot, sunshine or rain, snow or mud, and sometimes over frozen roads that were so rough

that a good horse could only make four to five miles an hour. And those who paid him least, demanded his service most. No wonder he became disgusted with the practice of medicine.

When he first came to Virginia, more than fifty years ago, he began to make inquiries of the pioneer physicians of Cass county. This he kept up till he learned all he could about the early Cass county doctors. Later, he wrote a biography of each of these physicians, which extended up to about the time of the Civil War. I have had the pleasure of reading all these manuscripts, in which much of the early history of Illinois is interwoven.

The year of his birth was 1830. The place was near the celebrated French village of Cahokia, which is just across the river from the southern part of St. Louis. When he was three years of age, he, with his parents, removed to Belleville, Illinois. Here his father bought a block of ground near the public square, where he erected what at that time was known as one of the finest residences in southern Illinois.

It was here that most of his boyhood was spent, at least till he was about fifteen years of age, when he was sent to McKendree college. He remained at old McKendree till the college was compelled to suspend for lack of funds. From here he went to a Catholic college in St. Louis, but before finishing here his mother told him he must now decide on his future course. He had already made the acquaintance of Doctor McDowell, a renowned physician of St. Louis, and had become a great admirer of Doctor McDowell. After some consideration, he decided to take up the study of medicine, and was soon in Doctor McDowell's college preparing himself for future usefulness. After he had spent two years of faithful study here, it was discovered that he was a subject of advanced tuberculosis. The doctors informed him, that to remain in this climate meant almost sure death. To go west might be equally futile, but might prove beneficial. He finally decided to go to California, which at this time was promising rich rewards to all who might come that way, because of the recently discovered rich goldfields. It was not difficult for him to find company, and in a short time he had purchased a mule for the sum of fifty dollars, and had joined a caravan

and started out to take the advice of his teachers. I have heard him relate his experience while crossing the plains and Rocky mountains, while on his way to the land of gold. It was full of rich reminiscences which I wish he might have put in writing. Before he had succeeded in crossing the plains, he in some way was lost from the rest of his companions, and was compelled to proceed the rest of the way in company with his mule only. He and his mule finally reached California, and there he sold the animal for the sum of three hundred dollars. But long before he reached California he had regained his good health and was ready to battle with the world.

After he had been in California for a little more than two years, he decided to return to his native state by way of Cape Horn and New York. He went to San Francisco and engaged passage on a sailing vessel which was to start soon. On the day the vessel sailed, and while he was on his way to the wharf, he met a friend he had not seen for years. Thinking he had plenty of time, they returned to the hotel for a little while to talk over old times. The time passed more rapidly than they were aware, and when he started for his vessel, he got down just in time to see it riding out majestically over the waves. That sailing vessel was never again heard from, and he later secured passage to New York by way of Panama. He decided now to finish his medical course, so went to Philadelphia, where he entered Jefferson medical college where he later received his degree in medicine. After finishing at Jefferson, he decided it would be interesting if he could pass a medical examination for the position of surgeon in the United States Army. Much to his surprise, he received the appointment and was sent to Jefferson Barracks where he only remaind for a short time, and then was transferred to southern Texas, and from there to the Black Hills of Dakota. While on the way to Black Hills, they stopped and camped on the ground where Denver now stands. It was at that time a bare prairie, and inhabited by coyotes and buffalo.

He soon began to grow tired of the routine of army life, so he put in his resignation and decided to go to work. He then went to Bolivar, Missouri, where he became engaged in

the practice of medicine and raising a family, for it was here that he was married. He continued in the practice of medicine in Bolivar till the beginning of the civil war, when his patriotism overcame his desire to heal the sick. He joined the Confederate army under General Price, and received the appointment as Colonel.

He was in a number of engagements, and while he did not receive an appointment as surgeon, was always ready to assist in taking care of the wounded after the battle. At the close of the war, he moved with his family to Virginia, Illinois, where he spent the rest of his life. His life span was a little more than ninety-one years, and he retained his mental vigor through out his life. A more remarkable man in many ways, it has never been my good fortune to meet, and I have had the pleasure of many interesting conversations with him. We could not always agree along some lines, but we could agree to be good friends. We could neither agree in religion or politics, but I wish to say that he did have a most exalted opinion of the Supreme Architect of the Universe. The God who doeth great things past finding out. The God who made his unchangable laws. The God who could hang the earth upon nothing and stretch the north over the empty place. "These are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him. The thunder of his power, who can understand"! This would about express his idea of God, although his theological views might differ from those of the majority of people. His every act of life, from a public standpoint was evidence of his honesty of purpose. He was a man whom the lust of office could not kill, nor the spoils of office buy. A man with a strong will and a ready hand. In all, a man well worthy of imitation.

BELLEVILLE NEWS-DEMOCRAT PAYS TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR J. F. SNYDER.

The Belleville News-Democrat of Monday, May 2, 1921, contained the following editorial on the life and death of Dr. J. F. Snyder.

JOHN FRANCIS SNYDER, M. D.

On last Saturday there died at his home in Virginia, Ill., Dr. John Francis Snyder. Thousands and thousands of people in this state and many hundreds of thousands of them in this country would never have learned that there is a city by that name in our state, except for the fact that Dr. Snyder lived his life and did his work there.

When he closed his eyes in the long and final sleep of death, there passed into oblivion a store-house on the facts and traditions and romances of Illinois history, greater and richer than the shelves and tomes of all the libraries in our state now contain.

He was a wonderful character, robust, able, courageous, original, versatile, brilliant. He was one of the really big men of Illinois, big physically, big emotionally and big intellectually. He was a pioneer and a frontiersman, a digger and a delver, a scout and an explorer in history and in science and in literature.

When a man like that dies, the state and society suffers a loss that can never be replaced. He wrote the life of Adam W. Snyder, a wonderful genius, one of the many great men whom the city of Belleville has given to the state and to the country. He died in the middle and in the heat of a campaign for governor in which the nomination was equivalent to the election, and Adam W. Snyder was the nominee.

We hold in our hand an autograph copy of Dr. Snyder's fine book on Adam W. Snyder, (who was his father,) which

is really the best and most entertaining history of Illinois ever written. It is a masterpiece of good English throughout and his chapter on Gov. John Reynolds is as clever a piece of character analysis as is to be found in all literature.

We commend this book to the perusal of every intelligent Illinoisan. Dr. Snyder was a truly civilized and enlightened man. All knowledge was to him an open book and seemed to come to him by intuition and absorption. He was above the clouds of prejudice and free from superstition as Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin or Thomas Paine.

He was broad as the prairies and the seas and lived in the sunshine of conviction, liberality and absolute fearlessness. He was great in his profession, but greater still as a citizen and as a man. He was an ornament and a credit to his state, and really and truly a benefactor of the human race.

When he joined the silent caravan there left us forever and never to return from the long journey what in our estimation was, taking it all in all, the typical man and first citizen of Illinois.

Dr. John Francis Snyder deserves a monument in front of the State House at Springfield and not merely a tablet but a window in the Hall of Fame.

List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.

No. 1. *A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. *Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. *The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D., 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. *Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

Nos. 6 to 27. * Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1920. (Nos. 6 to 18 out of Print.)

* Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

* Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. CLVI and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

* Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Edited by Edwin Erie Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

* Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governor's Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. XXXII and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series. Vol. II, Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. L. and 681 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

* Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. CIV and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII, Executive Series, Vol. II. Governor's Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. CXVIII and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

*Illinois Historical Collection, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. CLXVII and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. LVII and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

* Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. XXVIII and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. CXLI and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I, Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole. XV and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series, Vol. I. Governor Edward Coles. By Elihu B. Washburne. Reprinted with introduction and notes. By Clarence Walworth Alvord. 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

* Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord, 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield.

* Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 2. June 1, 1906. Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 34 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1906.

* Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1. November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

* Publication No. 18. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

* Publication No. 25. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Supplement to Publication No. 18. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1918.

Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society. Vol. I, No. 1. April, 1908, to Vol. XIV, Nos. 1 and 2, 1922.

Journals out of print, Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, No. 1 of Vol. IX, No. 2 of Vol. X.

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* Out of print.

Volume 14 October 1921-January 1922 Nos. 3-4

JOURNAL

OF THE

Illinois State Historical Society

Published Quarterly by the
Illinois State Historical Society
Springfield, Illinois

Entered at Washington, D. C. as Second Class Matter under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894 accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

ILLINOIS STATE REGISTER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
79347—3M

JOURNAL

OF THE

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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CONTENTS.

I. Officers of the Society vii

II. An Appeal to the Historical Society and the General Public xi

III. Josephine Craven Chandler. The Spoon River Country 249

IV. Stuart Brown. Some Poets of Illinois 330

V. Jacob W. Myers. History of the Gallatin County Salines 337

VI. Ella Morris Kretschmar. John Wanton Casey. A biographical sketch by his daughter 351

VII. The Old Court House at Metamora presented to the State of Illinois 365

VIII. William I. Kincaid. Camp Butler National Cemetery 382

IX. Rose Moss Scott. Early Schools and Churches of Edgar County 386

X. Editorials—

Illinois Day Meeting. Illinois State Historical Society, December 3, 1921 395
University of Illinois Stadium 397
The Morton Arboretum 399
Chicago Fire Anniversary 401
Chicago, from Tales of an 1822 Chicagoan 407
Memorials to Soldiers of the World War 412
Armistice Day. Third Anniversary Observed 414
Minor Notices 416
Gifts of Books, Pictures, Manuscripts, etc., to the Illinois State Historical Library and Society 424

XI. Necrology—
Jesse A. Baldwin..... 429
Stephen White..... 432

XII. List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society..... 437

AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

Objects of Collection Desired by the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.

(*Members please read this letter.*)

Books and pamphlets on American history, biography, and genealogy, particulary those relating to the West; works on Indian tribes, and American archæology and ethnology; reports of societies and institutions of every kind, educational, economic, social, political, cooperative, fraternal, statistical, industrial, charitable; scientific publications of states or societies; books or pamphlets relating to all wars in which Illinois has taken part, especially the collection of material relating to the recent great war, and the wars with the Indians; privately printed works; newspapers; maps and charts; engraving; photographs; autographs; coins; antiquities; encyclopedias, dictionaries, and bibliographical works. Especially do we desire—

EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS.

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; materials for Illinois history; old letters, journals.

2. Manuscripts; narratives of the pioneers of Illinois; original papers on the early history and settlement of the territory; adventures and conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the great rebellion, or other wars; biographies of the pioneers; prominent citizens and

public men of every county, either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settlements of every township, village and neighborhood in the State, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois history.

3. City ordinances, proceedings of mayor and council; reports of committees of council; pamphlets or papers of any kind printed by authority of the city; reports of boards of trade and commercial associations; maps of cities and plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; annual reports of societies; sermons or addresses delivered in the State; minutes of church conventions, synods, or other ecclesiastical bodies of Illinois; political addresses; railroad reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of colleges and other institutions of learning; annual or other reports of school boards, school superintendents and school committees, educational pamphlets, programs and papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier laws, journals and reports of our territorial and State Legislatures; earlier Governors' messages and reports of State Officers; reports of State charitable and other State institutions.

7. Files of Illinois newspapers and magazines, especially complete volumes of the past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the State, or of counties or townships, of any date; views and engravings of buildings or historic places; drawings or photographs of scenery, paintings, portraits, etc., connected with Illinois history.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; coins, medals, paintings, portraits, engravings; statuary; war relics; autograph letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian tribes—their history, characteristics, religion, etc., sketches of prominent chiefs, orators and warriors, together with contributions of Indian weapons, costumes, ornaments, curiosities and implements; also stone axes, spears, arrow heads, pottery, or other relics.

It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great war be done immediately, before important local material be lost or destroyed.

In brief everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved in the Statehouse as the property of the State, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Your attention is called to the important duty of collecting and preserving everything relating to the part taken by the State of Illinois in the great World War.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Secretary.

(Mrs.) Jessie Palmer Weber.

THE SPOON RIVER COUNTRY

BY

JOSEPHINE CRAVEN CHANDLER

(Mrs. Carl B. Chandler)

To

My Mother and the Memory of

My Father

CONTENTS.

I. The Valley of the Sangamon..... 255

II. The Valley of the Spoon..... 271

III. Old Lewistown..... 284

IV. Old Lewistown—Continued..... 298

V. The McNeely Mansion..... 312

VI. The Church of St. James..... 316

VII. School Days of the Poet..... 320

VIII. Here and There..... 326

PREFACE.

Whatever is implied by that vague term the genius of places is comprehended in all justness of conception by the new collateral field of literary endeavor now coming into such general recognition and appreciation—the literature of locality. How much it has enriched the field of letters may be fully known only to the bookman who, denied the opportunity for travel, for personal adventure and discovery in regions made familiar during long evenings under the reading lamp, is yet obsessed by that strange nostalgia—the "nostalgia of unknown lands."

Through the labors of the literary geographer he now may come to know the London of Dickens almost as Dickens knew it; he may traverse the Cevennes with Robert Louis, the "well beloved," and his little ass, Modesta, or the long lovely reaches of the Thames with Meredith; the Eliot country is as an open book, and who does not know his Wessex is, of a certainty, innocent of Hardy. In America already the "Thoreau Country," "Whittier-Land," and many other localities have come to have a significance proportionate to the deep interest which they hold for the literary pilgrim, and sufficiently recognized even by the most illiterate driver of the sight-seeing automobile; Indiana as the habitat of a large and flourishing school of writers—poets, novelists and journalists—is in the making; Bret Harte and Mark Twain have bequeathed us fertile fields beyond the Mississippi; but Spoon River, that small and tortuous stream lying like a bit of negligible twist upon the map of Central Illinois—Spoon River has arrived.

As comprehended by Edgar Lee Masters, Spoon River is both a river and a town. It is, in reality, a collective expression made to cover the several community groups which go

to make up the social entity of his book. His material is drawn from six or seven counties and includes the area watered by two small rivers. A glance at the map of this region will show how the various towns to which allusion is made are grouped. To the valley of the Sangamon belong Chandlerville, Winchester, Atterbury, Clary's Grove and Mason City; while Ipava, Summum, Bernadotte and London Mills are in the more or less immediate vicinity of the Spoon. Between these two is the majestic and slowly flowing Illinois receiving upon her placid bosom the turbulent outpourings of the lesser streams. Strangely enough, the two chief focal points round which the drama of "Anthology" ranges, do not come by name into this remarkable collection of epitaphs. They are Petersburg and Lewistown. They are confessed to by Mr. Masters in the following words:

"I have lived in Illinois all my life save the first year of my existence, which was spent in Kansas. I grew up to twelve years of age in Petersburg, when we moved to Lewistown.

"Both Petersburg and Lewistown are full of quaint and picturesque types of character, but of a dissimilar sort. Petersburg and its environs are noted for their high-bred Virginians, their buoyant, zestful, rollicking Kentuckians, given to story-telling, to fiddling, dancing and horse-racing. Every prank and every burst of humor on the part of Lincoln had its counterpart among the dozens of the oldtimers of this locality. There are some of this class of people around Lewistown, but they lived on a less joyous level, while the town itself took a more serious tone and even an intellectual one from the New Englanders who divided the control of affairs with the Liberals and threw each other into a clear relief unknown to Petersburg.

"People ask me how I came to write 'The Spoon River Anthology,' Well, they must look back to the days I have just briefly sketched to get its origin."

It will be seen, by the foregoing, that Mr. Masters has concerned himself not only with individuals but with communities, and this is significant for it is only by relating the individual to the community that one may come to an intelligent comprehension of his relation to the country in which he dwells, the soil from which he springs and to which he is, in ways that are both alien and integral, related.

This volume is designed for the assistance of those whose enthusiasm for the poetry of Edgar Lee Masters may inspire them to visit the country which his genius has immortalized.

Although it concerns itself with those places comprehended by the "Spoon River Anthology," its territory includes, incidentally, the locales of a number of poems of a later issue by the same author. Of these "Christmas at Indian Point" and "Old Piery" belong to the Sangamon Valley, "Steam Shovel Cut" to the Valley of the Spoon, and "At Havana" to a point on the eastern bank of the Illinois, and nearly opposite to the mouth of the Spoon—the "house and fish boats" of its allusion being the first sight to greet the eye from the long bridge that spans the former river at that place.

My whole life having been lived, with the exception of certain school years, in what I have chosen to call the Spoon River Country, my knowledge of this region may, I think, claim to be authoritative. In my youth, which was spent in what I have broadly classified as the Sangamon Valley, I had at my command the same resources of anecdote and common allusion which gave to Mr. Masters his finest characterizations; and with "Doug" Armstrong and Aaron Hatfield I have sat at meat. In my later life my residence changed to the northern portion of the region under consideration and Lewistown, Bernadotte and other Spoon River towns came within my ken.

Such personal knowledge as I have of the people and places coming within the compass of this work has been augmented from many outside sources. I have had recourse to

the Illinois State Historical Society Journals; the various histories of Menard, Mason and Fulton Counties; to Mr. T. J. Onstot's "Lincoln & Salem;" to Mr. Harvey Ross' "The Early Pioneers;" to the files of the *Fulton Democrat;* to notes which Mr. Francis Love made of an interview with Major Walker in collecting certain data to be used in the Tarbell "Life of Lincoln;" to various Lincolniana, and to infinite correspondence and interviews with friends and family connections of the characters coming under discussion. For all such valuable assistance I wish to acknowledge my obligation and to express my thanks.

I.

The Valley of the Sangamon.

Although this little river has found its way into literature through William Cullen Bryant and his "Painted Cup," and into history through its association with the young manhood of Abraham Lincoln; and although its neighborhood has furnished the inspiration for no less than eight characters of Mr. Masters' "Anthology,' yet its identity, for the uses of that book, is lost under the collective title "Spoon River."

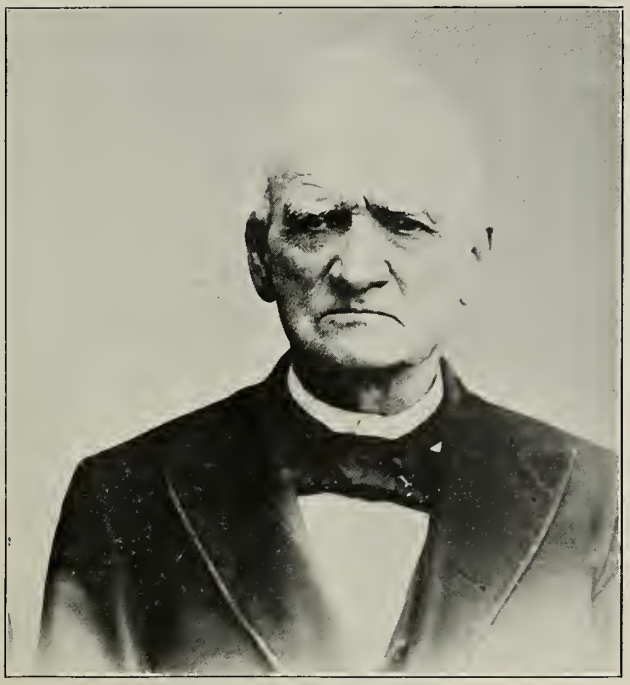
Physiographically speaking the Valley of the Sangamon, though claiming one hundred and twenty miles in length, scarcely exceeds two miles at its point of greatest width; so that it may be regarded as a slight vicarious atonement for the un-recognition of the "Anthology" that for the purposes of this book—which, of course, are merely those of commentation—the Valley of the Sangamon is allowed to stand for all the Spoon River country lying south and southeast of the Illinois River.

So considered, Petersburg must be regarded as the nucleus. It was here that Masters spent most of those early years before he moved to Lewistown; here he came to know personally, and through the infinite resources of anecdote and familiar allusion, that group of characters which are among

the most benign and ennobling of the collection; and here he came beneath the spell of those two men who were to prove, immediate family influences aside, the most constant sources of inspiration in his life and art—his grandfather, Mr. Squire D. Masters, and Abraham Lincoln.

It was to the home of Mr. Squire D. Masters that Mr. Hardin Masters—the father of Edgar Lee—brought his wife and infant son on his return from the brief sojourn in Kansas that gave to that state the honor of the poet's birth. Here the boy lived with his parents during his tenderest years, and here after his father abandoned the farm for the profession of the law, many happy weeks were spent each year. Even after the removal of the Hardin Masters family to Lewistown the boy returned each summer to dream away the happy days at the old place, to delve amongst the books of his grandfather's library, to prowl his grandmother's attic for treasure—quaint old costumes, discarded furniture, faded photographs and other joy-invoking "rulics," as he called them (the usage of that word is still sacred to the memory of that time). Care-free days lived under the apple trees with Burns, in the great hay-barns, or on those joyous journeys through woods and fields with the beloved grandmother which are among the treasured memories of every grand-child of the Masters clan.

The old Masters home still stands. It is now in possession of the poet's uncle, Mr. Wilbur Masters, though it has been remodeled in recent years and its aspect is somewhat changed. "The Squire" and his wife are both dead but their deeds live after them and there are none in all the neighborhood but do them honor. Their gifted grandson himself has paid them tribute in the epitaphs of "Davis Matlock" and "Lucinda Matlock." In these two characterizations he has used the Christian name of his respective grandparents, although the grandfather was invariably known by the first of his two names, Squire being in this case both a cognomen and a sign of office, so that his full signature would read Squire



SQUIRE DAVIS MASTERS.
(Grandfather of the poet.)

Davis Masters, Esquire. The surname is also a matter of family history, Elizabeth Matlock being the name of Mr. Squire Masters' mother.

Although a farmer, Squire Masters was a man of excellent education; an intelligent, well-rounded man and one given to the acquisition of "material things as well as culture and wisdom," having a fine presence and dominating personality. A neighbor of his said to me: "No matter what day of the week it was, Squire Masters always impressed me as being just ready to start to church." Indeed the allusion was a typical one, for his deeply spiritual nature seems to have found its fullest expression in religious exercise. Not only was he a leader in all church activities in his neighborhood, but his private devotions were so earnest and so full of dignity that one of the family who knew stenography was induced to take down one of the "blessings" invariably invoked before meat. It was a perilous undertaking, for discovery would have involved the almost certain displeasure of the dignified old man, but the task was accomplished successfully and the various copies which were made from it are regarded by those possessing them as among the most treasured mementoes of the beloved grandparent.

The devotion of the poet's grandfather to the cause of temperance once suggested to the youthful Edgar Lee who was granted many pranks—being the favorite grandson—a joke that nearly brought him to confusion. He had found in the wood shed a can of bright red paint. He solidly covered a board with it and when it was dry made with white the picture of a foaming glass over the legend "Beer 5c a glass," and the further embellishment of a hand with a pointing index finger. He placed the sign at the near by cross road, with the hand pointing toward the Masters house.

That evening the "Squire" was busying himself about the chores and had started to the barnyard with a pail of swill when the first "customer" arrived. He was bleary eyed and somewhat unstable as he approached. "I see you've

something to sell,'' he essayed. ''Where 'bouts do you keep it, Squire?'' Mr. Masters had a cider mill on his farm and supposed the remark to constitute an insinuation that he kept ''hard'' cider on the place. His wrath was superb. He set down his pail of swill and stood back from it with elaborate dignity. ''Now, sir,'' he said, ''that's all I have to offer you about this place. If that suits your taste, just help yourself and no charge.''

How the visitor contrived his exit is not known, but a certain small boy made a cautious escape from the scene and recovered the sign board without loss of time. It is still numbered among the ''properties'' of the woodshed, but the true history of its brief usefulness was never explained by him to the master of the house.

''Lucinda Matlock'' so essentially characterizes the life and philosophy of Lucinda Masters that the analogy is unmistakable:

> I went to the dances at Chandlerville,
> And played snap-out at Winchester.
> One time we changed partners,
> Driving home in the moonlight of middle June,
> And then I found Davis.
>
> We married and lived together for seventy years,
> Enjoying, working, raising the twelve children,
> Eight of whom we lost
> Ere I had reached the age of sixty.
>
> I spun, I wove, I kept the house, I nursed the sick,
> I made the garden, and for holiday
> Rambled over the fields where sang the larks,
> And by Spoon River gathered many a shell,
> And many a flower and medicinal weed—

LUCINDA MASTERS
Grandmother of Poet.

Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to the
green valleys.
At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.
What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
Anger, discontent, and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters,
Life is too strong for you—
It takes life to love life.

The incident of the dance at Winchester, except that it occurred not in "middle June" but sleighing time, is one that Mrs. Masters delighted to relate to her children and grandchildren. The story always finished in the same way, referring to the change of partners: "And after that we stayed changed"; or if by any chance it ended differently—this romance of Grandfathers and Grandmothers—there was always a demand for the old version. "And Grandmother, did you *stay changed* after that?" And she would answer, "Yes, after that we just stayed changed".

It is true that the twain were married and lived together for seventy years; that she bore twelve children, though three died in infancy; that she wove, and spun, and kept the house, and nursed the sick, and made the garden—this splendid vital woman—and most notably it is true that for holiday she "rambled over the hills where sang the larks." Her intense love of nature was the attribute which above all others endeared her to her family.

Across a portion of the farm runs a little creek, a tributary of the Sangamon, and this was the objective of many delightful journeys. On these occasions it is said that her joyousness and elation transcended every difficulty and that she freed herself to the great gladness of the universal mood. Her knowledge of plants and animals was amazing and added to this was a fund of folk lore that made these trips an infinite delight. She lived, in truth, to the age of ninety-six and from "Anger, discontent and drooping hopes" she was

delivered through lo, those many years, by her superb love of life.

Edgar Lee has attested his respect and love for his grandparents by the further tribute of the dedicatory inscription which appears on the fly-leaf of the volume of his poems called "The Great Valley" which reads:

To the Memory of

Squire Davis and Lucinda Masters

who, close to nature, one in deep religious faith, the other in pantheistic rapture and heroism, lived nearly a hundred years in the land of Illinois

I inscribe

The Great Valley

in admiration of their great strength, mastery of life, hopefulness, clear and beautiful democracy.

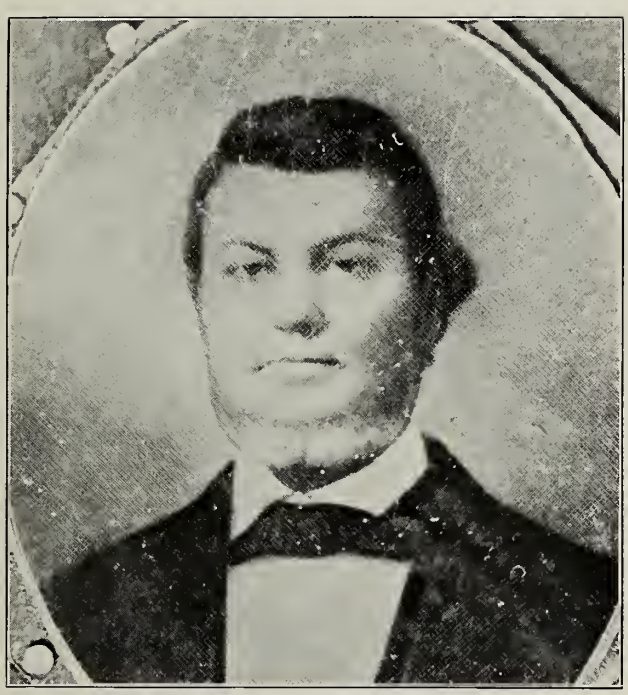
Edgar Lee Masters.

In that collection of poems the one "I Shall Never See You Again" voices a grief and passionate regret that cannot fail of appreciation among those who have known through close association or intimate report the character of Lucinda Masters, and of the close tie that united her to her grandson.

The farm of "Sevigne Houghton" adjoins the Masters farm, and this is the neighborhood of the Kincaids.

Where are Uncle Isaac and Aunt Emily,
And old Towney Kincaid and Sevigne Houghton—
All, all are sleeping on the hill.

Goodpasture, Hoheimer, Trenary and Pantier are names familiar to this region but no incident in their lives appears to have connected them with the "Anthology". Apparently their names alone have been made to serve; but the character of "Aaron Hatfield" is authentic.



SEVIGNE HOUGHTON.

The Hatfield farm is twice referred to. That character designated as "The Unknown" recalls how

> As a boy, reckless and wanton,
> Wandering with gun in hand thro' the field
> Near the mansion of Aaron Hatfield
> I shot a hawk perched on the top of a dead tree;

and "Hare Drummer" wonders:

> Do the boys and girls still go to Siever's
> For cider after school in summer?
> Or gather hazelnuts among the thickets
> On Aaron Hatfield's farm when the frosts begin?

The Hatfield mansion was, in its day, the most pretentious in the neighborhood. It has since burned, but the old Menard County atlas has preserved it for us with all the quaint dignity of the wood cut. To this period of his life belongs the "memory-picture" of the pioneer:

> Better than granite, Spoon River,
> Is the memory picture you keep of me
> Standing before the pioneer men and women
> There at Concord Church on communion day.
> Speaking in broken voice of the peasant youth
> Of Galilee who went to the city
> And was killed by bankers and lawyers;
> My voice mingling with the June wind
> That blew over the wheat fields from Atterbury;
> While the white stones in the burying ground
> Around the church shimmered in the summer sun.
> And there, though my own memories
> Were too great to bear, were you, O pioneers,
> With bowed heads breathing forth your sorrows

For sons killed in battle and the daughters
And little children who vanished in life's
morning,
Or at the intolerable hour of noon.
But in those moments of tragic silence,
When the wine and bread were passed,
Came the reconciliation for us—
Us the ploughmen and hewers of wood,
Us the peasants of Galilee—
To us came the Comforter
And the consolation of the tongues of flame!

Concord church is three miles north of Petersburg. It was established in 1830 and was the first church of the denomination known as the Cumberland Presbyterian to be established in the county. The building in which Aaron Hatfield worshiped is now replaced by a modern structure but the "white stones in the burying ground around the church" still shimmer in the summer sun, and the June wind still blows across the wheat fields from Atterbury three miles away.

One wishes that he might have remained on his comfortable farm and might, eventually, have come to rest in that old graveyard that is sweet with clover and odorous with arbor vitae but history relates that in his latter years he sold the farm and moved to Petersburg, investing his substance in a home, a store, a lumber yard, a flouring mill and various enterprises. The guileless temperament of the kindly old man made him unfit for commercial life, and partly through bad management and partly through the contrivance of the unscrupulous he lost one after another of his various possessions and came, in the end, almost to penury. His misfortunes so preyed upon him that before his death his mind began to show affection. He died at the age of eighty. One hopes that sometimes in those later years to him also

came the comforter,
And the consolation of the tongues of flame!

HANNAH ARMSTRONG.

Miller's Ferry, but a few miles north and east of Concord Church, is the "Miller's Ford" of the "Anthology". The "deep woods" of "William Good's" allusion still cover the hills on the right bank of the Sangamon at this point, and doubtless you still can see

at twilight
The soft winged bats fly zig zag here and there.

Here "Thomas Ross" saw a cliff swallow make "her nest in a hole in the high clay bank" and drew from it an analogy of his own life.

To "James Garber" the place had a symbolic meaning. He bids the passer-by, after life shall have brought him "understandings," take thought of him and of his path

who walked therein and knew
That neither man or woman, neither toil,
No duty, gold nor power
Can ease the longing of the soul,
The loneliness of the soul!

All the associations of this place are sad, and saddest of all perhaps are the musings of "Russell Kincaid" in those last days of his life when he sat in the

forsaken orchard
Where beyond the fields of greenery shimmered
The hills of Miller's Ford;

voicing an atavistic longing that he might have been a tree,

Then I had fallen in the cyclone
Which swept me out of the soul's suspense
Where it's neither earth nor heaven.

One character, at least, of this group may be identified. "James Garber" is the same who "wrote beautifully," and whose letter, written for "Hannah Armstrong" was, maybe, "lost in the mails". His real name was Jacob Garber and the letter incident is authentic. He was, at one time, a neighbor of Hannah Armstrong, though she belonged, at an earlier period, in the Clary's Grove group.

Mr. T. J. Onstot says in his "Lincoln & Salem": "Miller's Ferry was * * * once surveyed for a town and was called

Huron. My brother R. J. Onstot has a plat of it in Lincoln's own handwriting and prizes it very highly. The town looks very fine on paper, though there was only one house in it in its earlier days".

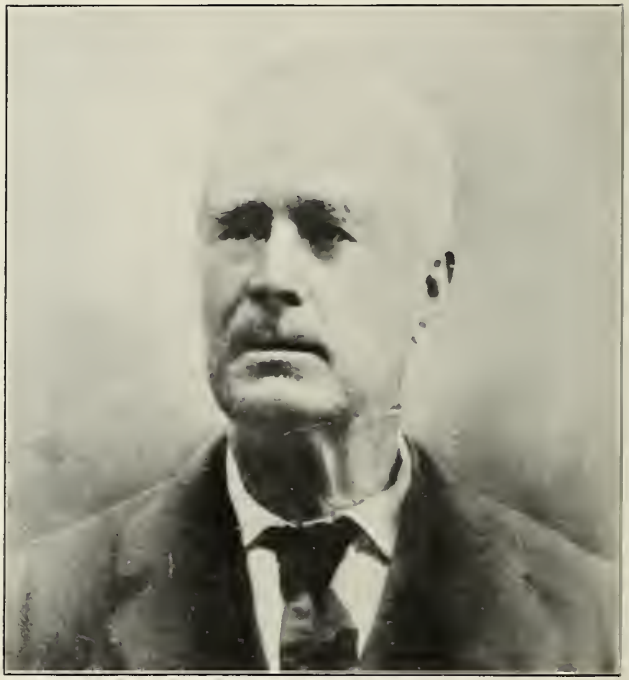
Walter Pater, writing of Leonardo da Vinci, says that "two ideas were especially confirmed in him as reflexes of things that had touched his life in childhood beyond the depths of other impressions—the smiling of women and the motion of great waters."

It is so that all true biography should be written. In this sense all art is autobiographic, since in creative work alone man records the "adventure of his soul". It is in the study of those impressions "especially confirmed in him" as a reflex that we come to the life of Abraham Lincoln and its influence upon the life and art of Masters through its immediate association with the Spoon River country.

Three characters of the "Anthology" are concerned with Lincoln: "Anne Rutledge", "Hannah Armstrong" and "William H. Herndon"; four poems of the collection, "The Great Valley", "The Lincoln and Douglas Debates", "Autochthon", "Gobineau to Tree" and "Old Peiry", and not less than four poems from the volume called "The Open Sea" are written around him.

New Salem, the home of Lincoln from 1831 to 1837 is two miles south of Petersburg, and just southwest of Salem is Clary's Grove. Clary's Grove is, in fact, exactly what the name implies, a grove. It is not found on any map but Lincolniana has comprehended it too completely to require further proof of anthenticity. There is no history treating of these early years of Lincoln that does not speak of the Clary's Grove boys and their staunch adherence to him from his initiation among them in the famous wrestling match with Jack Armstrong till their final dramatic appearance in 1859 at the hall of the convention which gave him the nomination that ultimately placed him in the Executive Chair.

Clary's Grove was one of the first neighborhoods to be



FIDDLER JONES.

inhabited by the whites. Most of the settlers came from Kentucky and Tennessee. Among the prominent families were the Clarys, Armstrongs, Watkinses, Potters, Jones and Greens; all fine staunch people, but whose boys were typical sons of the frontier; fond of drinking, hard riding, horse-racing, dancing, fiddling and all rude sports, particularly those which constituted tests of strength. Among the Watkinses and Armstrongs, especially, there persists to this day a tradition of horse-racing and fiddling. There is, as there has always been, a "Fiddler Watkins" and a "Fiddler Armstrong", and a race track is a common adjunct of their ample farms.

Where is old Fiddler Jones
Who played with life all his ninety years,
Braving the sleet with bared breast,
Drinking, rioting, thinking neither of wife
nor kin,
Nor gold nor love nor heaven?
Lo! He babbles of the fish-fries of long ago,
Of the horse-races long ago at Clary's Grove,
Of what Abe Lincoln said
One time at Springfield.

"Fiddler Jones" was the brother of "Hannah Armstrong". All of that family were "first class fighting men", tall and fine looking. The family came from Green County, Kentucky, and John, who was never addressed or spoken of by any other name than "Fid" or "Fiddler", had, while in that state, received considerable education. He played "by note", composed, and even wrote music for his violin. He was a dancing master as well and was distinguished by a manner and bearing quite at variance with the crude behavior of his period. Many of his pupils still recall him clearly and his name is associated with nearly all of the festivities of his day. His fiddle, which was really a viola, is still the cherished possession of the family. He died a few years ago in Fairbury, Nebraska, leaving behind him a comfortable estate. His mantle has, happily, fallen upon the shoulders of his

nephew, Mr. John Armstrong of Oakford, Illinois, son of Hannah Armstrong. His music is still in requisition and his clear memory makes him one of the few living men connecting the present generation with the Great Emancipator.

The friendship between Lincoln and the Armstrongs began just as history relates, with a wrestling match between Jack Armstrong and Lincoln—an affair in which the latter came out victor. Thereafter Lincoln lived with the Armstrongs for a time and always, one is told, regarded their house as his home; indeed the motherly Hannah treated him as one of her own sons. The opportunity for requital of her great kindness came to Lincoln when he undertook the defense of William Armstrong (better known as "Duff"), the youngest son of the family, in the famous "almanac trial" which ended in his acquittal.

It is the same son who, in the epitaph, "Hannah Armstrong," is called "Doug." Mr. John Armstrong has told me the letter incident referred to in the "Anthology." Duff, he said, had asked for his discharge from the army, having become painfully affected by sciatic rheumatism. The discharge had been granted but the papers, for some reason, withheld for a time and the boy kept on guard duty though his suffering was considerable. He wrote his mother asking her to appeal personally to "Abe" to urge matters, so Mrs. Armstrong got "Uncle Jakey" Garber to write the letter. Soon a telegram came from the President saying that Duff would be home immediately and so, presently, he was, and one is glad to know that "Aunt Hannah" did not have to travel all the way to Washington as demanded by the exigencies of art. She was one of the fine old women of her generation, living into the nineties and dying in Winterset, Iowa. As for Duff, he became, after the war, a veterinarian and has eaten many a meal in my father's house as he went from one point to another about the countryside.

The town of New Salem, which declined with the building up of Petersburg, has been rebuilt within the last several summers. The Old Salem League was formed for this

DOUG. ARMSTRONG
Better known as "Duff."

express purpose, and the plan is to make the village a permanent memorial to him who for a season lingered there. William Randolph Hearst had previously bought the site and donated it for the purpose. Several log houses have been constructed, some of them exactly, and all of them approximately upon the sites of the buildings that formerly comprised the village.*

The splendid pageant written and directed by Florence McGill Wallace and staged on the New Salem common on the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1918, as a part of the Centennial observance of the State of Illinois, brought those who saw it strangely close to that period of Lincoln's life. All those taking part in the performance were, wherever possible, members of the families of those involved in the history so revivified. Some of the cabins were occupied by descendants of the very people who built the originals, and this personal element in the participation of the Menard County folk gave to the enterprise a spirit unique in pageantry.

Four episodes from the life of Lincoln while at New Salem constituted the dramatic theme. 1. The coming of the Big Brother (the arrival of Lincoln at Salem on a flat-boat). 2. Arrival of Clary's Grove boys (the initiation of Lincoln among them by way of a wrestling match). 3. "Captain Lincoln" (the incident of the Clary's Grove boys choosing a captain for the New Salem contingent for the Black Hawk war). 4. Sunday afternoon in Salem. The village belle, Anne Rutledge.

The last mentioned episode comprehends Lincoln's wooing as well as his great grief after the death of her who was his first sweetheart. It was, as it might well have been, the most stirring and significant of them all, for there can be no doubt that his love for Anne Rutledge was the greatest of the shaping forces that touched that soul already starred by destiny.

*Since made a State Park by Act of the Legislature, approved April 3, 1919. Contains museum where Lincoln memorials and relics will be preserved.

Out of me unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music:
"With malice toward none, with charity
for all."
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward
millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Anne Rutledge who sleeps beneath
these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!

Anne Rutledge! A fragrance hangs about the name—the "Fragrance of things destined for immortality." Already the hand of the iconoclast has been at work, but he has anticipated his hour, and the affirmation of history, based upon the authentic testimony of those yet living, has made her place secure. No myth, no "legend", may obscure her claim who has inspired to great purpose the heart of a great man.

Her body was laid to rest in the old Concord cemetery. Not the one adjacent to the church in which Aaron Hatfield worshipped, but one about a mile away, lost, not only to the view, but almost to the memory, and which no longer has even a road by way of approach. Her ashes have since been removed to Oakland cemetery which is on a beautiful wooded hill near Petersburg. Within the year a great granite boulder has been erected to her memory, having the Masters' epitaphic poem, taken from the "Anthology," graved upon its face, but prior to the placing of this monument a rough stone taken from the dam of the old Rutledge mill at New Salem most appropriately marked the grave of this sweet girl whose unostentatious nature sought no exaltation but

the exaltation of the spirit. Even to approach that spot is to feel the recrudescence of old pain. One is tense with the agony that searched the heart of Lincoln on that storm-torn night when he cried out to his friend: "Oh, I cannot sleep while the rain is falling on her grave!" One is sad with the denials of her youth and of her tender passion. But to visit the little town where she has lived, and where, near-by, her kinsfolk go about their daily rounds, where the drama of her brief life was enacted, is to feel the dignity of life and the great peace of soul-quietness.

In "William H. Herndon" Masters has crystalized the long retrospect of the man who, better than any other, knew the character of Lincoln after its nature had reached its full maturity and during the period of his professional life. The law-partnership of the two men began in 1843. Lincoln was then thirty-four and Herndon was nine years his junior. Their partnership was dissolved only by the death of the senior member in Ford's Theater in 1865.

Horace White in his introduction to the second edition of the Herndon "Life of Abraham Lincoln" says of the author: "What Mr. Lincoln was after he became President can best be understood by knowing what he was before. The world owes more to Wm. H. Herndon for this particular knowledge than to all other persons taken together. It is no exaggeration to say that his death . . . . removed from the earth the person who of all others had most thoroughly searched the sources of Mr. Lincoln's biography and had most attentively, intelligently and also lovingly studied his character."

Mr. Herndon spent his declining years on his farm. The old house, which is, as described, "perched on a bluff," overlooks the Sangamon. It is on what is known thereabout as the Menard County Road. He was seventy-three at the time of his death. He had lived in great times and had seen much history in the making; moreover his last great task had been the preparation, with the assistance of Mr. Jesse W. Weik, of the three volume biography of the man who had engaged

first his admiration, then his love, and afterwards his sense of the patriotic responsibility which his knowledge dictated towards the coming generation.

No line of "Herndon" may be omitted from this work; not the poet's vision of the old man gazing into the shining glass of his memory; nor his vision of the old man's vision; nor the strangely Japanese comprehension of the whole in the association of natural phenomenon:

> There by the window in the old house
> Perched on the bluff, overlooking miles of valley,
> My days of labor closed, sitting out life's decline,
> Day by day did I look in my memory,
> As one who gazes in an enchantress' crystal globe,
> And I saw the figures of the past,
> As if in a pageant glassed in a shining dream,
> Move through the incredible sphere of time.
> And I saw a man rise from the soil like a fabled giant
> And throw himself over a deathless destiny,
> Master of great armies, head of the republic,
> Bringing together in a dithyramb of recreative song
> The epic hopes of a people;
> At the same time vulcan of sovereign fires,
> Where imperishable shields and swords are beaten out
> From spirits tempered in heaven.
> Look in the Crystal! See how he hastens on
> To the place where his path comes up to the path
> Of a child of Plutarch and Shakespeare.
> O Lincoln, actor indeed, playing well your part,

And Booth, who strode in a mimic play
within a play,
Often and often I saw you,
As the cawing crows winged their way to
the woods
Over my house-top at solemn sunsets,
There by my window,
Alone.

II.

The Valley of the Spoon.

It is interesting to conjecture in considering the geographic nomenclature of the country from which Mr. Masters drew the material for his "Anthology" just why he should have chosen "Spoon River" for the title of his book. There was, for alternative, that lovely Indian name of Sangamon; and Lewistown is a town so closely associated, serving as prototype in fact, that to all intents and purposes Lewistown *is* "Spoon River." It is true that the characters drawn from this section enormously preponderate numerically; that the name holds in an exceptional degree, by the very fact of its strangeness, what Amy Lowell calls the "pungency of place;" and there is the matter of phonetic syzygy! Is there not a story concerned with Margaret Fuller and her awakened appreciation of the beauties of her own tongue through the admiration of an Italian friend, for that word—so homely of association and so beautiful for the disposal of its consonants and vowels—cellar door? And certainly the name Spoon River, once one has come to love it, whether from the felicity which it confers upon the ear or through the divining vision of its great interpreter—Spoon River is exquisite to say.

Although four or five generations suffice to tell the tale of the Englishman's association with this river, already there has grown up about it, as about those brilliant figures that have passed from the realm of history to high romance, that mass of incident which unconsciously has been shaped by the

synthetic tendencies of the imagination to what the French biographer delights to call a *legend*. Something of evil is implicit, a "power of sinister presence," but withal a loveliness so intimate and compelling that it must lie forever like a mistress upon the heart-memory of those who love her. Certain adjectives inhere: the "classic" Spoon, the "turbid" Spoon, the "treacherous," the "lovely;" but more significant than these, and harking back to an ancienter tradition—the "raging" Spoon. The women have a saying, those old women who sit at windows, that every year the river takes one human life as toll.

It lies in the heart of that rich region embraced by the Mississippi and the Illinois rivers and flowing south and southeast enters, after many sinuations, the latter stream. It has measured, perhaps, in its turnings one hundred and fifty miles, and there is evidence that, with the perverse selection of inanimate things, it has not disdained sometimes to change its course. Three lovely loops of water, reached from the southern end of Thompson's Lake, known as The Horseshoes from the physiographic term applied to such formation, attest that years ago the river approached its point of confluence with the Illinois through closely convoluted turns, reminding one, somehow, of the aesthetic phenomenon involved by certain musical endings where the stress of the impetus is eased by the crashing of conventional chords.

Whatever dramatic moment laid its imperative command upon the genius of the Spoon in that time long past may not definitely be ascertained, but less than a score of years ago the sudden movement of a gigantic ice-pack, opposing exigence to indirection—made a third channel outward entering the Illinois farther to the north by half a mile and approximating to what must have been an earlier estuary. So does the old order forever change and the will of nature, like the will of man, reverse the decision of yesterday.

Although the occupation of the Sangamon and the Spoon River valleys by people from the east and south was contem-

poraneous, the latter region would seem to have offered superior inducements, for it lies in the heart of what is known as the "Military Tract." This tract constitutes all the land embraced by the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers as far as the northern line of Bureau and Henry counties and includes a region of great fertility. By an act of Congress each soldier who had participated in the War of 1812 was entitled to a quarter section and as soon as the provision was made the hardier souls ventured thither to claim their new possessions. Revolutionary soldiers, some of them. Men like "John Wasson":

> Oh! the dew-wet grass of the meadow in
> North Carolina
> Through which Rebecca followed me wail-
> ing, wailing,
> Lengthening out the farewell to me off to
> the war with the British,
> And then the long, hard years down to the
> day at Yorktown.
> And then my search for Rebecca,
> Finding her at last in Virginia,
> Two children dead in the meanwhile.
> We went by oxen to Tennessee,
> Thence after years to Illinois,
> At last to Spoon River.
> We cut the buffalo grass,
> We felled the forests,
> We built the school-houses, built the bridges,
> Leveled the roads and tilled the fields
> Alone with poverty, scourges, death....

But if they found hardship here they found a land offering a hospitality that had not failed of the appreciation of their predecessors, for the Indians from the earliest time seem to have shown a predilection for this locality. Although they have not been awarded their just dues at the hands of the state or by its men of science, and much that might constitute a source of intelligence and information

regarding the prehistoric inhabitants of this region has been wasted through agrarian thrift and the wanton plunder of relic hunters, yet there are still visible a number of Indian mounds throughout the valley which the investigation of archeologists has shown to be important. Chapman's "History of Fulton County" says:

> There is not a township in the county which does not contain more or less of these traces, and in some of them are works which in extent and character will compare with any in the West.

On a farm in Kerton township, which lies to the right of the mouth of Spoon River, is a field known as Mound Field, containing about twenty-five acres. It is located on the summit of a high bluff. To quote again from Chapman:

> In this field is a level space of five or six acres inclosed by two rows of circular, cup-shaped depressions, inside of which are large mounds which must originally have been thirty or forty feet high. To the south of this level the bluff line with its indentations forms the border of the field, and here are the remains of not less than one hundred and fifty thousand human beings buried literally by the cord! Where the bluff begins to descend it appears as though a step had been cut with the bluff face not less than ten feet high, and here were corded skeletons, laid as one would cord wood, but with the bodies arranged just as one would preserve the level of the file best without regard to direction. This burial place follows the bluff line for some distance where skeletons appear to have been covered by some light-colored clay which must have been brought from considerable distance, as it is not found in the locality. There are also two pits near the brow of the bluff on the side hill, which appear to have been originally about forty feet in diameter and of great depth and which have been walled up by placing skeletons around the outside as one would wall

a well, covering the work with the same clay as the other burial place. These skeletons are excellently preserved, in many places the smallest processes of bone being in as good condition as though buried a year ago. Over the entire surface of the field—which is in cultivation—the human hand cannot be placed without putting it on broken pottery, bones and shells.

Passing up the river one finds a great mound near Sepo, observable from the train; the Bernadotte country furnishes interesting terraces of artificial character; and in the region of London Mills are several extensive earth works—undoubtedly pre-historic—that have received little or no attention. Hereabouts, too, is a burying ground of the modern tribe of Pottawatomi, and several Indian skeletons have been found in trees.

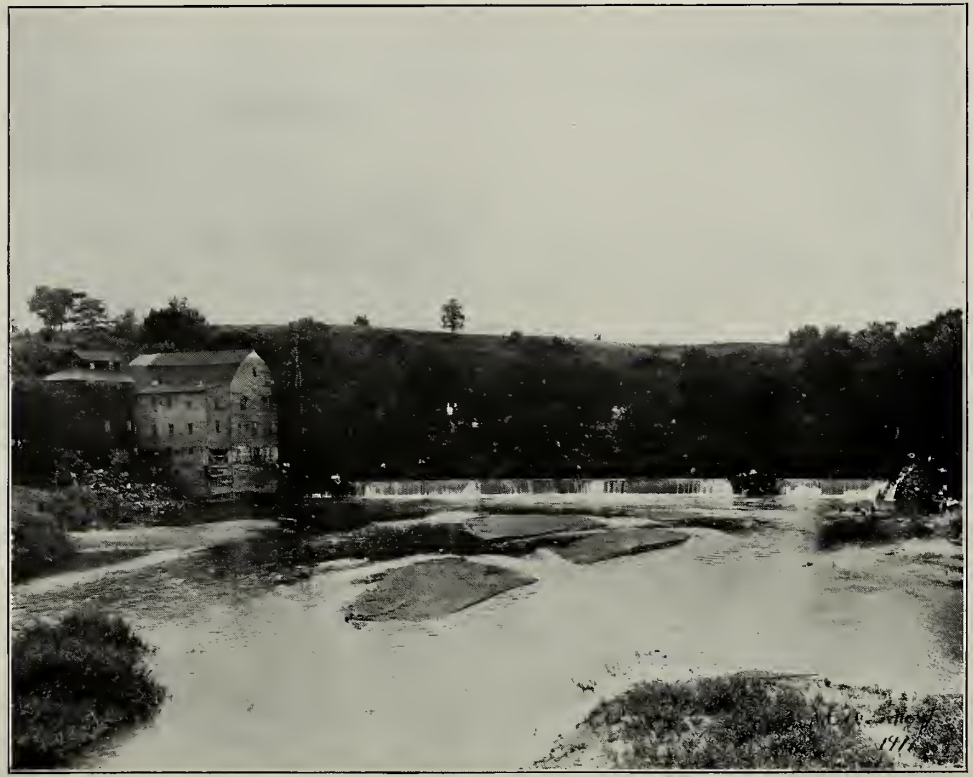
Sac, Fox, Chippewa, Kickapoo and Pottawatomi, often mere off-shoots of these nations and lacking tribal coherence, were found here when the pioneers arrived. The rich bottom between California Bend on Spoon River and Liverpool on the Illinois "constituted," says Dr. Strode, of whom I shall speak later, "almost one continuous camp site of ancient as well as modern Indians." The reason for the great popularity of this location he thinks apparent, for as he points out, "the river furnished fish, turtle, water fowl and fur-bearing animals; great forests gave them game, nuts, honey and so forth; and in every ravine were fine springs of water." One township further up the river came to be known as Deerfield because it was literally "the field of the deer"—the habitat of thousands.

The advent of the Frenchman, though unfruitful of much that has made for permanence in America, is still eloquently reminiscent in its nomenclature. In the valley of the Spoon, however, it is nearly lost. Maquon, deriving from a term meaning "big," which is the name they gave to this little river, and "Petite," one of the tributaries, are no more heard; only the lovely "prairie," the "meadow" of our Eng-

lish tongue, persists. "Reeves Prairie," one hears, and "Toten's Prairie," and the names have a pleasant native sound; but "Maquon" first passed into "Mequeen" before an accident fastened its present name upon it, and "Petite" has suffered a like degeneration and is known upon the maps as "Potato Creek."

The legend that concerned itself with the changing of the river's name is to the effect that on a day when a great party of men were rafting on the river a dinner had been prepared beforehand in a great iron pot which should serve to hold the heat until the noon hour. Utensils were limited, and one can imagine the consternation of those hungry men when the spoon—the one spoon which was to serve them all—was somehow dropped overboard. From that small perversity of fate the river's name was changed and it is not the least of the amusing incidents that have changed the face of history. One feels instinctively that there never would have been a "Maquon Anthology". How much, one comes to wonder, how much of destiny is hazard?

The migrations of the pioneers, like those of the Indians, tended always to follow watercourses and progress was marked by the erection of mills. Sawmills and mills for the grinding of grist were established all along the Spoon in the decade denoted by the twenties, the last to be erected representing always the farthest outpost of civilization. At Waterford, Duncan Mills, Bernadotte, Ellisville, Seville and London Mills the turning of the great wheels performed enormous labors and served as social nuclei around which towns invariably were built. Some of those mills still stand, though fallen into decay, and always the riffles in the stream establish hypothetically their location. Not only was the operation of a mill a thriving business in that early day but the capital required for its establishment argued a man of substance. The miller was usually the wealthy man of his community; one of considerable influence, and if, indeed, success came late for the gratification of his own ambitions, he might still hope for their fulfillment through the greater opportunities which his



OLD MILL AT BERNADOTTE.

wealth would give to his boys and girls; nor, in the case of "Oak Tutts'," father does one feel these aspirations to have been touched with the ignoble:

My mother was for women's rights
And my father was the rich miller of London Mills.
I dreamed of the wrongs of the world and wanted to right them.
When my father died I set out to see peoples and countries
In order to learn how to reform the world.
I traveled through many lands.
I saw the ruins of Rome,
And the ruins of Athens,
And the ruins of Thebes.
And I sat by moonlight amid the necropolis of Memphis.
There I was caught up by wings of flame,
And a voice from heaven said to me:
"Injustice, Untruth destroyed them. Go forth!
Preach justice! Preach truth!"
And I hastened back to Spoon River
To say farewell to my mother before beginning my work.

But see how the Nemesis of fanaticism finds out this village Hamlet, for:

They all saw a strange light in my eye.
And by and by, when I talked, they discovered
What had come into my mind.
Then Jonathan Swift Somers challenged me to debate
The subject (I taking the negative);
"Pontius Pilot, the Greatest Philosopher of the World".
And he won the debate by saying at last,

"Before you reform the world, Mr. Tutt,
Please answer the question of Pontius Pilate;
'What is truth?' "

London Mills is the northermost town of what we have chosen to designate as the Spoon River Country. It lies in a bend of the river whose bank is so thickly wooded that it seems a great green arm about the thriving little town. The trees of London Mills, like all those in this bottom, make a marvelously luxuriant growth, and stand about the lawns and streets with all the dignity that a forest heritage bestows. Across the river from the town I particularly recall one giant elm, conveying by its prodigious height, the great reach of its extended arms and the enormous thickness of its trunk such a look of power and significance that it seemed the number of its centuries alone could not account for its "eternal look", the sense of history it conferred upon the landscape; one felt it to be "part of and related to a mighty past", linked with great destinies and high emprise. It is in the nature of elms to seem to wait but this great patriarch, bearing within it stirring memories of the past, must find it long, with only the vagrancies of fishermen, the whispering of lovers and the small business of the nesting birds, patiently to bide its hour.

Following down the stream from London Mills, passing Ellisville, Babylon and Seville, slipping between the terraced hills that rim the river on the right and the mani-patterned grain-fields on the left, one comes to Bernadotte.

At Bernadotte one lingers with delight, for here one savors in the little drowsing town, so obviously fallen upon the period of its decline, remote in time and place from the bustling life around her, "an aroma, as from wine that has been many years in bottle." Perhaps because her tragedy is the tragedy of arrested growth one senses here more keenly than at any other place along the river the spirit of the pioneers whose ambrotypes "Rutherford McDowell" used to enlarge. Men who were

in being
When giant hands from the womb of the world
Tore the republic.

William Walters, who was the first settler of Bernadotte township, arrived in 1826. Within five years three mills were built along the Spoon in close proximity, suggesting the feasability of platting off a town. It is said that Mr. Walters bought the present town-site of Bernadotte for fifty deer skins, but this was, by no means, his most important transaction with the Indians for, though they were fairly treated by the whites, their pilfering, their restlessness, and the lurking spirit of treachery they betrayed made them dangerous neighbors in the end, and their expulsion became a matter of necessity. It was in the curve of the river just above Bernadotte known as Great Bend that they were finally rounded up by the whites under the informal but efficient captaincy of Mr. Walters, driven across the state, across the Mississippi at the point then known as Yellow Banks, the present site of Oquawka and bidden never to return.

For many years Bernadotte throve mightily, for not only was she situated in the heart of a rich farming district but the timber on her surrounding hills, the limestone under them, her fishing industry, her two packing houses and many other small, thriving enterprises gave her a commercial life that promised well. Furthermore the natural beauty of her situation upon the river, surrounded by her seven verdant hills made her a pleasure place for all the neighboring towns, and visitors came to her by hundreds on holidays and Sundays through the summer.

It was the coming of the railroad through the country that worked her ruin. For her situation, which had been to her advantage when the river was the chief means of transportation, now proved to be her undoing and her prosperity passed to the towns that were more fortunate.

These were the thorough-going days when the life of trade was sustained by its own resources and the last monument to this period, perhaps, passed with the tearing down of the old covered bridge a few years ago. This bridge, which spanned the Spoon, was put up entirely without the use of steel or iron. The stone for the abutments was quarried

from the vicinity; the selected timber that went to the making of the superstructure was brought from the woods near by having been hewed into shape where it fell; wooden pins bound together the remarkable trusses. A thorough-going bridge, I say, that stood for seventy years and might have stood for seventy more had not the spirit of the times—that strange haunter of men—searched out even this quiet place and demanded fresh tribute, this time of concrete and steel and iron.

The old mill which still stands has lately been put into repair and is now in operation. Above it looms the hill, Mount Pleasant, which commands the town and between them is the ancient hostelry that has served the village for so many years. Together they form the background for that figure touched with pathos and with dignity, "Isaiah Beethoven":

> They told me I had three months to live,
> So I crept to Bernadotte,
> And sat by the mill for hours and hours
> Where the gathered waters deeply moving
> Seem not to move:
> O world, that's you!
> You are but a widened place in the river
> Where life looks down and we rejoice for her
> Mirrored in us, and so we dream
> And turn away, but when again
> We look for the face, behold the low-lands
> And blasted cotton-wood trees where we
> empty
> Into the larger stream!
> But here by the mill the castled clouds
> Mocked themselves in the dizzy water;
> And over its agate floor at night
> The flame of the moon ran under my eyes
> Amid a forest stillness broken
> By a flute in a hut on the hill.
> At last when I came to lie in bed
> Weak and in pain, with dreams about me,

OLD WOODEN BRIDGE AT BERNADOTTE RECENTLY REPLACED BY MODERN STRUCTURE.

The soul of the river entered my soul,
And the gathered power of my soul was
moving
So swiftly it seemed to be at rest
Under cities of cloud and under
Spheres of silver and changing worlds—
Until I saw a flash of trumpets
Above the battlements of Time!

Mrs. Maude McCaughey, a fine intelligent women who has kept the hotel for many years, who is familiar with the "Anthology" and many of its characters, assures me that she never had a guest of that strange name. No one in the village had heard of Isaiah Beethoven; but I who have sat for hours by the mill where the "gathered waters, deeply moving seem not to move," and have lain in that chaste room whose hand-woven carpet and woolen quilt evoke the memory of another day and heard the water falling over the dam all through the quiet night—I protest that verisimilitude begets a strange conviction!

Bernadotte was until recent years the home of Dr. William Strode, who is the "William Jones" of the "Anthology." Here, in the old square house upon the river bank, he got together those amazing collections and compiled the data deduced from his tireless researches in the fields of ornithology, conchology and zoology in general. How it was possible despite the demands of his profession—and to add to this, the demands of a large and growing family—to satisfy his scientific instincts and enthusiasms; to attend to his large correspondence, that "converse afar with the great;" for those many contributions to scientific journals; for lectures; for every public enterprise that claimed his sympathy and co-operation—all this is well nigh inconceivable. A glance at the list of his collections fills one with astonishment: Mounted birds, 225; scientific bird skins, 500; fresh water clams or niads, 550 species; fresh water univalves, 400; and these are but the outstanding classifications.

Dr. Strode's work in classifying the mussels of Spoon River is of considerable service, for here are found the largest and finest fresh-water clams in the world, the unionidoae, or niads, having sometimes been found to measure nine and a half inches in length and to weigh nearly three pounds. In recognition of his work in this particular field the United States National Museum has done him the honor to name a species of fresh-water mussel for him—the Pleurobema Strodiana. The Strodiana is about the size of half of an English walnut and has a beautiful amber colored shell with some striated lines running through it.

Some years ago Dr. Strode sent a consignment of shells to France. By comparison with the depauperate species found in European countries these mussels must have caused considerable astonishment, for the curator of one museum wrote him with delightful hyperbole that his native city of Bonn "was but a small walled town" and that he feared he would not be able to get them into it.

An hour with this wizard of the Spoon spent among his mussel shells is something to remember. There is a story I have heard of a visit which the poet-naturalist Ernest McGaffy once made with him to one of these great clam beds; of Dr. Strode, his sleeves pushed up to his arm-pits, his legs incased in rubber waders, standing for an hour or more in the stream, tossing out one shell after another, fitting each with its scientific name and discoursing familiarly on the subject all the time. It was probably under the impulse of the astonished admiration evoked by this and similar experiences that the poet was moved to write on the fly-leaf of the copy of his "Poems of Gun and Rod" which he presented to his friend: "To Dr. Strode, whose knowledge of nature is so comprehensive and various that the little I have learned seems nothing in comparison."

The correspondence of this modest, almost retiring citizen of Bernadotte, and later of Lewistown, brought the world strangely close to this remote community, establishing with points far and wide invisible lines of communication and

MARGARET GEORGE.

many a foreign postmark came to mingle its almost indecipherable legend with "the stamp of Spoon River." In this house was entertained, betimes, the "County Scientific Association" to which "Perry Qoll" so ardently desired admission before his

little brochure
On the intelligence of plants
Began to attract attention.

and an atmosphere more native to its interests scarcely could have been found. I could find no history of Perry Qoll, but a certain highly intelligent farmer in that community by the name of Henry Qoll is well remembered. Whether or not he ever applied for membership in that organization, it is remembered that he was its occasional host. He used, also, to operate a little steamer on the river—an excursion boat designed to serve the pleasure seekers who came to Bernadotte in the summer time. His character doubtless offered a suggestion to the creative mind of Masters.

But other interests than those of science were served in the hospitable home of the Strodes. The mistress of the house, by her deep and intelligent interest in letters and ideas, and by the charm and magnetism of her personality, drew about her a group of writers and thinkers who already were beginning to find their way into the literature of the day. Edgar Lee Masters and his sister Madeline; Margaret George, whose verse was appearing in such magazines as The Century, Lippincott's, The Atlantic Monthly; W. T. Davidson, editor of the "Fulton Democrat," published at Lewistown, a lecturer and writer known all over the state; that "Reverend Abner Peet" whose trunk containing "the manuscript of a lifetime of sermons" suffered such ruthless destruction at the hands of "Burchard the grog-keeper," the Reverend Stephen Peet, in fact, a man of much distinction, editor of "The American Antiquarian and Oriental Magazine"; Ernest McGaffy and his wife, and many others. Mrs. Strode, herself a writer, was even during those busy years contributing to such magazines as "The Youth's Com-

panion" and "The Boston Educator," and a more ambitious enterprise was under way. One glimpses a social and intellectual preoccupation that must have been surprisingly inspiring.

But lest the associations of Bernadotte leave us heavy it is well to recall that from the country hereabouts that "rugged nurse" the soil has produced many characters untrammeled by a too great refinement. There was, for instance, that great bully of "The Spooniad"—

> hog-eyed Allen, terror of the hills,
> That looked on Bernadotte....
> No man of this degenerate day could lift
> The boulder which he threw, and when he spoke
> The windows rattled, and beneath his brows,
> Thatched like a shed with bristling hairs of black,
> His small eyes glistened like a maddened boar.
> As he walked the boards creaked, as he talked
> A song of menace rumbled.

Yes, there were lusty spirits in the Valley of the Spoon!

III.

Old Lewistown.

Lewistown, the first town to be established in Fulton County, was just turning its half century when there came to bide within its gates that small uneasy guest—a child who wondered. What his welcome would have been had the citizens of this place had intimation of his brooding genius is an interesting point of speculation, for although the distinction which the author of the "Anthology" conferred upon the town is indubitable, yet by its publication it cannot be denied that, like "Percival Sharp," he "stirred certain vibrations in Spoon River." The plaint of "Zarathustra," "The

poets lie too much," has found its echo here in sad reversal.

Mr. Masters has told us that he was twelve years of age when he came to Lewistown, and ten years of his life were lived here, but whether the two hundred and fourteen characters that went to the creation of the book which was to herald him to fame some twenty-three years after his departure from the town, were the result of conscious memory or merely of "that inward shaping force" which psychologists tell us is the tenure of the formative period, one feels that these were years of tremendous significance; that the moment that compassed the awakening of his intellectual and of his sense life, in a community somewhat alien to him, was precisely that which the virginal curiosity of the child and the dream power of the poet should convert to the ends of art. These years that were filled with wonder and speculation; with Burns and Poe and Keats and Shelly; with the infinite pains and experimentation that produced four hundred poems—these years gave him, if nothing else as net result, that most delicate of all the materials of genius, the very corner stone of his abounding fame, the idiom of a people.

Though the spectacle that inspired the "Anthology" grew out of the small trade and petty enterprise of those lean years following the Civil War, the poet has paid tribute to the pioneers and to that stalwart generation following them as the epitaphs of "Judge Somers," "Washington McNeely," "Herndon" and many others show; and no poet that America has produced, not even excepting Whitman, has voiced so constantly a sense of the pageantry which an intimate knowledge of her history inspires.

The period of Masters was contemporaneous with the third generation in the life of Lewistown—the shirt-sleeve period if you will. It was his good fortune to arrive upon a time rich in anecdote and through this medium he came to an amazingly intimate comprehension of its historic background. His association with the people of the town and country in his school and social life, his knowledge of the

petty political intrigues—the scandals of the court-house circle—which his father's position as one of the leading lawyers of the town opened to him, gave him the immediate present; and the many intervening years between the incidents that concern the lives of his characters and the "moment of invention" proved, no doubt, that very important period of transition involving the phenomenon familiar in all creative work—the translation of the concrete into terms of the abstract, and back again, through the medium of art to the concrete. A process implying a little loss compensated by an enormous gain; a rediscovery of incident touched only with significance; a fealty that concerns itself with life, rather than with fact.

In all essential ways the characters of the "Anthology" are re-created. It is true that nearly all of those two hundred and fourteen names in the table of contents—the invention of which has elicited the astonished admiration of his critics—may be found on the tombstones, in the telephone books, and on topographical maps of the Spoon River country, but with the exception of perhaps a scant dozen, they are names re-assembled, re-created in composite like the characters they represent. The psychology involving the relation of a name to the personality denoted by it is not yet fully comprehended, but almost everyone has felt the matter to have significance. George Moore once pointed out that all lyric poets have beautiful names—names abounding in vowels and liquids—Alfred Tennyson, Charles Algernon Swinburne, Dante, Gabriel Rosetti; but Thackery! Thackery is of course a novelist inspired by the acrid spirit of the ironic—a satirist by the very force of his name. A whimsey of course, but an idea opening a field of speculation that is not without its importance. It was his theory that a man's work proceeds from his name.

Apparently to Mr. Masters names have stood, first of all, for locality, but no fixed method of characterization is discernable. Sometime by the substitution of a single letter or by the transposition of one, a character true both to

fact and life seems clearly indicated; sometimes by the combination of a distinctive Christian name and a surname two characters will appear to be suggested and again, by an allusion to some apparently unimportant incident—a cage of canaries or a cedar tree on the lawn—the identity of the character involved will, to those long familiar with the town, seem to be implied.

All such "identifications" are confusing and, for the most part, misleading. Excepting a very limited number of characters, only suggestions have been furnished by the people of Spoon River—suggestions from which the creative mind of the poet has evolved a community so genuine and so significant that "Spoon River" has been said to transcend locality and to belong to the very "Comedie Humaine" of life itself.

It is, perhaps, because the "Anthology" is so intensely local that it may claim to be so largely universal, reminding one of that paradox of Masters' applied to Lincoln in his "Autochthon"

> O great patrician, therefore fit to be
> Great democrat as well!

The people of Spoon River have, by inadvertence, paid tribute to Mr. Masters' authenticity of vision by their prompt and sometimes resentful recognition of the personnel of his book. One is reminded of the situation in which Charles Dickens found himself after having projected his Yorkshire schoolmaster—Mr. Squeers—upon the pages of his "Nicholas Nickelby." Mr. Squeers was, in fact, a creature made from scraps of memory; from impressions received when—and here the analogy continues—he was a "not very robust child, sitting in by-places," and synthesized into a type—but a type so telling that more than one Yorkshire schoolmaster laid claim to being the original. One even consulted a solicitor as to the grounds on which he might obtain redress, as if he coveted the honor of establishing in that way the association with his name of the ignorance and brutal cupidity for which that character is synonym.

Such a predicament, though embarrassing, is, in a sense, the highest praise. Mr. Masters' small town is—the average small town. His studies include ten or twelve social groups, two doctors, half a dozen lawyers, ten or twelve politicians, two editors, two bankers, several poets, artists and fiddlers, four preachers, seven prostitutes, two nymphomaniacs and a scattering of hypermorons beside the great number of characters not lending themselves readily to classification. An average grouping perhaps for a town of twenty-five hundred.

It is unfortunate for the fair name of Lewistown that the untutored mind is prone to oversensitiveness in the contemplation of morbid psychology. There is no doubt that such a character as "Henry Wilmans" infinitely outweighs in its impressiveness a half dozen such characters as "Thomas Trevelyan," "William and Emily," and "Aaron Hatfield." Even so unprovincial a critic as Miss Lowell has been impelled to wonder "if life in our little Western cities is as bad as this why everyone does not commit suicide." "Spoon River," she declares, "is one long chronicle of rapes, seductions, liasons and perversions," and gravely adds that "it is a great blot upon Mr. Masters' work. It is an obliquity of vision, a morbidness of mind which distorts an otherwise remarkable picture."

That Miss Lowell believed herself to be discussing "Hanover, Illinois," absolves her from imputation of personal malice, but a careful scrutiny of the matter reveals not more than sixty-five out of the two hundred and fourteen characters in the book to be, according to Shavian classification, "unpleasant." Mr. Masters is, without doubt, in the "Anthology" as in his later books, preoccupied with pathology, but sixty-five out of two hundred and fourteen does not, perhaps, represent a ratio disproportionate to the conditions of life itself—and more than with pathology, Mr. Masters is preoccupied with *Life*.

Lewistown by no means predisposes to suicide. Its streets are tree-embowered and "wonderful for grass." Its

business houses are ranged about the square, in the center of which stands the courthouse. A fountain splashes in a park near by, and here and there about the town stand the dignified old mansions of that steadfast second generation that had its share—and that no mean one—in shaping the destiny of the nation in the moment of her greatest peril. Reaching out from it toward the east and south and west are stretches of lovely hill country declining gently towards the valleys of the Spoon and the Illinois; while to the north are great expanses of prairie, those fertile farmlands, "fair as the garden of the Lord." Decidedly, Lewistown does not predispose to suicide.

If a town, like an institution, is "the lengthened shadow of a man" then Lewistown may be said to measure the moral stature of Ossian M. Ross. He was the first soldier of the War of 1812 to claim his quarter section in the Military Tract, but he was not the first adventurer into this promised land. He found there before him a certain John Eveland located upon the banks of Spoon River and he, in turn, had been preceded by a figure so vague in outline as to be almost legendary: a Dr. Davison, a recluse and misanthrope whose one desire was to be alone; a man of considerable culture as his speech and the refinements of his cabin showed. He lingered only a little while after the influx of people from the East began, moving to the Starved Rock country, where, eventually, he died. So romantic and mysterious a figure he seemed, so strangely touched with tragedy that Mr. W. T. Davidson wrote a novel founded on his character, called "The Hermit". He published the story in his paper the *Fulton Democrat,* and within the present year, his daughters who have continued the paper since his death, at the instance of a number of the "faithful readers" have run it again in its columns. Strangely enough an accident has discovered to them, within the last few months, that the purely conjectural hypothesis upon which Mr. Davidson based the hegira of his hero to the land of wilderness—a tragedy of his love life—was correct.

The tale is chiefly valuable as a commentary upon the life and manners of that early day. A description of Dr. Davison's ascent of the Spoon may be of interest here and taken as a fairly faithful picture of that wilding stream. It must be remembered that Editor Davidson was writing in the splendid adjectiverous nineties.

> "The sun was going down on a delicious summer day—going down beneath an enchanted western forest of giant oaks, elms, sycamores and walnuts. The eastern shore of the river was hills and sand; a little way above an emerald isle (the little detached strip of land that is called Cuba) on the west, and beneath the arches of great trees a smaller clear shining river.
>
> " 'It is the River Mequeen', and the doctor stood up hat in hand; and bowing low he gently said, 'My queen!'
>
> "But four oars swept the boat forward swiftly, constantly, round the bends of beautiful clear water; the pebbles many feet below were plainly seen; the water seemed full of fish; at every turn there was something new to admire. The glistening white sandbanks; the great trees drooping over the silvery stream as though to protect and bless it; through forest aisles an occasional glimpse of the gorgeous prairies to the east or the bold and glorious hills to the south and west—the almost deafening chorus of the birds! There were no vandals to shoot or stone them in those days. Every tree was a song-bird's home. They passed many herds of red deer and turkey."

This description, barring the deer and turkey, and possibly the clearness of the water—for the Spoon takes toll of many farm lands—is quite as true now as then, though no mention is made of the luxuriant growth of vines that give the river an almost tropical aspect. The place is still a paradise for birds: cardinals, orioles and prothonotory warblers flash their gold and crimson back and forth across the stream; the red-winged blackbird flaunts his brilliant shoulders from the topmost branch; the tanager, that velvet miracle, flits from spray to spray of overhanging bough, holding you fast

with the tantalizing seduction of his black and scarlet. Many curves of the river hold in a close embrace timbered thickets so dense with vine and implicated undergrowth—the haunt of bats and owls and creeping things—that they seem to offer the challenge of the "Woods of Westermain",

Enter these enchanted woods
You who dare!

Ossian M. Ross came to Illinois from Seneca, New York, in 1820. He brought with him, besides his family—a wife and three children—a blacksmith, a carpenter, a shoemaker and several other workmen and their families. His first pause was at Alton on the Mississippi but after a year spent at that place he decided to push on toward the ultimate objective, followed the Mississippi northward to the Illinois, ascended that river as far as the mouth of the Spoon, and penetrated inland on the waters of that stream to a point adjacent to the section to which he was entitled in the "bounty lands".

Mr. Harvey Ross, a son of Ossian Ross, who published in his declining years a book called "The Early Pioneers and Pioneer Events of the State of Illinois" has written with delightful attention to the importance of minutiae:

> "My father on examining his map found that his land was about six miles north of Mr. Eveland's place. He took some of his men, and with his compass, chain and field notes had no trouble in locating his land. Father selected the quarter section north of Lewistown for our home, and built a log house on the north side of a little creek that ran through the land, and near a fine clear spring of water. The location was sixty rods northeast from Major Walker's present residence."

Writing of Mr. Eveland, who was the first to welcome them to the country, and incidentally glimpsing the crudity and hardship of these early days, he says:

> "Mr. Eveland had a large family of ten or twelve children, part of them grown. They had some twenty acres in cultivation, and were engaged in raising stock. They had come into this country from Calhoun county,

making the trip up the Illinois and Spoon River partly by land and partly by water. Before leaving Calhoun county they constructed a pirogue (a large canoe). It was hewed out of a cottonwood tree. The length of the boat was forty feet, and was about four feet wide. It was run by sail and also by oars. On this craft they shipped their hogs and also their goods.

"This pirogue is entitled to more particular attention, because it was put to many uses of convenience and utility among the early settlers. It was the first craft used to carry people across the Illinois River at the mouth of Spoon River, and it was the first craft that the Phelpses used" (we shall come to the Phelpses later on) "in shipping their first stock of goods from St. Louis to Lewistown, and this was the first stock of goods ever brought to Fulton County. This pirogue was also used by the early settlers to run down Spoon River to the Illinois River, and thence down the Illinois River to the mouth of the Sangamon River, and then up the Sangamon to Sangamon town, where there was a watermill to which our people took their grain to be ground into breadstuff. A great deal of skill had been used in digging out and constructing this pirogue. For years it took the place of the magnificient steamboat and railway trains that later generations employed."

When Mr. Ross came to the present site of Lewistown, all that country lying between the Mississippi and the Illinois rivers and extending to the northern boundary of the state was included in the county of Pike. Mr. Ross immediately took steps to effect the organization of Fulton County, and by 1823 he had accomplished not only this but the town of Lewistown had been platted from the quarter section which came to him from the government, and had been established as the county seat. In 1825 Peoria county also was carved out of this great territory, but until that time the whole northern portion of the state, including people from Ft. Dearborn (now Chicago) had had to come to Lewistown for marriage, tavern, and ferry licenses; to pay their taxes, and do all the

county business. The old court record book for 1823 gives under the date of June 6th:

> "On motion it was ordered that Ossian M. Ross have license to keep an inn or tavern in the house where he now resides in said county by paying the sum of ten dollars in state paper.
>
> "On motion it was ordered that the following be the list of tavern rates, to-wit: victuals 25c, horsekeeping per night 37½c, lodging per night 12½c, whiskey per half pint 12½c, rum and gin per half pint 25c; French brandy per half pint 50c, wine per half pint 37½c, and all other liquors in like proportion."

On the record book for January 27th, 1823, we find three county commissioners "having been appointed agreeable to the act of Congress" reporting among other matters, the donation by Ossian M. Ross to "said County of Fulton a good warrantee deed in fee simple for the following town lots for public buildings." These lots are for the site of a court house and jail, for a "burying yard", for a meeting house, a school house, a Masonic Hall and not less than six lots for a "public Squear."

Having thus generously dowered the town which he had named for his little son Lewis, and helped to put in motion the machinery of civilization in this new country, Mr. Ross, at the end of the decade, moved to new pastures across the Illinois, and there, at a point just opposite to the mouth of Spoon River, gave himself afresh to the labors of organization and established the town of Havana, at which place he lived until his death.

The first merchant to open a store in the newly platted town was Judge Stephen Phelps. He came with his five sons from Sangamon County in 1824, to which place they had arrived from Palmyra, New York, four years earlier. A few months later he was joined by his son-in-law John W. Proctor and his wife. The Phelps and Proctor families have been closely associated ever since, through marriage and business affiliations. When Judge Phelps was established he took his

son Myron into partnership with him and the store came to be known under the name of "Phelps and Son". In time the daughter of Myron Phelps married Charles Proctor, a relative of John W. Proctor, and he became a member of the firm; Henry, the son of Myron Phelps, ultimately succeeded to his father's place and the firm name became "Phelps and Proctor"; and finally, on the retirement of Mr. Phelps, Mr. Proctor took his son Charles, Jr., now grown to manhood, into partnership and he is now in active management of the store which is approaching its centennial.

The sons of Judge Phelps were, like their father, naturally adapted to the mercantile business. Charles and Myron remained with him in the store at Lewistown; Sumner and Alexis went to Yellow Banks—now Oquawka—on the Mississippi where they established a Trading Post, but William, in whom the spirit of adventure predominated, found abundant opportunity for its exercise in the operation of the Indian trade about Lewistown. Much of the Phelps' business, both at Lewistown and at Yellow Banks was Indian trade and the preeminence of their success in dealing with the red-skins was due to their honesty and their unfailing kindness to them. Although the valleys of both the Spoon and the Illinois Rivers were thickly populated with the Indians, yet many came from great distances, and Judge Phelps kept a house for the exclusive accommodation of such. Mrs. Phelps, too, had a motherly eye upon them and no squaw or papoose ever lacked for care or food while within her province.

But especially beloved among these people was the young son of the Judge and Mrs. Phelps, William. Although he was but sixteen when he first arrived in Lewistown, he had attained the height and proportion of a full-sized man; his great strength, together with his athletic taste and skill, won the admiration of the young braves and he entered with them into their games, wrestling, running and target practice and sometimes joined them on hunting and fishing trips. They gave him the name of Che-che-pin-e-quah, meaning powerful shoulders, arms and neck. His

CAPTAIN WILLIAM PHELPS.
"Che-che-pin-e-quah."

hands, they said, were like a woman's but having the grip of a bear.

Che-che-pin-e-quah's popularity with the Indians stood him in good stead when his father allotted him their trade for his portion of the business. So impatient he was to prove himself that instead of waiting for the furs and other peltry to be brought to him he went out among the Indian villages and collected it from them and soon had a great shipment, and was off without delay to St. Louis to market it.

At first a canoe was used for transportation; then a raft was requisitioned and poles and sails were employed; but afterwards as the trade became more extensive and the values of the furs increased, better transportation facilities became necessary, so this intrepid youth, now arrived at the age of nineteen, purchased a first class river boat which he christened "The Pavilion," and which he anchored at Havana.

His cargoes by this time were considerable. Mr. Harvey Ross tells of seeing the boat loaded at one time. He says: "The cargo consisted of barrels of pork and honey, packages of deer-skins and furs, barrels of dried venison, hams, beeswax and tallow, sacks of pecans, hickory nuts, ginseng, feathers and dry hides." Ordinarily four days were required to make the trip to St. Louis, but adverse conditions of weather and high water so increased the difficulties of transportation that several weeks were occupied with the trip. The brothers at Oquawka patronized the boat and the return trip brought supplies to the Lewistown store. In his twenty-fourth year Mr. Phelps—who was now and always afterward known as Captain Phelps—married Miss Caroline Kelsey of Lewistown, and went with her into the wilds of Iowa, where he established a trading point near the present site of Des Moines—a post which he maintained for sixteen years. It was from this period of his life that Mr. W. T. Davidson and Miss Margaret George drew the material for their novel called "The Yellow Rose," taking their title from the name which the Indians gave to the lovely blond woman who was the Captain's wife.

These years on the frontier were filled with adventure and enterprise. No fur trader of his time was more favorably nor better known than Captain Phelps. The volume of his business was enormous, his customers among the Indians extending as far as the Rocky Mountains. He was universally trusted by the people among whom he dealt and the confidence which he gained at this time made him of signal service to the Government at the time of the Black Hawk war. He was a warm personal friend not only of Black Hawk but of the chief who was to succeed him, Keokuk, and although he joined Captain Gains' company of Illinois Volunteers at the beginning of the Indian trouble, his sympathy for the red men and their desire to recover the territory lost through the ignorance and cupidity of their chiefs, never failed him. At the close of the war, and after he was released from his confinement at Fort Monroe, Black Hawk returned to his people and eventually built himself a house, after the manner of the white man, near the home of Captain Phelps. But the old chief was disheartened. His power was gone; his old home in the Rock River country lost to him forever, and in few months he died. It is probable that in his passing Black Hawk left no friend who grieved his loss more sincerely, nor who afterwards did his memory greater honor than Che-che-pin-e-quah.

During the time of the Indian troubles Captain Phelps' boat was requisitioned to help in the removal of captive Indians and of their squaws and papooses up the Mississippi and across to the western side where their new territory was located. On one of these trips an incident occurred that evermore endeared him to the Indian people. There had been a great bustle and confusion in getting the Indians on board, and by some chance two squaws had left their babies behind asleep in their wigwams. The boat was well under way when they discovered their loss and in great excitement and distress, their black hair disheveled, tears running down their cheeks and milk streaming from their breasts, they rushed to the captain—their one sure friend—and implored him to return. He immediately reassured the frantic women,

rang the bell, ordered the boat back to shore, and the papooses were restored to their mothers, to their great joy and immeasurable relief. Later on, when the Indian troubles were at an end, the two squaws brought their little rescued boys to the trading post for the Captain to see, and to repeat again and again expressions of gratitude; nor did they fail to find many services of kindness to render him, his wife and his children in after years.

In 1846 Captain Phelps sold his trading post and boat and returned to Lewistown where, as also at Havana and Ipava, he entered the mercantile business, built an elevator on Spoon River, operated the ferry across the Illinois at Havana and, after the Civil War—during which period he served as Provost Marshal for his Congressional district—bought many acres of the hill country about the Spoon, and there, where in his boyhood he had visited the wigwams of his Indian friends, put his herds to graze. In his later life, ten years after the death of the "Yellow Rose," he married Miss Tillie M. Guernsey, a woman of much cultivation, whose affection still keeps green the memory of this remarkable man. The Indian friends of Che-che-pin-e-quah never forgot him, nor failed to avail themselves of every opportunity to send him messages of greeting. His old friend Keokuk had died soon after the Captain's departure from the trading post, but Chief Joe of a later generation, with his two wives and several children, once planned to visit him. They had reached Peoria when the illness of one of the children necessitated their turning back and the trip, much to the regret of both the Captain and his Indian friends, was never consummated.

The long adventurous life of this man would furnish a volume of fascinating tales. He was, himself, a famous story teller and one who never hesitated to turn a point against himself. There is one which he used to tell as illustrating his belief in the efficacy of prayer.

As a boy he had visited the lead mines of Galena where his brother Myron had certain interests. Once, when walking over the rough country thereabouts, his attention was

attracted by an eagle circling high above him. Thinking to discover its eyrie, he kept his eye upon the bird and inadvertently wandered out of the beaten path and stumbled into one of the open pits. The moment was a perilous one; the rough stone ledge on which he had been able to fasten his hold was crumbling beneath his weight; below him, for all he knew, yawned a bottomless abyss, and in that frantic moment he searched his memory for prayer. The Lord's Prayer escaped him, but his childhood's supplication was too firmly rooted in subconsciousness to desert him now, and there, hanging by his hands, this great strapping youth prayed, "Now I lay me down to sleep." At that point his hold gave way and he fell, helpless but unscathed, to the bottom of the pit—a distance of perhaps four feet!

IV.

Old Lewistown—Continued.

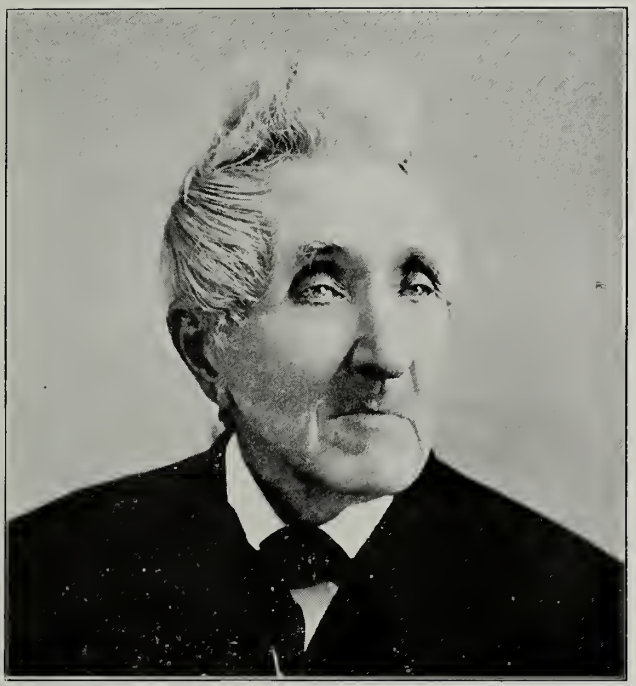
Perhaps the next man of importance to take up his abode in Lewistown, one who was to keep for many years a shaping hand upon her destinies, was he who is referred to in the introductory poem of the "Anthology," "The Hill," as

> Major Walker who had talked
> With venerable men of the revolution.

His death occurred as late as 1897 and his memory, which remained undimmed to the last, covered with wonderful clearness and precision nine decades of a century.

Major Walker was a native of Virginia, and a man who already had arrived at considerable distinction when he came to Illinois for, while yet but twenty-one, as Major in the state militia, he had been appointed to the command of the escort of Lafayette when that great man paid his fourth visit to this country in 1824, accompanying him during almost all of that triumphal trip through Virginia.

In 1835 the Major, then a man of thirty-two, came with his bride of a year to Illinois and to Lewistown. He subsequently built a commodious house on the very place that Ossian Ross had left five years earlier, and there he lived out, in dignity and unfailing usefulness, his remaining years.



MAJOR WALKER
"Who Talked With the Men of the Revolution."

In politics the Major was a Whig of most uncompromising conviction, schooled in the school of great statesmen and great men. In Virginia he had listened to such men as Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, John Randolph and Henry Clay; and in the new land to which he had adventured he was to meet and to hold in the close intimacy of an abiding friendship one whose destiny was to carry him to infinitely greater heights—Abraham Lincoln.

Major Walker's acquaintance with Lincoln began in 1838 when both were serving in the Legislature in the old State Capitol at Vandalia. Adlai E. Stevenson, in an address on Stephen A. Douglas which he delivered before the Illinois State Historical Society, said of that body:

> "The Tenth General Assembly was the most notable in Illinois history. Upon the roll of members of the House, in the old capitol at Vandalia, were names inseparably associated with the history of the State and the Nation. From its list were yet to be chosen two Governors of the Commonwealth, one member of the Cabinet, three Justices of the Supreme Court of the State, eight Representatives in Congress, six Senators, and one President of the United States. That would indeed be a notable assemblage of law makers in any country or time, that included in its membership: McClernand, Edwards, Ewing, Semple, Logan, Hardin, Browning, Shields, Baker, Stuart, Douglas and Lincoln."

The chief measure before the Legislature at this time concerned the building of the Illinois Central Railroad, a bill having been introduced to obtain from Congress grants of land to aid in its construction. This measure, which Major Walker felt to be disastrous to the fortunes of the state, was warmly approved by Lincoln, showing even in that early day his certain vision and statesmanship, for it was the very success of this measure that contributed more, perhaps, than any other issue of that day, to the great prosperity of Illinois. Those familiar with this period in the state's history will remember how the completion of the road marked the beginning of an era of marvelous development in Illinois and gave a

new impetus to all lines of industrial progress. The five years following the passage of that bill saw an increase in the population of the state from nine hundred thousand to near one and a half million, and the prosperity of the state was assured. The final passage of the bill was due chiefly to the labors of Stephen A. Douglas, though Justice Breese had advocated the measure in a former session.

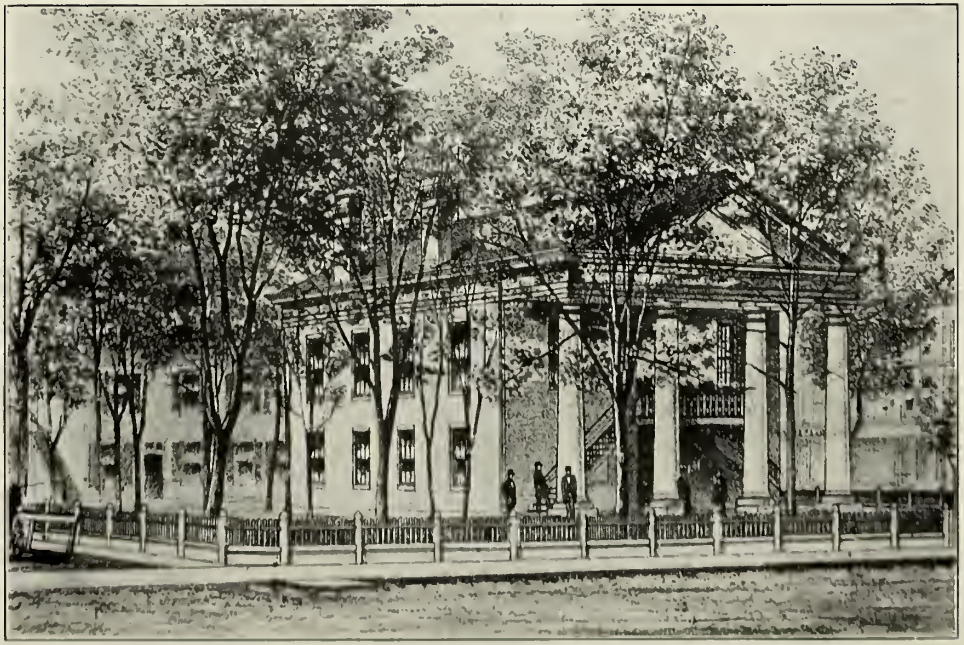
The friendship established between Major Walker and Lincoln at Vandalia was augmented during the following assembly to which they were both re-chosen from their respective counties: The Capital, in the meantime, had been removed to Springfield and it was while the two were attending Legislature there that the intimacy grew and became for the Major a fruitful source of reminiscence in the years that followed.

In an interview which Mr. Francis M. Love of Lewistown had with him in 1895, he spoke of the evenings when Lincoln would come to his room and how, when tired of telling stories he would ask for a little music and he, the Major, would play for him. Also when he went to see Lincoln the beloved fiddle would go along. It was not all stories and fiddling though. Many grave matters were discussed and among them the one that always transcended all others—the question of human slavery.

On one of these visits Lincoln bantered the Major for a wrestling match. The Major was a fine figure of a man, almost as tall as Lincoln and well proportioned, but he was no wrestler. He referred him, however, to his friend and colleague Jonas Rawalt. Rawalt, who shared with Walker the leadership of the Whig party in Fulton County, was a man of smaller build and for that reason Lincoln demurred. The Major, however, assured him that he need not stand back on that account; Rawalt accepted the challenge and the match was on. Lincoln, given his choice of the holds, chose the back hold which was just what Rawalt wanted.

"Did Lincoln throw him?" asked Mr. Love.

"Well, I guess not" laughed the Major, enjoying the affair afresh in reminiscence.



OLD COURT HOUSE WHICH "SILAS DEMENT" BURNED.

"Throw Rawalt? I guess not! There was not a man in that Legislature could do that. Rawalt threw Lincoln before you could count ten to save you. You see Rawalt came from the logging country in Illinois where he had a great reputation as a wrestler. Lincoln laughed as heartily as any of us over the incident."

An amusing affair which the Major liked to laugh over was in reference to a temperance lecture that was held in the old Free Mason Hall in Lewistown. Lincoln had been asked to address the meeting, but he was trying a case that evening before Judge Douglas. "So," said the Major, "Lincoln asked Cal Winchel, another visiting attorney, to go over and make the speech for him. He knew that Winchel was a drinking man but thought he would make a very fine temperance speech. When he had finished speaking they passed the pledge around for Cal Winchel to sign.

'What?' says Cal, 'me sign that? Well, I guess not. You don't find me doing anything so foolish as to sign a temperance pledge. Why,' he said, 'I'd rather be shot than sign it!'

"Lincoln," continued the Major, "used to tell the story often on Cal Winchel who afterward became a judge and a good one, but never, so far as I know, quit drinking."

Lewistown has boasted four court houses in its time, but the one that is always referred to as the "old Court House," the one round which the pleasantest memories cluster, the one which "Silas Dement" burned on that moonlight night (December 14th, 1895), was designed and built under the direction of Major Walker in 1838; one John Tomkins, being the master-builder. It was burned on the Major's ninetieth birthday.

The court house burning is one of the several dramatic foci which give to the "Anthology" almost the suggestion of a plot. It directly involved the fortunes of at least three characters of the book: "Silas Dement," who performed the incendiary deed, "W. Lloyd Garrison Standard" who defended the "patriot scamps" who planned the affair, and "A. E. Culbertson" who voiced his disaffection from the grave that "Editor Wheadon" and "Thomas Rhodes"

should be given a tablet of bronze while his own contributions of labor and money toward the building of the new temple

are but memories among the people
Gradually fading away, and soon to descend
With them to this oblivion where I lie.

None of these names in any way suggests the principals involved in the court house scandal, nor did the "Silas Dement" of the actual occurrence suffer incarceration in the penitentiary at Joliet, though a certain "presumptive delinquent" laid in jail for a season pending trial; but there is no one in Lewistown or Fulton county not familiar with one version or another of the alleged plot arising out of one of the town's epic struggles to retain the county seat. In 1878 her claim had been contested by Canton, a thriving manufacturing town in the county; in 1888 Cuba, another avid neighbor, sought to win the prize; and pending the rounding of another ten years, Canton was supposed again to be casting covetous eyes in her direction. It seemed obvious that some drastic measure must be resorted to. If the old court house should be destroyed and a new one built before the time arrived for the next contest it was fairly certain that the County would not consent to a fresh draft upon her funds for many years to come. However that may have been the court house burned, and there was a great scandal. Certain prominent men were tried for conspiracy, but nothing came of that. The county refused to shoulder the expense of a new building and the new court house was built by private subscriptions from citizens of Lewistown and the immediate vicinity.

The event of that night in December of 1895 as described by "Silas Dement" is a dramatic one:

It was moon-light, and the earth sparkled
With new-fallen frost.
It was midnight and not a soul was abroad.
Out of the chimney of the court house
A grey-hound of smoke leapt and chased
The northwest wind.
I carried a ladder to the landing of the stairs

And leaned it against the frame of the trap-
door
In the ceiling of the portico
And I crawled under the roof amid the rafters
And flung among the seasoned timbers
A lighted handful of oil-soaked waste.
Then I came down and slunk away.
In a little while the fire-bell rang—
Clang! Clang! Clang!
And the Spoon River ladder company
Came with a dozen buckets and began to pour
water
In the glorious bon-fire, growing hotter,
Higher and brighter, till the walls fell in,
And the limestone columns where Lincoln
stood
Crashed like trees when the woodman fells
them.
When I came back from Joliet
There was a new court house with a dome.
For I was punished like all who destroy
The past for the sake of the future.

The building which Major Walker had designed upon the lines which the Virginians had adapted from the old Greek ideals—the rectangular structure relieved by four great pillars in front—was a thing to please the eye, being both simple and dignified. Its upper story was originally reached by means of a circular stairway on the inside, but the danger and inconvenience of that arrangement soon urged the advisability of having the stairway placed on the outside from under the deep portico. The total cost of the building was only eight thousand dollars, and it is amusing to discover that those great columns which were quarried from the Spoon River bottom, cost but one and a half dollars a section. It is not true, as "Silas Dement" would have us believe, that in the fire they "Crashed like trees when the woodman fells them". They were in fact left standing and the two central ones—the pillars between which Lincoln stood to make his great speech

in 1858—were afterwards removed to the cemetery and there erected as a memorial inscribed "To Our Patriot Dead". The others may be found in sections, placed here and there about the town, used chiefly as mounting-blocks before the houses of the citizens who hold the old building in beloved memory.

The old court house, from its very earliest history cherished the tradition of great men. As early as the forties Judge Stephen A. Douglas was presiding at the Fulton County court and Edward Dickinson Baker (the beloved "Ned Baker," "the silver tongued") frequently plead before its bar. Mr. W. T. Davidson, in his "Famous Men I Have Known in the Military Tract" says of him:

> "From my sixth or seventh year I vividly recall that splendid specimen of young manhood as he appeared in the old court-house, always crowded by people of the county who came to meet their favorite party leaders and to feast upon their oratory.
>
> "But Ned Baker was in a class by himself. If he only spoke for five minutes to court on some point of law, the crowded court room was all attention. But if in a murder case he spoke for hours his audience was thrilled to the verge of collapse. Two-thirds of a century has passed, but I can see that straight, lithe, blond, graceful youth as he swayed his audience, jurors, the bar and even the judge upon the bench with the music of his voice and his word-pictures, his irresistible logic, his illustrations, and the unconscious, spontaneous, perfervid oratory that come as fresh to me as when a child —like the musk of an ancient queen that fills her apartment an age since she is dead.
>
> "Glorious Ned Baker, who led our Illinois troops from victory to victory in Mexico, and while a United States Senator from Oregon, was shot dead at Ball's Bluff in 1861 while leading a brigade in that heroic battle for the Union."

General James Shields was a familiar figure here. He was not only a great orator and a great soldier, but was

afterwards distinguished as the only American to be chosen as United States Senator from three states. When Stephen A. Douglas resigned from the bench of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois he was appointed by the Governor to fill his unexpired term. Francis O'Shaughnessy, in an address delivered at the dedication of the monument to General Shields at Carrollton, Missouri, November 12th, 1914, said:

> "Shields' fame might have been locked up in the sheepskins of law libraries had not President Polk called him from the Supreme Bench to the office of Commissioner General of the Land Office of the United States. He had just set to work in a broad, intelligent way to administer the affairs of this big office when the annexation of Texas, followed by a chain of rapid events, culminated in a war with Mexico."

Judge William Kellogg came to Canton, Illinois, in the early forties and Fulton County claimed him until 1863 when he went to Peoria. No man of his period had a surer grasp of the politics of the time, nor a more prophetic vision. He was Lincoln's closest friend and advisor from the birth of the Republican party until his (Kellogg's) retirement from his third term of Congress in 1857. Lincoln was himself, of course, in attendance on almost every term of court through these years.

But not only could the bar of Fulton County boast visitors of distinction; these splendid forties saw also the development of a number of Lewistown's citizens who later were to come into prominence in her own and broader fields. W. C. Goudy, who had come here from the east to study law under Judge Wead, and incidentally to lay the foundation of that career that was to gain him, for many years in later life, the undisputed title of Chicago's leading lawyer; S. P. Shope, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois; Leonard F. Ross, hero of Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, educated to the law but making his claim to recognition in the Civil War when, after the capture of Fort Donel-

son, he was commissioned Brigadier General; and Col. L. W. Ross, for whom the town had been named, and who was destined to become its greatest and most constructive citizen and who was just beginning his long and brilliant career in law and politics.

The next decade was to see the names of Robert Ingersoll, William Pitt Kellogg and S. Corning Judd added to the already glorious roll of the old courthouse. Ingersoll the audacious, the brilliant, the great-hearted—in those days a radical Democrat—engaging here at Proctor's Grove and at other points all over the district, in those joint debates with Fulton's "Old Man Eloquent," Judge Kellogg, which left a trail of brilliance that lingers still in the memories of those who heard them—debates that were destined to end in defeat for Ingersoll in the race for that coveted seat in Congress which he had hoped to win from Kellogg; William Pitt Kellogg (a distant relative and law partner of the Judge), handsome, young, elegant in those days, avoiding the drudgery of the office, but lounging about the court-house and the offices of his Lewistown friends on court days, delighting them with his wit and brilliant anecdote and who was to become in turn Lincoln Elector, Governor of the Territory of Nebraska, reconstruction Governor of Louisiana, and finally Senator from the same state; and S. Corning Judd, who in the seventies as Chancellor of the Episcopal Diocese of Illinois came into prominence through his prosecution for the Episcopal Church of the case against the Rev. Dr. Cheney, which commenced in 1869 and is considered one of the most important cases of this kind ever conducted in this country, and who was appointed Postmaster of Chicago under Cleveland in 1885.

But the Golden Age of Lewistown was probably denoted by the fifties, a period of great importance in the history of the whole of Illinois. Its development was coincidental with, if indeed, not attributable to, the sudden rise of the press to a position of enormous power and influence and its wilful shaking off of the old trammels and restraints that hitherto

NEW COURT HOUSE.

had made it an organ of subservience rather than of leadership. It was the great hour of the "country editor" in Illinois, and the press found in this state, which was virtually the arena of the great slavery struggle that was to terminate in the Civil War, an instrument made to its hand.

It was an anti-slavery editor, Paul Selby, who called together the Illinois editors united on this sentiment and organized a party which should take unqualified grounds in opposition to slavery, and out of this meeting grew the organization of the Republican party, born and nourished in this State, and giving to the nation one of its greatest Presidents and to the world one of its greatest Liberators.

Back of the leaders on either side of this issue were ranged a stalwart group, and the battle might be said to have been fought to its ultimate conclusion in the columns of these newspapers. Among those on the Democratic side in unflinching support of Douglas was W. T. Davidson of Lewistown; a "country editor," to be sure, but wielding one of the powerful pens in the Military Tract, having at his disposal all the gifts of invective, sarcasm, pathos and illuminating humor. "It is not too much to say" wrote a contemporary, at his death, "that Davidson belongs in that small class of really great editors; that he was to Illinois provincial journalism what Bennett, Greeley, Dana, Storey, Medill and other master journalists were to national newspaperdom. He had filled and dominated his restricted sphere as thoroughly and well as they did their larger fields."

In Mr. Davidson's later life he held for the character of Lincoln the most intense veneration and reverence. He came to be regarded as an important authority on Lincolniana and his lectures on Lincoln and Douglas were delivered all over the United States. He was one of Lewistown's most picturesque characters.

The two greatest days in the history of the town, those on which it bases its surest claim to historical recognition, are known upon its calendar as "Douglas Day," and "Lincoln Day."

Lincoln and Douglas had become, as will have been seen, familiar figures about the streets of Lewistown in the forties, and the passing years had brought to both—but particularly to Douglas—increasing fame. Douglas was at this time the most noted man in America, and the Democratic Party was looking forward to the next Presidential election to place him in the Executive Chair. The country was prescient with some great danger to the Union growing out of the increasing agitation over the question of slavery and state's rights and Lincoln, though lacking the fame of Douglas was believed to be no mean opponent. The challenge which Lincoln had given Douglas for that series of debates throughout the state, which has come to be referred to as the "hundred days' contest," had been accepted and the Lewistown speeches preceded the first of those engagements—the Ottawa debate—by a few days only.

Masters, in "The Lincoln and Douglas Debates," which is included in the collection of his poems called "The Great Valley," has put into the mouth of his uncouth philosopher a description of that day.

them were great days.
One time the Little Giant came here with Linkern
And talked from the steps of the court-house;
And you never saw such a crowd of people;
Democrats, Whigs, Locofocos,
Know-nothings and Anti-masonics,
Blue lights, Spiritualists, Republicans
Free-soilers, Socialists, American—such a crowd.
Linkern's voice squeaked up high,
And didn't carry.
But Douglas!
People out yonder in Procter's Grove,
A mile from the Court house steps,
Could hear him roar and hear him say:
"I'm going to trot him down to Egypt
And see if he'll say the things he says
To the black republicans, in northern Illinois."

It made you shiver all down your spine
To see that face and hear that voice—
And that was The Little Giant!

And then on the other hand there was
Abe Linkern standing six foot four,
As thin as a rail, with high-keyed voice,
And sometimes solemn, and sometimes comic
As any clown you ever saw,
And runnin' Col. Lankfor's little steamer,
As it were you know, which would bobble the skiff,
Which was the law;
And The Little Giant's other foot
Would slip on the bank, which was the constitution
And you could almost hear him holler "ouch."
And Linkern would say: This argument
Of the Senator's is thin as soup
Made from the shadow of a starved pigeon!
And then the crowd would yell, and the cornet band
Would play, and men would walk away and say:
Linkern floored him. And others would say:
He ain't no match for the Little Giant.
But I'll declare if I could decide
Which whipped the other.

Proctor's Grove, where Douglas delivered his address on this occasion (you remember how "Hod Putt" beholding

How Old Bill Piersol and others grew in wealth
Robbed a traveler once in Proctor's Grove)

is still referred to by its original name, although it is now platted into town lots under the name of Davidson's Second Addition. It formerly comprised thirteen acres shaded by magnificent forest trees. It lies to the south and west of the town, within walking distance, and used to be the forum for all open air speaking in the early days in the history of Lewistown. It was the place where political rallies were held, and Fourth of July celebrations, and especially was it noted as the theatre of those stirring

debates that used to engage the wit and eloquence and logic of the public men of that day. It was at Proctor's Grove that William Pitt Kellogg once crossed swords with S. Corning Judd; here Ingersoll and Judge William Kellogg began their series in their senatorial race of 1860; and here the voice of almost every distinguished man possessed of the gift of oratory in central Illinois was heard at one time or another.

But the red letter day for Proctor's Grove is forever fixed in its history as August 16, 1858—"Douglas Day."

The importance of the occasion can be imagined. On the Friday preceding the Monday which was the 16th the "Little Giant" had spoken at Havana, and on Saturday morning a committee of Lewistown's citizens from the Democratic ranks—I note among them the names of W. C. Goudy and Col. L. W. Ross—went to that place to escort Douglas to their city. Several miles out of town they were met by a great concourse of people come out to do him honor; a brass band played, and much cheering went to the general effect of a triumphal entry into the town. Mr. Douglas was entertained at the house of Mr. Goudy, and during that three days' stay, for he remained till Tuesday morning, hundreds of citizens called upon him; the string band, that ubiquitous small town adjunct, serenaded him, a display of fireworks added its glare and glory, and all went splendidly.

On Monday morning, however, an effigy of "Douglas the Traitor" was found conspicuously displayed in the square; also the ropes of the Democratic pole had been cut and a small civil war threatened. Excitement ran high but the matter was finally passed over in the press of the great occasion.

Immense delegations came to Lewistown from every township in the county. It was estimated that half the county was there, for it must be remembered that not only was this section of the state intensely Democratic but Douglas had been for twenty years its political hero. Therefore when he began his speech that day in Proctor's Grove he literally looked down upon acres of faces, probably 5,000. For the

first and only time in his experience, it is said, his voice was unequal to the occasion and after he had spoken for an hour Col. Ross was called upon to address the people in his stead.

On the following day, which was August the 17th, Lincoln came to Lewistown. He, also, came from Havana where he had gone to address the people. He was escorted from that place to Lewistown by a committee consisting of Major Walker, his old friend, John W. Proctor and others. He also was met by a delegation, though a much smaller one (seventy-six horsemen, seventeen wagons and buggies are mentioned). No doubt the brass band came again into play; he too, was serenaded duly and there was much greeting and hand-shaking to be gone through. At two o'clock that afternoon, he spoke from the portico of the old court house. How singularly at home be must have looked! That tall, gaunt, dramatic figure, full of grave dignity, standing between those great columns of unpolished, native stone.

It is recorded that he began simply and directly, as was his usual way, addressing his remarks, apparently, to an old man on the right flank of the crowd. He spoke earnestly for several minutes; then some men on the other side called out: "Abe, you've talked to them fellers long enough. Now talk to this side awhile." Whereupon Lincoln quietly apologized for his preoccupied manner and made the rest of his speech to the other side!

Lincoln's audience was by no means so large as Douglas' had been, but it gave him close, even rapt, attention. Major Walker heard him with awe and wonder. Twenty-five years had passed since he had heard his voice in debate, and although he had been told that his friend had made great progress in the matter of public speaking he was not prepared for the power and eloquence, the tremendously moving quality of his simple speech.

It was on this occasion that Lincoln delivered the glowing eulogy on the Declaration of Independence which the London Times commented on as worthy to be preserved among the Nation's classics.

Lincoln was entertained at dinner that night by Major Walker, spent the night with Mr. John W. Proctor, and the next morning was driven by the Major to the point—thirty-two miles away—where he was to take his train. The Major bade good-bye to Lincoln there, and neither he nor Lewistown was to see his face again.

V.

The McNeely Mansion.

Perhaps the most interesting monument to the fifties still extant in Lewistown is the stately old house which Col. L. W. Ross, son of Ossian Ross, built in the middle of the decade. Although it has passed from possession of the family, and has sustained some injury from fire, it is still in an excellent state of preservation, having been restored by Mr. A. J. Ray, with a fine sense of fitness and an appreciation of its historic value. Mr. John Kennedy is the present owner of the house. It is, by common consent, identified with the McNeely mansion of the "Anthology." So descriptive of the Ross fortunes are the first lines of the Washington McNeely epitaph—except that the girls were sent to Notre Dame and Vassar—that it reads like true biography:

Rich, honored by my fellow citizens,
The father of many children, born of a noble mother,
All raised there
In the great mansion-house, at the edge of the town.
Note the cedar tree on the lawn!
I sent all the boys to Ann Arbor, all the girls to Rockford,
The while my life went on, getting more riches and honors—
Resting under my cedar tree at evening.
The years went on.
I sent the girls to Europe;
I dowered them when married.
I gave the boys money to start in business.
They were strong children as apples
Before the bitten places show.

HOME OF MAJOR WALKER IN LEWISTOWN.

Also three names of the McNeely children are Ross names; but Mary died in infancy; John, who "fled the country in disgrace," was the bright particular star of the family, and Jennie who, peradventure, "died in child-birth," is Mrs. G. K. Barrere of Los Angeles, California, and has just written me in response to my inquiry if I might without offense to her so identify her old home: "I have not the least objection to your speaking of the McNeely mansion as the Ross home..... Adverse criticism has such a different meaning to me from what it once had. It is only the reflection of one's own viewpoint. There are two sides to everything in life, including people, and it is up to us which side we see." It is an amusing incongruity, considering the fate of "Jennie," that Mrs. Barrere's letter ends: "I wish you might see our three grandsons. They are the joy of our lives."

Colonel Ross was forty-three when he began the erection of the "mansion-house at the edge of the town." Already honors had begun to find him out. He had been twice chosen to a seat in the Legislature; his service in the Mexican war had brought him the title of Colonel; he had been Presidential Elector in 1848; and he was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party in Central Illinois.

In early life he had married Miss Frances Simms, the daughter of a fine old Virginia family, a sister to the wife of Major Walker, and a thriving group of boys and girls was growing up about him, crowding the modest limits of the parental quarters. Moreover, to build a house is an instinctive act in man—a reaching out, perhaps, after some portion of that material permanence that is the undoubted tenure of things that are made with hands.

Somewhere along the Hudson Colonel Ross had once seen a house that exactly pleased him. He had obtained the plans, and now that a permanent home was in contemplation, he carried them out to the last architectural minutia. The house stands today exactly as when completed. The main body of the building is the old square form with the wide hall running through the center, but it extends

in the rear on three different levels, after the New England fashion, adapting itself to the gentle decline of the land at that point, beginning with the kitchen and servants' quarters and terminating in the wood and carriage houses. Indeed the most interesting view of it is obtained from the rear, but trees and shrubbery obscure its fine proportions from the camera.

The house, which contains seventeen rooms, was built of brick burned in its own door-yard, the stone for its foundations came from the valley of the Spoon, where, also, the lime for the plaster was kilned—a fine old house, as native to its surroundings as the forest trees on its lawn. H. V. V. Clute, a young master carpenter and wood-worker, came from the East and spent a year on its interior finish, and the window and door lintels, the paneled infolding shutters of the long French windows of the East Parlor, and the banisters of the fine old double staircase attest his skill.

The house is set in spacious grounds. There was formerly a small deer-park of twenty acres in the rear, and

> There is a garden of acacia,
> Catalpa trees, and arbors sweet with vine.

Although the building was completed in 1857, and became a place of hospitality from its inception, yet owing to that troublous period preceding the breaking out of the Civil War, the hard years of its duration, and those immediate to its conclusion, no social event of importance took place there until in 1869, when the eldest daughter of the house gave her hand in marriage to Mr. R. M. Hinde.

Mr. Hinde, who is always affectionately referred to as "Judge" Hinde, lived, until his death two years since, in Lewistown and the lovely oval face of Ellen, long since deceased, looks out from a canvas above his mantlepiece—"judge" by courtesy only, a tribute, he used to declare, to his connoisseurship in good whiskies and fine horses. Indulgence in both these tastes had long since been relinquished, but the title persisted, perhaps on other grounds, for he was to the end past master of that subtler, finer sport—the almost

"THE McNEELY MANSION."
(Old Ross House)

perished flower of his generation—a raconteur of delightful tales.

Whatever traditions have come to the enrichment of the history of this place, none are more dramatic than those associated with it through the events of the Civil War. Those were stirring times in a section of the state that was essentially Democratic. At a meeting held in the old court-house on April 3rd, 1861, Leonard F. Ross withdrew from the old party, but his brother, Colonel Ross, remained in the Democratic ranks. In 1863 he was chosen a member of the House of Representatives, and being twice re-elected, served till 1869. But those early years of the war were tense years for Lewistown and there was a time when, owing to trouble encountered in making enrollments for the draft, and in arresting deserters, the Provost Marshal of the Congressional District sent a company of German cavalry—always referred to as the Dutch cavalry—to Fulton county. A little later these were reenforced by fifty additional cavalry and a company of eighty infantry. Arrests in the south end of the county had aroused the people in that section to a point of insurrection. "There are no words," says an old newspaper account, "to tell the horror and excitement of that day." A mob of six or seven hundred armed men came up from the south of the county and sent in an ultimatum that unless the prisoners were given up, they would be rescued at whatever cost. Colonel Ross as leader of the Democratic party naturally came under the suspicion of being in sympathy with them, and as one of the counter-moves on the part of the military, a cannon was trained directly upon the fine new house.

Matters were, of course, adjusted. The prisoners were not surrendered, but they were granted an immediate trial under Judge David Davis of Springfield, and were acquitted. The old offensive enrolling officers were removed and men in whose fairness the county had confidence, named in their places. Both sides profited by the experience and thereafter the enrolling went on without resistance; such deserters as were arrested surrendered quietly; and after a time the military marched away.

Many memories stand about this place; memories of famous people entertained at its hospitable board; memories of love and passion evinced by a package of old letters, tied with a faded ribbon, slipped down between the inner and outer walls and discovered by workmen after the recent fire; memories of the pains of birth and death; of towering ambitions and of spiritual disasters; and memories of that long procession of the dead who came to lie, one by one in the library with windows looking towards the west and, presently, in the "burying-yard" which their sturdy progenitor, Ossian Ross, had bequeathed to the city in its infancy, and where so many friends and kindred already were "sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, on the hill".

It may be interesting to know that the tradition of the old Ross line has been carried on by the Colonel's eldest son. John Ross, like his father, entered the profession of the law. He began his career in politics by serving one term in the Legislature of his native state but soon afterwards he went to Washington, D. C. He was made postmaster of the capital city under Cleveland and during the Harrison administration received the appointment making him one of three commissioners of the District of Columbia, a position which he held until his death. His two sons, throughout the late great war served their country in France, Tenny Ross as Lieutenant Colonel in the regular army and Lee with the engineering forces; and the latter's son has but lately graduated from West Point.

Not all the memories are sad that stand about the old "McNeely mansion".

VI.

The Church of St. James.

It is strange that during the uneasy period of the Civil War there should have been added to the town of Lewistown the structure that has proved, perhaps, the most constant aesthetic influence throughout the whole of the Spoon River country—The Episcopal Church of St. James.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES AT LEWISTOWN.

As early as 1859, we learn from the files of *The Fulton Democrat,* an organization of that denomination was formed and a plan was made to build a "beautiful Gothic church". On the old vestry book the name of S. Corning Judd appears as Senior Warden and it was doubtless chiefly due to him that the ideals in church architectures, just beginning to obtain in the East, found expression in this little western town.

Mr. Judd, who has been referred to in the chapter on Old Lewistown, was born in New York state, and had, before coming to Illinois in 1854, a various experience. He studied law in the eastern part of the state, passing his examination in Albany; took up the practice of his profession in Syracuse; presently became editor of the Syracuse Daily Star—an old-line Whig paper, devoted to the interests of that party as represented by Webster, Fillmore and other famous political men. He relinquished that post to accept a position with the Department of the Interior at Washington. After eighteen months spent in that city he returned to Syracuse becoming, on this occasion, both proprietor and editor of the *Daily Star.* Upon the general disruption of the Whig party he sold his paper and ventured west, coming to Lewistown and entering into a law partnership with the Honorable W. C. Goudy as previously stated.

He was twenty-seven when he came to Lewistown but he had, from earliest manhood, been an ardent churchman; was familiar with the best in church architecture of his day; and it is probable that he was acquainted with, and interested in, the work and ideals of that organization known as the "New York Ecclesiological Society" which was formed in 1848 for the avowed purpose of working certain radical changes in ecclesiology, the chief principles of which were the adoption of the Pointed Gothic of the Augustan Age of Architecture, deep chancels, proper furniture for chancels, altars, and the like.

The value of this pioneer movement in America scarcely can be over estimated when it is remembered that prior to this time church building throughout the country had consisted almost altogether in the erection of unpleasing rectangular

structures, crudely reminiscent of Grecian temples, and uniting in mongrel assortment, the elements of domestic and of commercial architecture. "I suppose", said Ralph Adams Cramm, in his "Quest of the Gothic", "there is no more awful evidence of rampant barbarism than that which exists in the architecture of the United States between the years of 1820 and 1840." It seems strange indeed that up to the building of Trinity (New York City) by Upjohn in 1847, not a single church, constructed along the lines of the fourteenth century Gothic, was to be found on this continent; and so undeveloped was the whole body of liturgical science that it was not till 1860 that the rector of even that leading church had the courage to vest its choir.

The labors of the Ecclesiological Society covered a period of five years, ending its career in 1853, and already, in '59—so fast the flame of beauty runs—in this remote western town of—at that time—less than a thousand inhabitants, a "beautiful Gothic church" was in contemplation! The success of this ambition, culminating in 1865, was due to the enterprise of Mr. Judd who secured, through influence, the plans for the building, from a New York church architect of considerable fame, Edwin Tuckerman Potter. He consented to furnish them only on the consideration that no expense should be spared in the erection of the building that would make for the complete development of the design. In accordance with this stipulation Mr. Judd obtained the bulk of the funds for the enterprise from the East. He furnished from this source, about $6,000, and the people of Lewistown contributed the remaining $2,000 required.

This architect, the son of Bishop Alonzo Potter, was one of the first exponents of the Gothic in America. He has to his credit a number of fine churches in this country, notably the Church of the Heavenly Rest, N. Y., Colt Memorial Church at Hartford, Conn., and the Church of the Good Shepherd, as well as the Memorial Hall at Schenectady, N. Y., but it is doubtful if he has left to do him honor any building, either large or small, more perfectly conceived in the faith of the Seven Lamps than the little church at Lewistown.

As originally built—for a wing has been added since—the building was 66 x 26, but the satisfying proportion of the angle of its pointed roof to the architectural demands of the mass, the propriety of its moderate buttresses, the grace and fitness of its slender tower, all conspire toward the expression of that consummate art "without which", says Rodin, "the greatest cathedral is less than the smallest church that has it".

It is built of brick, now time and weather-worn to a lovely monochrome, and relies alone for ornament, upon a design of brick-work that is thrown out in mild relief and which extends around the building some four feet, perhaps, below the eaves; and upon the effect of the long hand-wrought hinges across the door of the portico.

The master carpenter employed in the construction of the church was that H. V. V. Clute who had come West at the behest of Col. Ross several years earlier. The stone and brick work was awarded to local workmen but a masonry-artist from Peoria, Robert Turner, was employed for the ornate portion and a man was brought from Chicago for the interior painting and gilding.

St. James has a very beautiful marble baptismal font, the gift of the Rev. Dr. Clarkson who was the rector of that St. James Episcopal Church of Chicago for which this one was named.

It is unfortunate for Lewistown that St. James is falling into disrepair. Many of its more able parishioners have moved away or died, and this lovely monument to the spiritual and aesthetic aspiration of an earlier day, which has won the praise of every lover of good architecture who has come within its neighborhood, is suffering decline. Mr. Frederick Fultz, whose name is associated with some of the best early civic and domestic architecture in Chicago, made at one time, elaborate drawings of the building, and pronounced it, in his opinion, one of the most beautiful and perfect examples of Gothic architecture in America, but unfortunately for the purposes of this book, these drawings have disappeared since his death, and no trace of them can be found.

Time and the tenderness of vines is over it, but already there is about this little church, but slightly more than half a century old, the pathos of an unregarded beauty; the fleeting loveliness of things that are conceived in the high faith of love and aspiration, but are fore-doomed, after the brief flowering of an hour, "to pass and to be as dust that is blown now this way and now that, and in the end is gathered to the wilderness of lifeless things."

VII.

School Days of the Poet.

For the purposes of poetry the education of Shakespeare according to Ben Johnson was, perhaps, ideal—"a little Latin and less Greek." An academic training is necessarily an embarrassment to an ego seeking "a gesture of mine own." The contemplations of "Theodore the Poet" are more directly to the purpose; and just as Mr. Masters has conceived his characters as drawing their philosophy from their occupations—"Griffy the Cooper" from his tubs and "Dow Kritt" from digging "all the ditches about Spoon River"—so we may suppose as autobiographic his conception of the boy who

> sat for long hours
> On the shore of the turbid Spoon
> With deep-set eye, staring at the door of
> the crawfish's burrow,
> Waiting for him to appear;
> Who wondered in a trace of thought.
> What he knew, what he desired, and why he
> lived at all;

and, as a significant intimation of that "orientation of the soul to the conditions in life" which is Masters' own definition of poetry, the introspection which completes the poem:

> But later your vision watched for men and
> women
> Hiding in burrows of fate amid great cities,
> Looking for the souls of them to come out,
> So that you could see

How they lived, and for what,
And why they kept crawling so busily
Along the sandy way where the water fails
As the summer wanes.

The ten years which the poet spent in Lewistown seem to have been variously employed; in school—both the grades and high; in newspaper work in a local office; in sundry adventures in long-distance journalism; and in reading law in his father's office—which undertaking was one of not unmixed enthusiasm and suffered the interruption of a winter's study at Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois. Also there was a continual preoccupation with literature, especially poetry, and endless experiments in verse. Four hundred poems before he was twenty-three! It was as a little boy in the grades that he came under the tutelage of that benign character Esther Sparks, who is the "Emily Sparks" of the "Anthology."

The extreme tenderness which Masters has brought to the conception of the women of his characterization is infinitely divining; those forsaken women, "Louise Smith" and "Mary McNeely," regarding, each, her soul's disaster; "Flossie Cabanis" transcending the sordid failure of her life by that prayer which was the voice of her histrionic aspiration; "Caroline Branson," and the tragedy of the "room with lamps;" "Edith Conant," the pity of her unremembered beauty; "Elizabeth Childers," who cries to the child who died with her death voicing the suffering of women too fine for the harsh conditions of life; even the prostitute "Georgine Sand Miner," who cries out against her ultimate degradation,

If Daniel had only shot me dead!
Instead of stripping me naked of lies,
A harlot in body and soul!

"Emily Sparks" is one of the most subtly rendered, as she is one of the most universal, of all the Spoon River folk. She is long since dead, but the "eternal silence" of her that spoke to the soul of "Reuben Pantier" is eloquent to a larger audience:

My boy, wherever you are,
Work for your soul's sake,
That all the clay of you, and all the dross
of you,
May yield to the fire of you
Till the fire is nothing but light!....
Nothing but light!

It was during his first year in the high school that Masters came under the influences of the teacher who proved to be his greatest inspiration, and who awakened in him an abiding interest in literature—Miss Mary Fisher.

Miss Fisher was a young woman of twenty-seven when she came to Lewistown in 1885, and her preparation had been exceptional. She had studied in Chicago, Edinburg and Boston. At Boston she had touched elbows with the Concord School, had caught the flame of its enthusiasm for letters and ideas and here in Lewistown in the one year of her sojourn, she held aloft the torch. Ten years later she began the publication of a series of books that established her claim to a place of distinction in the field of letters and gave proof of her exceptional breadth and vision as an educator. Between the years of 1895 and 1902 she published successively "Twenty-five Letters on English Authors," "A Group of French Critics," "A General Survey of American Literature," and a novel, "Gertrude Dorrence."

The inspiration and value of the work of such a teacher is always incalculable. In Miss Fisher's group at Lewistown were two others beside the now illustrious Edgar Lee, who were destined to feel the stirring of ambitions and of undoubted gifts—Julia Brown, who afterwards became the wife of Dr. William Strode, and of whom I have already spoken, and Margaret Gilman George.

Margaret George, though coming under the influence of Miss Fisher, was not of the high school. A faulty heart valve, which caused her too early death, rendered her health inadequate to the rigor of the public school so that it was necessary for her father to instruct her at home. As a result the scholarship of this frail young girl was exceptional.

Not only was she a mistress of English, but she had a working knowledge of French and was a fine Greek scholar. Her penchant was for the classics, and she had a remarkable knowledge of the Bible. Among the mementoes which her mother now treasures is a little Oxford Bible given her by the Poet when they were both very young. "For Margaret from Lee" is inscribed on the fly-leaf.

This period was one full of dreams and plans and small exciting adventures for the ambitious youngsters. There is a delightful story of a compact entered into by Edgar Lee and Margaret, to write the very worst ballad conceivable and to undertake to get it published. Nothing came of Masters' venture—perhaps he succeeded too completely—but Margaret wrote a long sentimental tale in rhyme which she called "The Ballad of the Dishcloth" and sent it to Eugene Field who was then conducting the "column" called "Flats and Sharps" in the Chicago Record. Its immediate acceptance filled her with unholy glee, but on its publication it was found that Field had taken liberties with the concluding stanzas, and her triumph was changed to chagrin.

"The Ballad of the Dishcloth" concerned itself with the love affair of a housemaid, her lover the butcher boy, and a shadowy third, a rejected suitor—the milkman. The dishcloth was the signal to the lover that the mistress was away and he might venture upon a call. After a time it was decided that he should go away to seek his fortune, but should return within a year to make her his bride. True to his pledge the lover returns, and his emotion on finding the dish cloth out and the tragic denouement, as described by Margaret, is as follows:

"Oh, trust sublime!" he fondly cried,
And ran to kiss the signal white,
But as he reached the casement's side
What tableaux met his frenzied sight.

There stood false Susan with a man
Her head reclining on his breast:
He loudly praised the dish-cloth plan
The while her coral lips he pressed.

One leap the frantic lover made
And with the rival wiped the floor!
In her own dishcloth choked the maid
And left the scene forever more.

But Gene Field had omitted the last two stanzas and substituted in their stead:

There sat false Susan in a chair
Resplendent still in buxom charms,
Holding, Oh, horror and despair!
A puling infant in her arms.

"What means this spectacle?" said he,
Brushing a scalding tear aside;
"I thought you would not come," said she,
"And so became the milkman's bride."

"What means the dishcloth then," he cried,
"That from your upper casement swings?"
"That's not a dishcloth," she replied,
"That's where we dry the baby's things!"

The home of Margaret constituted the nucleus of what might be called the literary group in Lewistown. Mr. B. Y George, who was the Presbyterian minister of the place, was a scholarly, broadminded man. He occasionally contributed to the periodicals, especially church journals; lectured at intervals on literature and the Bible; took a deep and intelligent interest in the questions of the day, and never wearied of the society of the young folks growing up about him. Mrs. George will be remembered chiefly as a personality—a woman who found a delightful humor in the spectacle of life. She used to give entertaining talks on George Eliot, Shakespeare and the Brownings before Women's Clubs and in the homes of "literary" people, but it was only among the intimates of the inner circle of her friends that she abandoned herself to those moods wherein impersonation, augmented by a natural gift of mimicry, made the relation of the merest incident, having the elements of social comedy, a thing to be remembered.

The Georges had two daughters. The younger, Anne, *is now regarded as one of the foremost educators in the United States. She is the American representative of the Montessori system; is the head of that school in Washington, D. C., and to her contributions on the subject to various popular magazines is chiefly due the prompt and intelligent acceptance, in this country, of the methods of that school.

Margaret, the elder daughter, would seem to have inherited, in fortunate conjunction, the intellectuality of the father and the taste and personality of the mother. "The good stars met in her horoscope," and only the briefness of her life, perhaps, defeated her dreams of a place of permanence among the Lyra Americana. In the seven years between her graduation from Lewistown High and her marriage her poems found their way into the best magazines of the day; The Century, Atlantic, Harper's, Scribner's and many others. Her poem "Shrived," which appeared in Lippincott's, elicited from the editor of that magazine praise that did much to establish her place among the younger poets, and already she had begun to be spoken of as the "coming poet of the West." In 1890 she collaborated with Mr. Davidson in the production of a novel, but this was merely an experiment and proved less interesting to her than her verse. A photograph of her in her young girlhood shows an exquisitely delicate profile, and in the delineation of the high fine brow and the full curved mouth, that supreme combination found in women who achieve in love and art —passion and intellect.

She married in 1895 Mr. W. T. Davidson, and left at her death a little son, Gilman, who was in the late war with the flying corps in France.

Several years after her death her husband began to collect her poems from various sources, and to print them in the columns of his paper under the caption "Her Songs." "I have found," he says by way of explanation of the previously unpublished verses, "a trunkful of manu-

*Miss Anne George, now Mrs. Robert Miller, Evanston, Illinois.

scripts, written many of them, on scraps of paper, some in dim penciling, some mere fragments with pages missing; a holy jumble of precious gems."

As if some prescience of her early doom had been vouchsafed her—she died of heart failure—there was found among the many exquisite songs of gladness and love, and hope and heart-break—those "things that perish never"—"Moritura."

I am the mown grass, dying at your feet—
The pale grass gasping faintly in the sun:
I shall be dead long, long 'ere day is done.
That you may say, "The air today was sweet."
I am the mown grass dying at your feet.

I am the white syringa, falling now
When some one shakes the bough;
What matter if I lose my life's brief noon?
You laugh, "A snow in June?"
I am the white syringa, falling now.

I am the waning lamp that flickers on,
Striving to give my old unclouded light
Among the rest that makes your garden bright:
Let me burn still till all my oil is gone.
I am the waning lamp that flickers on.

I am your singer, singing my last note—
Death's fingers clutch my throat!
New grass will grow, new flowers bloom and fall,
New lamps play out against your garden wall.
I am your singer, singing my last note.

VIII.

Here and There.

That all the people of the "Anthology" are not "sleeping on the hill" is evidenced by the occasional presence upon the streets of Lewistown of an uncouth individual, ragged and unshorn, whom inquiry discovers to be that digger of ditches about Spoon River, "Dow Kritt". His occupation is in harmony with his appearance, and whatever his philosophy

DR. STRODE.
("William Jones") and his collection.

might prove to be on close acquaintance it is obvious that he does not "need to die to learn about roots". A certain Charley Metcalf is pointed out as "Willie Metcalf". His occupation, and his place of residence as well, is a local livery stable. His talent for handling horses is well known; indeed his sense-oneness with all forms of nature suggest a certain atavism. A simple, harmless soul! "William Jones", who has been identified as Dr. Strode, late of Bernadotte, is daily seen about the round of his professional calls or occupied with civic business. A room of his office suite is occupied by his collections and one great cabinet and several tiers of moth-proof boxes containing bird-skins (each wrapped in its tiny shroud) have obtruded themselves within the confines of the office proper.

But every passage about the town evokes, for the lovers of the "Anthology", the drama of the past. The courthouse which "Silas Dement", on his return from Joliet, found built on the site of the one which he had burned; the bank whose failure involved not less than ten characters of the "Anthology"; and Beadle's Opera House (the "hall of Nicolas Bindle") all stand as monuments to the past, and keep in the steadfastness of brick and stone, "the glory of their fallen day."

Beadle's Opera House, which belongs to the estate of the late Mr. R. M. Hind, has passed into disuse as a place of entertainment since the advent of the cinematograph. Its frescoes are dim with time and the spider has made his lair in the long deep recesses of the windows; the walls of the dressing rooms are scrawled with the names of many mummers; and on the deep stage

> that overlooks the chairs
> .....and where a pop-eyed daub
> Of Shakespeare, very like the hired man
> Of Christian Dahlmann, brow and pointed
> beard,
> Upon a drab proscenium outward stared,

odd bits of "property" stand about with a pathetic patience. Here walk the ghosts of "Flossie Cabanis" and of "Ralph

Barrett, the coming romantic actor'' who enthralled her soul; here ''Harry Wilmans'' heard the Sunday-school superintendent make that flamboyant speech which sent him to the rice field near Manila and through

days of loathing and nights of fear
To the hour of the charge through the steaming swamp
Following the flag:

and here was staged one of the episodes of ''The Spooniad'' which ''Jonathan Swift Somers'' conceived in epic mood but never carried to completion. Of those two conflicting forces in Spoon River it was the liberals who

in the hall of Nicolas Bindle held
Wise converse and inspiriting debate.
Lewistown has two cemeteries. The one
Where holy ground is and the cross
Marks every grave

lies to the east of the town. It covers three slopes of a hill on the summit of which is a great gray Christ upon a cross. Gallighers, Maloneys, O'Daniels and many other names bespeaking a Celtic origin are found upon those gravestones but one looks in vain for the name of ''Father Malloy''. There never has been a Father Malloy in the town, it appears, but a certain Father Thebes answers to that description. Every one was fond of Father Thebes, especially the boys. But one insists on a Father Malloy. The name carries conviction—and ''Spoon River'' is a large territory.

The Protestant cemetery, which also is on a hill—which covers several gentle knolls in fact—is north of Lewistown and is separated from the town by a ravine. No pleasanter place could be found for long, long sleeping. A winding road leads through it, flanked on either side, in the summer, by purple phlox; great elms and small sweet cedars fill the place with restful shadows and with pleasant scents and sounds; and on the central eminence stand those limestone pillars already hallowed by the memory of Lincoln and inscribed to ''Our Patriot Dead''. All about one are names, that to the literary pilgrim, are essentially ''Spoon River'' names; all

"OVER ME A FOND FATHER ERECTED THIS MARBLE SHAFT ON WHICH STANDS THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN."

about one on the quaint moss-grown slabs are willow trees and gates ajar, harps and lambs and upward pointing hands. Suddenly through the trees one is startled to descry the figure of a woman upon a marble shaft. Even the long grasses cannot stay the impatience of the feet! "'Percy Bysshe Shelley'", one says softly with amazement. "Can there really be a 'Percy Bysshe Shelley' in this place?" But astonishment is scarcely less on finding upon the pediment that supports the classic figure

William Cullen Bryant
Died March 24, 1875
Age 24 years.

Investigation proves that the young man was a relative and namesake of the poet. His father was that Honorable H. L. Bryant who introduced Douglas to his audience in Proctor's Grove on the occasion of his great speech. William Cullen like "Percy Bysshe Shelly" of the "Anthology" was the victim of an accident, having been killed by the discharge of a gun while duck hunting on Thompson's Lake. The marble statue is a dramatic figure against the massed background of the cedars, and the coincidence of the two names is a sufficiently illuminating commentary upon the literary method of Masters.

In all this silent place one may hear no sound save the wind in the branches of the trees, the insect voices in the long grass and the importunate incessant crying of a flock of titmice that have their haunt in the neighboring ravine. Only the "memories" are here, their

eyes closed with the weariness of tears
An immeasurable weariness!

And yet the loiterer for an hour will find in these grassy paths now bright with sun, now soft with shadows, these low mounds and unostentatious gravestones, how all things conspire for peace, and those who are a little weary may find themselves reflecting, as Shelley in the Protestant cemetery without the walls of Rome where his body came ultimately to rest: "It would almost make one fall in love with Death itself to think one should be buried in so sweet a place."

SOME POETS OF ILLINOIS.

By Stuart Brown.

Lawyers sometimes step aside into fields where poppies grow. You know Bacon wrote Shakespeare; at least a lawyer said he did—Illinois can offer John Hay and Brand Whitlock and Edgar Lee Masters as examples.

Poetry is the words in the dictionary dancing ragtime; a day dream set to music; a mental mirage flitting through deserts of facts. Like tobacco it is sometimes a soporific or an excitationer. Like mushrooms it is sometimes edible and sometimes poisonous. It is melodic or it may be spasmodic. It walks, runs, gallops, balks and spins backward. Some poets use iambs and trochees without knowing it. It has as many feet as a centipede.

No one ever defined it—no one ever will. Its exponents do not know why—they simply do; they cannot help it; they break into poetry as a burglar does into a bank with a sledge hammer.

We have had all kinds in Illinois, and why should we not—

> Fancy has no bound;
> It travels the world round;
> Now it's near, now it's far;
> Now it skips from Star to Star;
> Watches worms beneath the sod,
> Then reaches up to God.

There are topics a plenty: The Mound builders; The Indians; The Trapper; hunter, voyageur; The Mormons; The French, Spaniards, English; The Immigrant from every clime; The Great Lake; The great and little rivers; The cyclone; The prairies and the prairie fires; The complex entanglements of the great city and the changeable face of Nature and all the many moods of man and charms of en-

trancing woman. If you cannot get along without the hills and the salt waves, why go dream about them.

You have all seen McCutcheon's picture of the little boy's vision of the corn shocks. Hear what Micah P. Flint, another Illinois boy wrote in 1825, about the Mounds of Cahokia:

"I saw the plain outspread in softened green
Its fringe of hoary cliffs by moonlight sheen
And the dark line of forest, sweeping round.
I saw the lesser mounds which round me rose,
Each was a giant mass of slumbering clay.
There slept the warriors, women, friends and foes,
There side by side the rival chieftains lay;
And mighty tribes, swept from the face of day,
Forgot their wars, and found a long repose.
Ye mouldering relics of departed years,
Your names have perished not a trace remains,
Save, where the grass grown mound its summit rears
From the green bosom of your native plains;
Say! do your spirits wear oblivion's chains
Did death forever quench your hopes and fears
Or, may it be that still ye linger near
The sleeping ashes, once your dearest pride.
And could your forms to mortal eye appear,
Could the dark veil of death be thrown aside,
Then might I see your restless shadows glide,
With watchful care, around these relics dear."

Take a writer of today, Lew Sarett:

"When stars ride in on the wings of dusk
Out on the silent plain,
After the fevered fret of day,
I find my strength again.

Under the million friendly eyes
That smile in the lonely night,
Close to the rolling prairie's heart,
I find my heart for the fight.

Out where the cool long winds blow free,
I fling myself on the sod;
And there in the tranquil solitude
I find my soul—and God."

Yesterday and today are not so far apart. Let me give you a part of an old song written by B. F. Taylor of Wheaton, a "Chicago Journal" man of the sixties:

JUNE DEWS.

"The breath of the leaves and the lyrics of dawn
Were floating away in the air;
The brooks and birds were all singing aloud,
The Violets making a prayer,
With eyes that upturned so tearful and true
Like Mary's of old, when forgiven,
Had caught the reflection and mirrored it there
As bright and as melting as heaven.

The groan of the wretched, the laugh of the glad,
Are blent with the breath of a prayer.
The sigh of the dying—the whisper of love,
A vow that was broken, are there;
There dimly they float mid the ripe golden hours
Along the bright truths of air."

Here is another old one by John Howard Bryant, of Bureau County, a brother of William Cullen Bryant. In this one do you find Bryant or Coleridge?

INDIAN SUMMER.

"That soft autumnal time
Is gone, that sheds upon the naked scene,
Charms only known in this our Northern clime,
Bright seasons far between.
The mighty vines that round
The forest trunks, their slender branches bind,
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,
Swing naked to the wind.
The sunny noon is thine
Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night;
And hues that on the flushed horizon shine
At eve and early light.
Far in a sheltered nook
I've met, in these calm days, a smiling flower,
A lowly aster, trembling by a brook,
At noon's warm quiet hour.

And something told my mind
That should old age to
Childhood call me back,
Some sunny days and flowers
I still might find
Along life's weary track."

Today the same feeling is expressed in a verse from Thomas Wood Stevens in

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S LAMENT.

"Across the drifting sands
The drifting snows
Of many winters face
And many springs fill the
Moist shadows
With the gentian's blue,
And deeper sink the trails;
And treaties by my people's
Council fire
Bargain my people's hunting
Grounds away.

There were a host of other singers. I do not call them minor singers. There are larks, mocking birds and nightingales. Each sings its own sweet song, yet they are different. However, John Hay came along in the sixties and lifted Illinois poetry into the lime light. Little Breeches, Jim Bludsoe and Banty Tim will be with us for long. Would you like a contrast again? The Civil War and the World War were both fought for freedom. Take one verse from John Hay's "When the Boys Come Home."

"The day will seem brighter
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them
When the boys come home."

And note the difference in atmosphere when you read Carl Sandberg's verse on "Jaws."

"Seven nations stood with their hands on the jaws of death.
It was the first week in August, nineteen hundred fourteen.
I was listening, you were listening, the whole world was listening,
And all of us heard a voice murmuring:

"I am the way and the light,
He that believeth on me
Shall not perish
But shall have everlasting life."

Seven nations listening heard the voice and answered:
"Oh Hell!"
The Jaws of death began clicking and they go on clicking. "Oh Hell!"

Rather strong.

Did Donald Robertson have Sandberg in mind when he wrote The Cannibal.

"Deep in the Jungle of a city's streets,
With other wild untamable sad things,
A man who might have held high court with kings
Of Thought, roams aimlessly, and greets
Each tardy morning with the smile Death meets
When kissing some defiant skull, and flings
All hope of hope into the wind, that sings
A requiem o'er a world of shows and cheats.
Then in the lonely caverns of the night,
Where weird unholy fancies hoot and caw,
Dark rebels to the primal voice of Law,—
He thinks, and being thus alone, apart
Eats out his palpitating bleeding heart."

You have had some of the dote. I now present the antidote.

FAREWELL TO ILLINOIS.

Illinois, adieu to thy flies and mosquitoes,
Thy black, muddy roads, with their soil three feet deep;
I was anxious to gaze on thy beautiful features,
But in parting I feel no desire to weep.

Farewell to thy dark green alluvial ocean,
Thy rank waving tall grass and cattle in herds;
Thy "fever and ague," creating emotion
Expressive of feelings much louder than words.

I passed o'er thy valley by day and nocturnal,
Thy sun made my head ache, thy moon gave a chill;
And I now write it down for my friends and the Journal,*
'Tis my first and last visit, let what happen will.

I had heard of thy beauty, been told of thy treasures,
Of thy wild game and wild flowers "blushing unseen;"
I long had been anxious to taste of thy pleasures,
Forgetting that pleasures were followed by pain.

Adieu, Illinois! and to all thy pale livers,
Thy lily-faced ladies and yellow-skinned men,
I entered thee smiling, and leave with the shivers;
Let other folks love thee, but I never can.

—M. H. JENKS.

*Published in the Newton Journal, 1847.

I have not forgotten Lucy Larcom, Eva Munson Smith, Mrs. Rumsey and Mrs. Cotteau, pioneers in women's song. Nor, Carrie Jacobs Bond and Harriet Monroe who hold a torch high today, with many others like them. I quibble like some lawyers and say they are poetesses. Really, could not some woman speak of them.

Provincial pride leads me to give you a verse from my friend and fellow townsman, Walter Patteson. I have read with rare delight many of his verses that shine bright to me.

NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

(A Memory)

By WALTER LEWIS PATTESON

Night on the prairie!
Under the canopy of the star-sown sky,
Touched with the shimmer of the moonlight thrown
Across wide spaces of the night that lie
Between the earth and heaven, while adown
The silver pathway laid of purest sheen,
Glide silently the spirits bearing gems
To deck the halls of night's fair radiant queen,
More brilliant far than royal diadems.
Night on the prairie!
Although the earth seems bathed in dreamy peace,
The air is vocal with the night bird's song
From some far copse, and never seems to cease
The chorus of the frogs that all night long,

In deep bass and shrill trebel alternates
Its waves of melancholy sound and keeps
The air a-tremble, while the earth awaits
The coming dawn; the prairie never sleeps.

Night on the prairie!
Across the line of vision flickers bright
Now and again, the firefly's fitful lamp;
The hum of insect life, that stirs by night
Falls on the ear and from vapors damp
That shroud the pool, dim figures seem to wave
Long arms in air as o'er a haunted spot,
Ghosts beckon, clad in garments of the grave
And when we seek to grasp them, find them not.

Night on the prairie!
How often have I seen the prairie spread
Before my eyes with all its nightly train
Of moonlit beauty and high overhead,
The calm stars shining down upon the plain
And heard the wild weird music of the night
Made by the frogs and by the whip-poor-will,
Filling my heart with sadness or delight;
How often now I seem to hear them still.

Now that Eugene Field, the inimitable, and Bert Leston Taylor, that jolly driver away of dull care have gone, there are three men who occupy the present day stage. If I lived in Indiana and were describing them, I should say that Sandberg wrote in blood what he sees in the gutter,

Masters with an asbestos pencil etches with blue vitriol on Italian marble.

Lindsay writes with a drum stick while he obtains elation of spirit by clashing the cymbals with the other hand. Lindsay joins to an interesting pen a most wonderful gift of recital. I don't know what the psychology of it is, but if a man should ask you alone to cackle like a goose or bray like an ass, you would probably be insulted. Lindsay can make a whole hall full do these things and they seem to delight in it.

We of Illinois are especially proud of these men who have taken a place of such great eminence in the world.

HISTORY OF THE GALLATIN COUNTY SALINES.

By Jacob W. Myers.

Tradition has it that from time immemorial salt has been produced and manufactured at the salt springs in Gallatin County, on the Saline River, near the present town of Equality. There is much evidence to bear out the truth of the tradition. In and around the region of the two principal springs is found a kind of pottery or earthenware whose existence can be explained in no other way than that it is fragments of large pots or kettles used in evaporating the salt water. Later on the early settlers used iron kettles of a size and shape similar to the ones used by the Indians, made of clay. The settlers got their idea of that kind of kettle from the theory that the Indians made use of the large earthenware kettles for salt making. Many farmers in that locality possess some of these old iron kettles today, which they use for various purposes.

The two principal springs are known as the "Half Moon Lick" and "Nigger Spring." [1] Besides the pottery found in this region, there have been found various Indian relics, such as arrow heads, tomahawks, vases and other similar articles. The earliest known English people to settle in this locality came about 1800 or 1802. [2] They found these familiar relics and this specie of pottery unlike that found in other localities. This pottery seems, because of its shape, to be fragments of large kettles or pans.

Professor McAdams [3] describes these pans as being from three to five feet in diameter. He found two whole ones used as a casket, near St. Genevieve, Missouri.

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(1) The spring is also called "Nigger Well," "Nigger Furnace" due probably to the fact that slaves were worked there.

(2) Smith, G. W., Salines of Southern Illinois. Transactions Ill. State Hist. Society 1904, page 246.

(3) Report of Ill. Board, World's Fair Comm. 1893, page 283.

Local tradition has it that the French and Indians made salt there previous to the coming of the English in 1800. It is reasonably certain that the French understood the process and that Indians knew the locality of the springs. An English gentleman writing, in 1770, to the Earl of Hillsborough [4] remarked on the abundance of the salt springs in the region of Wabash and Saline Rivers.

It is, indeed, certain that someone was making salt before the English came. A short sketch of Illinois published in 1837 says: [5] "The principal spring was formerly possessed by the Indians, who valued it highly and called it the Great Salt Spring; and it appears probable from a variety of circumstances that they had been long acquainted with the method of making salt. Large fragments of earthenware are continually found near the salt works, both on and under the surface of the ground. They have an impression of basket and wicker work."

There has been some controversy between scientists concerning how these kettles or pans were made, but all are agreed that they were used in salt making.

It is rather impossible to say just how long before the coming of the English into this region it was that salt was made. But Capt. Thos. Hutchins, [6] writing in 1778, twenty-two years before that time says: "The Wabash abounds with salt springs. Any quantity of salt may be made from them in a manner now done in the Illinois Country."

This evidence it seems is sufficient to prove that salt was made several years before the English came into the region. Indeed, if we may judge anything from the amount of broken pottery, concerning the length of time salt was made here, we would say that it was several years before there is any record of it being made. Mr. Geo. E. Sellars [7] of Gallatin County visited the place in 1854 and he says

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(4) Smith, G. W., Salines of Southern Illinois. Transactions Ill. State Hist. Society, 1904, page 246.

(5) Ellsworth, Hon. H. L., Ill. in 1837. A Sketch. Page 27.

(6) Topographical Description of Va., page 54.

(7) Popular Science Monthly, Vol. 11, page 573.

that there was an abundance of this pottery all about the springs. On a cultivated ridge above the spring he found acres actually covered. This particular ridge of which he speaks is just south of the spring. His theory is that the salt brine was carried up there and let the water evaporate. Probably there was no timber on this ridge and it presented a better position for carrying on the process of evaporation. The writer of this article remembers passing through that region a few years ago and seeing fragments of this pottery sticking in the banks on either side of the road where it had been worn down by travel and erosion. Some of these fragments were five or six feet in the ground. So evidently the process had been carried on several years before we have a record of it.

On March 1, 1784, Virginia ceded all her lands north of the Ohio river to the general government, except a reservation for bounty lands. With this cession went the salt springs, that is they became the property of the United States. It took some little time to get the territorial government into operation. On March 3, 1803, Congress authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to lease the salt springs and licks for the benefit of the government. Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury instructed Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory, to lease the springs and licks. In the summer of 1803 Governor Harrison leased the salines on Saline River to a Captain Bell of Lexington, Kentucky. Bell was probably working the salines there before this time by permission of the Indians, because Reynolds [8] says the first white man to settle in Shawneetown was Michael Spinkle who came in 1802, and about the same time came a Frenchman, La Boissiere who settled there and ran a ferry to accommodate people who were coming out of Kentucky to the salt works of Saline River.

Captain Bell worked till the end of 1806 when John Bates of Jefferson County, Kentucky, leased the works, and he worked there till in 1808 when Isaac White became lessee.

[8] Reynolds, Pioneer History of Illinois, page 93.

An Act of Congress of March 26, 1804, provided among other things that "all salt springs, licks, wells with the necessary land adjacent thereto were reserved from sale as the property of the United States." The territorial governor was authorized to lease these salt wells and springs to the best interests of the general government. April 30, 1804, Governor Harrison appointed Isaac White of Vincennes to be government agent and reside at the works and collect the revenue due the United States. He assumed his duties and was assisted by John Marshall who probably resided at Shawneetown. Where White resided is not definitely known, but probably at the "Nigger well" [9].

On Sept. 8, 1806, White became Captain of the Knox County Militia and perhaps gave up his duties as agent, because the records show that he himself became a lessee in 1808. How long he held the lease is not exactly known, but not later than the early part of 1810, for a letter of March 13, shows that H. Butler was lessee at that time.[10]

Professor Smith [11] in his article says that in 1811 Captain White sold his interests in the salt works to three men, Jonathan Taylor of Randolph County, Illinois, Charles Wilkins and James Morrison of Lexington, Kentucky. I do not know where he gets his authority for this statement and can reconcile his statement with the letter of Butler only on the grounds that perhaps the "Nigger Spring" and "Half Moon Lick" were leased separately.

From the beginning of 1808 to 1811 Leonard White [12] seems to have been government agent and later on seems to have become interested in saltmaking himself. On March 7, 1809 [13] Ninian Edwards was commissioned Governor of Illinois, and at the same time became superintendent of the United States Salines. As superintendent it was his duty to make all contracts for leasing the salt works, to collect the

(9) Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Society, 1904, page 248.
(10) Butler to Edwards, Chicago Hist. Collections III, page 49.
(11) Transactions, 1904, page. 49.
(12) Ibid.
(13) Edwards, N. W. Life and Times of Ninian Edwards, page 30.

rent, and provide for the shipment and sale of the salt which was delivered to the government in lieu of cash rent. The rental [14] of all the salines in Illinois demanded by the government was ten per cent of the salt produced. From certain conditions which were required to be inserted in the leases we see that the amount would not be under 12,000 bushels annually and might be more.

I will not quote the conditions in full that were to be inserted in each contract. There were six sections of these conditions. [15] The lessee was to make annually 120,000 bushels of salt. There was a penalty of one bushel for each bushel short of this and the penalty was secured by a constant deposit of salt in the hands of the United States agent. The rent was to be paid quarterly in salt, calculated upon the basis of 120,000 bushels. Conditions were to be introduced to prevent the waste of timber and to encourage the use of coal; to encourage which the superintendent was authorized to diminish the rent. The superintendent could lease the works to one or more companies, but no lessee could be engaged directly or indirectly with any other salt works.

Attempts were made to lessen the fuel and to make use of coal as well as wood. H. Butler [16] while he was lessee made an experiment with "air furnaces to reduce the amount of fuel used". In his letter to Edwards he said, "I also have a proposition to make in regard to manufacture of salt with coal, altogether". The government had promised to pay for permanent improvements made by lessee, and Butler expected to receive pay for these improvements, and the proposition he wished to make was concerning what he should receive if the experiment with coal was successful. I do not know whether he ever carried out the experiment.

The problem of securing fuel was a great one, because of the distance it had to be hauled. As the timber was cleared away the furnaces were moved back farther and farther from the wells and the brine was piped by means of hollow logs or

(14) Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Society, 1905, page 357.
(15) Edwards, History of Illinois, page 31.
(16) Butler to Edwards Chicago Hist. Coll., vol. 3, page 50.

pipes made by boring four inch holes through the logs lengthwise. These were joined end to end, but the joints were not always tight and there was much loss from leakage. It has been estimated that over one hundred [17] miles of such piping was laid from 1800 to 1873. They were considered as improvements and no doubt there was some graft in the pipe lines. Many old pipes were taken up and relaid as new for which the government paid as permanent improvement. When one lessee took over from another all pipe lines were put in as improvements.

In 1812 Congress took action to provide that the timber would not give out. The President was authorized to reserve not less than one township of the land around the salt works from sale. A committee composed of Leonard White, Willis Hargrave and Phillip Trammel made a commission to select lands to be reserved as the "Saline Reservation". They selected 96,766.79 [18] acres. A little later Mr. Sloo [19] made an inspection tour and added 84,000 acres more to it.

From 1807 to August 26, 1818, the entire rental accruing to the United States from the Salines on Saline River was 158,394 bushels and the total cash turn over, for the same time was $28,165.25. The importance of this saline may be shown by the fact that during the same time Ohio turned in only $240.00 while Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri made no returns.

April 18, 1818, [20] Congress passed the Enabling Act, enabling the people of Illinois to form a constitution. Section 6, part 2, says, "all salt springs within such state and the land reserved for the use of the same shall be granted to the said state, for the use of said state, and the same to be used under such conditions and regulations, as the Legislature of said state shall direct; Provided, the Legislature shall never sell, nor lease the same for a longer period than ten years, at any one time". Thus when Illinois was admitted as a state

(17) Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Society, 1904, page 254.
(18) Transactions Ill. State Hist. Society, 1904, page 249.
(19) Mr. Sloo was registrar of the Shawneetown Land District.
(20) Blue Book of Illinois, 1907, page 81.

the valuable salt works became the property of the state. At that time there were five distinct leases of salt wells and springs from the United States to individuals, made by Ninian Edwards representing the government, and all bearing the date of 1817. These leases were; [21] (1) Willis Hargrave and Meridith Fisher; (2) Jonathan Taylor; (3) George Robinson; (4) James Ratcliff; (5) Timothy Guard.

The Legislature which met at Kaskaskia in the winter of 1818-19 authorized the Governor to continue the leases with these men. The benefit of certain unexpired leases of the United States Government from August 26, 1818, to June 19, 1820, fell to the state.

During the early history of salt making the manufacturers relied only upon the natural springs, but later they bored wells. It is impossible to say how many of these wells were bored, but there was probably as many as a half dozen, for we find that in 1817 there were made five distinct leases. The first wells were not very deep, but later ones were made deeper. Timothy Guard, one of the lessees of 1817, dug a deep well at the "Half Moon Lick" about 1825. The well was dug about sixty feet deep and walled up, and then a boring made in the bottom. This well furnished a fine quantity of brine and was used till 1854. Mr. Guard quit the salt making in 1830.

About the year 1854 a company [22] was formed to make salt on a larger scale than ever before. The company was composed of Stephen R. Rowen, Andrew McAllen, Challon Guard, Abner Flanders, Broughton Temple and Joseph J. Castle. They bored another deep well, and expended a great deal of money in preparing the plant. The company broke up and Temple and Castle became the sole owners of the plant. They proceeded with the construction of the plant and installed an outfit of the best type. The iron kettles were superceded by large iron pans twelve to twenty feet wide and sixty or more feet in length. There were three

[21] Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Society, page 251.

[22] Transactions, State Hist. Soc., 1904, 255. Some of this material I have gotten from old settlers who know about the salt works of this period.

rows of such pans connected with one smoke stack. Coal which had been discovered at a nearby hill was now used entirely for fuel, and a tram-way was built from the mine to the furnace. Thus the mine was modern in all its features.

Temple and Castle owned and operated the mine from 1854 to 1873. They are said to have made five hundred bushels every twenty-four hours. About the beginning of 1873 they thought the brine could be transported easier than the fuel, so they started to build a larger and newer plant nearer the coal mine. The work of construction was started but hard times, caused by the panic of 1873, came on and work stopped. Salt became cheaper when the crisis had passed over and they never finished the new plant. In the course of time the machinery was removed and nothing but the old coal mine marks the site of the new plant.

Thus ended one of the great industries developed during the early history of the state. At one time, before the development of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi River, the surrounding country had to rely upon its own production of salt, because it was too far and expensive to transport it from New Orleans by packhorse and the other earlier methods of transportation. Most of the salt was produced at the Gallatin County Saline. St. Louis and Kaskaskia were made distributing points.

How long the state remained in control of the salt works, or whether it controlled till the end in 1873, I have been unable to find out from what material I have been able to secure.

The price of salt varied. This was due of course to several reasons. At first it was sold for $1.50 per bushel. By an Act of Congress, approved July 30, 1813, [23] a duty of twenty cents per bushel was laid upon imported salt, which enabled the home manufacturers to supply the demand at a better price. In 1822 [24] the price of salt was reported to have fallen from $1.25 to fifty cents per bushel, because of

(23) U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. 3, page 49.
(24) Niles Register XXII, page 112.

discovery of copious and strong wells. In 1828 [25] an official report of the superintendent of the Gallatin County Salines stated that about 100,000 bushels of salt were made annually and sold at from twenty to thirty cents per bushel. In 1830 [26] Congress reduced the duty on salt to fifteen cents per bushel, and after December 31, 1831, it was to be only ten cents. So the price was regulated mainly by new discoveries and by import duties.

It is difficult to tell exactly how much salt was produced here at the Gallatin County Saline. The amount varied at different times. In 1814 Samuel J. Mills, [27] a missionary from Connecticut, wrote in his report that 3,600 bushels were made each week. This would make 187,200 bushels annually. In 1819 [28] an indefinite statement was made to the effect that from 200,000 to 300,000 bushels were made annually, and sold at from fifty to seventy-five cents per bushel. In 1809 [29] we find that one of the conditions in the contract for rental of the works was that not less than 120,000 bushels should be produced annually. Later on Temple and Castle are reported to have made 500 bushels every twenty-four hours. The brine was very strong from the new well and a great deal could be made from it.

There were salines in Vermilion County, the Big Muddy Saline, and a saline at St. Genevieve, Missouri, but the Gallatin County Saline produced more than all the others combined.

When wood was used as fuel large tracts of land were reserved from sale to be used in connection with the industry. All this land was given over to the state when Illinois Territory became a state, on condition that it should never sell any part of the land. But later on the central government authorized the state to sell some of the land. An Act of Congress [30] May 24, 1828, authorized the sale of 30,000

(25) House Journal Illinois, 1828-9, page 63.
(26) U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. 4, page 419.
(27) Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Society, 1915, page 273.
(28) McKenzie View of U. S. 1819, page 298.
(29) Edwards, N. W., Life and Times of Ninian Edwards, page 30.
(30) U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. 4, page 305.

acres. Another Act of January 19, 1832, [31] authorized the sale of an additional 20,000 acres. The proceeds of these sales were to be applied to whatever the state should direct. The total amount of land reserved was 180,766 acres. I have been unable to find whether all the land was sold or not, but there is today in that locality some land known as the "reservation." I do not know how much there is of it or to whom the title belongs. I do not know when all the land was sold or whether some of it still belongs to the state. These facts my material does not show.

So far in this paper I have discussed various phases of the salt industry and manufacture. There is one phase that I have left for the last, but not without a purpose. This is the question of slavery in connection with the manufacture of salt.

Philip Francis Renault, [32] as agent for the company of St. Phillips, introduced the first slaves into the Illinois country. In 1720 he purchased five hundred slaves in St. Domingo and transported them to Illinois to work in the mines. However, mining did not prove successful here and many were employed in Missouri and Iowa, while a portion of them were purchased by the French settlers, and the offsprings of these formed a great part of the slave population of Illinois down to the time of the election of Governor Coles.

The Ordinance of 1787 prohibited slavery in the Northwest Territory, of which Illinois was a part. This caused the settlers some little trouble and they complained and threatened to move to Missouri, so to pacify them it was agreed that those then holding slaves could continue to hold them.

In 1805 the Legislature of Indiana passed a law which permitted the bringing in of slaves to work "within the tract of land reserved for use of the salt works near Shawneetown." They could not be permanently held here but were

[31] U. S. Statutes at Large, vol. 4, page 496.

[32] Blanchard, Rufus, Hist. of Illinois, page 139. Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Society, 1907, page 148.

hired to persons by their owners for a certain length of time. This law provided [33] that slaves over fifteen years of age might be brought in from slave states and within thirty days the owners might enter into an agreement with the said slave by which the slave agreed to work in Illinois for a stated time for a consideration, if within the thirty days the slave refused to enter into such an agreement the owner had thirty days in which to return him to a slave state. It seems as though this was especially favorable to the salt works on the Saline River Reservation and evidently many slaves were employed there. Some of the men of today living in the region of the salt works say that at one time nearly all the work was done by slaves. [34] Certain it is that some slaves were employed there. Timothy Guard purchased some slaves in Tennessee and brought them in to work there. One of these slaves, Elliot by name, purchased his own freedom, and later that of some of his relatives. Mr. Elliot's son is now living near Equality and has yet his manumission papers in Timothy Guard's own hand writing. I do not know whether he actually paid $1,000.00 or whether he was given his freedom when he had earned that much for Mr. Guard, and was given it as a consideration for working in Illinois. It is probably the latter which he did, for he would likely have no chance to earn any money himself. But for his brothers and mother he paid cash because he was then free to earn his own money and the price he paid was much smaller than for himself.

The Constitution of 1818 provided that no slaves should be brought in, thereafter, except such as should be used under a contract to labor at the salt works near Shawneetown. The contract was limited to one year, but it was renewable. However, no slaves were to be brought in after 1825. The constitution further provided that any violation of this act would "effect the emancipation of such person from his obligation of service." All indentures entered into without fraud or collusion prior to making of the constitution, ac-

(33) Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Society, 1904, page 250.
(34) See also Transactions 1905, page 357.

cording to laws of the territory, were to be held valid and the persons so "indented" were to be held to a fulfillment of the agreement in the contract. Indentures made after 1818 were not valid unless the person indenting himself was in a state of freedom at the time of making the contract. Indentures made by negroes and mulattoes were valid for only one year. These last two statements might lead one to think that there were white person indented, but I was unable to find any record of such.

The interpretation of the constitutional provision was elastic enough to include the Big Muddy Saline [35] "within the tract reserved for the salt works near Shawneetown" and slaves were used at that saline.

Slave labor, under these restrictions, was not so profitable or economical as one at first glance might think. The lessee had to pay a liberal hire, board and clothe, and give medical attention to the slaves; was responsible for their safe keeping, and had to return them to their owners before the expiration of each year to prevent their constitutional emancipation. They could return them under a new contract, but each time they had to actually be returned to their owners and then brought back from the slave states. This was expensive and a great waste of time and money. Because of this I do not believe there were so very many slaves used. There may have been several free negroes who indented themselves.

In the two counties of Randolph [36] and Gallatin in 1820 there were precisely five hundred slaves. After 1825 slavery was entirely prohibited and those negroes working at the salt works were either indented or were paid wages the same as any one else.

In this paper I have, with the materials at hand, tried to trace out the history of one of the earliest and largest industries of the pioneers of the southern part of the state. Today there remains only a few signs of the once great en-

(35) Transactions, Ill. State Hist. Society, 1905, page 357.
(36) Boggess, A. C., Chicago Hist. Society's Collections, Vol. 5, page 178.

terprise, and the traveler passing through the region could easily miss them.

The paper is by no means complete, nor do I claim to be accurate in every detail. I have done what I could with the materials at hand. Perhaps if I had had more time I might have gained much information from interviews with certain men at Shawneetown and Equality. Perhaps an interview with Mr. Elliot would reveal much concerning slavery. But I have done as best I can with the materials at hand.

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JOHN WANTON CASEY.

JOHN WANTON CASEY.

By Ella Morris Kretschmar.

An address before the Tazewell County Historical Society.*

It was from the staid old community of East Greenwich, Rhode Island, with blue Narragansett Bay beating at the foot of its hill, that John Wanton Casey, who was born in that village on June 19, 1803, fared forth to Illinois in 1831, a mighty journey, a thrilling adventure in that day.

His ancestors had been identified since 1658 with Rhode Island's economic, political and social history. His father, Wanton Casey, being in affluent circumstances, was able to give his numerous family the best education that could be commanded, and such other advantages of culture and refinement as the times afforded. Not the least of these was the privilege of meeting in their home the men of letters of political and economic prominence of the New England of that day.

Of Wanton Casey, The Magazine of New England History says: "In 1774, when but 14 years of age, he was one of the incorporators named in the charter of the Kentish Guards, and upon the breaking out of the Revolution served with his company in the field until January, 1779, when he

* NOTE.—This biographical sketch of John Wanton Casey has been compiled by his three children, Mary L. Cummings, Edwin A. Casey, and Ella M. Kretschmar.

While the obligation of presenting such a record for filing in the State and Tazewell County Historical Societies was pressing,—since the subject played a large and fine part in the history and development of the region in which he lived,—yet on account of the nearness of relationship the obligation had of necessity to be not only modestly approached but written with greatest care, each fact used scrutinized and weighed with the utmost exactness, and contributing circumstances or background as unassumingly set forth as was consistent with sincerity. In short, a less interested biographer from the mass of material available would have deduced a much more prideful history, but perhaps on that account less acceptable to the modest, scholarly gentleman who is its subject.

was sent by his father to Nantes, France, to acquire a sound mercantile education in the business house of Jonathan Williams, agent of the Colonies in that city. He remained in France, spending a year or more in Paris. * * * In 1783 he returned to East Greenwich by way of London."

The History of Washington and Kent Counties, Rhode Island, make extensive mention of Wanton Casey, among other things the following: "Wanton Casey was the son of Silas Casey in East Greenwich in the last half of the last century (18th). In one of his father's ships near the close of the War of the Revolution Mr. Casey was sent abroad to finish his education, and especially to learn the French language. For this purpose he resided in Paris for two years just prior to the exciting times of the Revolution in that country. * * * No man was more identified with East Greenwich than Wanton Casey. His house was on the corner of Main and Division streets, a prominent object as you enter the town from the north. Here Mr. Casey reared a large family and his home was the center of a refined and cultivated circle through all his long life."

John Wanton, though of a distinctly literary and philosophical bent, elected to follow a business career rather than to enter one of the learned professions. At the age of 25 he entered the banking house of one of his father's friends in New York City. It was while thus engaged in learning the banking business along conventional lines that his imagination fell under the lure of the great West, which was represented by pamphlets flooding the East, as the Eldorado of the known world, the land of romance, of unparalleled beauty and of Opportunity, beckoning to the citizens of the Atlantic States and far-off Europe.

After many and grave consultations with his parents, John Wanton finally received their consent to forego an assured future in the East and to cast in his lot and inheritance with the hazards of a new and distinct State. He brought into Illinois $25,000 for investment, a vast sum in that day, especially for so young a man to administer in an undeveloped region under untried conditions.

It is assumed that the Historical Society of a state values biographies of its pioneers for a two-fold reason: First, as a record of the talents, vision, courage, adventures, hardships, achievements and material substance the individual poured into the hopper of state building; second, for the incidental side-lights on background which help the historian to reconstruct sequentially a history of general conditions during years when records were not kept.

If in this chronicle some experiences and detail not essential to a brief outline history of the subject's life are given, it is to contribute such glimpses of local color incident to the passing years.

It is a matter of conjecture why Illinois instead of old St. Louis, which was the veritable romance of American life of that time, became Mr. Casey's fixed goal. The journey by stage, by canal, and rivers—finally came to an end at Grafton, Illinois, on the Mississippi. Here a long pause of over a year was made, undoubtedly for readjustment and full observation of the new country and conditions. The next move was a trip up the Illinois River, with incidental inspections of bordering regions, until the packet-boat drew into the wharf at Pekin, then called Town Site on account of its favorable location and because it was under discussion for the future capital of the State. Mr. Casey concluded to stop off here for a closer view, which resulted in his deciding to remain permanently, no more promising spot, in truth, having come under his observation in all his journeyings. Its jet-black loam, half-covered by wild flowers, proclaimed it one of the future granaries of the new Western empire. Here he made his home from 1831 until his death, March 18, 1881.

Quantities of land were taken over by Mr. Casey, by purchase outright from the government, for himself, and one of his brothers.

In making his surveys of adjacent regions for land purchases he discovered that the supply of general merchandise and agricultural implements had not kept pace with the

demand. This led him to a decision to open stores at several points—Pekin, Havana, Beardstown, Mackinaw, Sugar Grove, and one as far away as Sangamon County. Not having had practical experience along mercantile lines, he put an experienced man in charge of each store, spending his own time in going from one store to another, checking up his books, and taking orders to be filled on his yearly visit to New York (a trip requiring six weeks) or on his more frequent trips to St. Louis and New Orleans.

Money being scarce, products and commodities were exchanged by the world-old medium of barter. Mr. Casey soon found it necessary to put up warehouses in connection with his stores for the storage of grain, the river being at hand ready to bear such argosies of wealth to selected shipping points.

All of the mercantile ventures were carried on in a large and liberal spirit, which not only expanded the grain business but earned for Mr. Casey the respect and confidence of those he served. In this connection it may be mentioned that he furnished farmers with merchandise and agricultural equipment, waiting on their ability to pay, never once foreclosing a mortgage—as was the practice under similar circumstances in that day.

It was a rich and fascinating life, this sharing in the fundamentals of building a new and great state.

How strange it seems in this day, when Chicago is but four railroad hours distant from Pekin, that Mr. Casey could have actually had the following experience in the 40's. He left Pekin on horseback to go up to a point near present Rockford—then called the Rock River Country—to enter some land. During the afternoon of the third day of his long ride he found himself at a point he had passed some hours before—so discovering that he was lost. As twilight came on he was taken with a chill—occasional ague being a casual concomitant of life in river towns. He felt unable to proceed or even to build a fire for comfort. Dropping to the ground, he unsaddled, and, looping an extra bridle into the

one on the horse, he slipped his arm through it and laid down, with saddle for pillow. High fever followed the chill, aggravated by the dampness of the shelterless open. The torturous hours of semi-delirium were broken at last by the frightened restlessness of the horse, and that most dreaded of all night cries in thinly settled regions—the howls of wolves. Nearer they came and nearer until the awful half-circle of fiery eyes could be seen. Unable to rise, all Mr. Casey could do as they drew still nearer was to shout "Get out! Keep off!" and brandish an arm. Such tactics would have been useless against wolves famished from hunger, but in this case it was enough to hold the skulking cowards at bay. Mr. Casey said the time of danger seemed an eternity, but the creatures must have come in the last hours of the night, for before his voice and strength were wholly exhausted, dawn came, the light sending his tormentors scurrying to a distant wood. With escape, hope and strength mounted. Getting on his feet, with effort lifting his saddle to its place, he walked beside his horse in a new direction. Within an hour or two he saw the curling smoke which in all new countries means shelter, food, and kindly welcome.

As the population of young Pekin and the surrounding country grew and activities extended, Mr. Casey was able in the early 50's to discontinue his mercantile enterprises and devote himself to the grain business exclusively. In the 40's he acquired a half interest in a fleet of canal boats and barges plying between Pekin, St. Louis and New Orleans, which in the 50's went also up to Chicago. The return trips of the boats from the South brought many of the luxuries of life to the shippers, as Mocha and Java coffee in original packets, loaves of sugar, drums of figs, boxes of blue layer raisins, preserved citron and ginger, guava jelly, fine syrups, choice tea, spices, wax candles, brandy and wine, and many other items.

It may be mentioned here that on one occasion, in Mr. Casey's home, when an invoice of such luxuries was being put away in the storeroom, Mrs. Casey noticed, as the coffee was being poured into a stoneware receptacle, a strange

bean. Examining it, she concluded it was the seed of some plant, and at a venture planted it in a flower bed bordering alongside a piazza at the west of the house. It came up, and in course of time proved to be a wisteria vine—probably the first in Illinois—so vigorous in the new rich soil that soon yearly there was a crusade of exquisite purple bloom covering the long lattice to the porch roof.

Mr. Casey retired from business after the Civil War, confining his activities to looking after his widely scattered holdings in real estate. Being public spirited, he also interested himself in matters concerning civic development.

In the 30's there had already been attracted to Central Illinois young men who later were to acquire national, and a few of them international fame. Preeminent among these was the "awkward young lawyer from Springfield," whose name is sacred—and must ever be—on every American lip. He was a well-known figure in Pekin where, when on the circuit, he sometimes lingered on his way to Tremont, then the county seat. He naturally singled out congenial minds, among them Mr. Casey, to whose scholarship he modestly paid much deference. In later life it was a proud memory for Mr. Casey that he had encouraged Great Abraham Lincoln to study Latin, suggested special books of literary value for his reading, and often discussed with him intimately measures that were pending in Springfield or in Washington—when he was a struggling young lawyer, striving in every way to broaden his mental equipment.

In the many years of his residence in Illinois, Mr. Casey knew virtually all the great men of the State, some as familiar acquaintances, others as intimate friends, entertaining many of them in his home. Among these were Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, David Davis, Lovejoy, Cullom, Yates, Logan, Oglesby, Ingersoll, and many others.

At this distance of time it seems rather extraordinary that in a new country a man of Mr. Casey's calibre and attainments did not engage actively in the politics of his day, hold office and otherwise attain goals dear to ambition. The answer is simple. Mr. Casey had strong political instincts,

and profoundest interest in all the vital questions of his time, but instinct and interest were coupled with an unconquerable personal reserve, which went with him through life. There was but one incentive which could move him to forego his prejudice against making a public appearance. His intense Americanism never permitted him to decline when asked to deliver a Fourth of July oration.

But though Mr. Casey shunned everything savoring of the limelight, he felt deeply his political and other public responsibilities, and discharged them fearlessly through the medium of his pen. For years he wrote for the St. Louis Republican, and throughout his life in the West wrote for the newspapers of his town and State—never for pay—special articles and editorials. A great mass of these writings were found among his papers when he passed on, but only a small remnant selected at random were preserved. A few of these, perhaps fifty, are at hand at this writing. The compilers of this chronicle are amazed at the quality and vigor of the output of their father's pen, and profoundly regret that the great mass was destroyed.

Before the War, when States Rights and Slavery were the subjects literally raging in all minds, Mr. Casey's pen was dipped in flame, though never sensational; and in the whole range of his later writings he was always clear, forceful and logical. This range included such subjects as The Significance of Political Parties; Reaffirming the Monroe Doctrine; Judicial Elections; The Currency: Repudiation; Resumption; Labor and Capital; Fiatism; Amendment of the Constitution; The Presidential Term; Congress—Its Personnel; Filibustering in Congress; The Credit System; Communism; Sabbath Musings; Railroads; Community of Language; Foreign Travel.

Though the last of his articles were written in 1879, some of them are strikingly pertinent today. Many of his visions have been fulfilled, others are on the way to fulfillment—as, for example, the deep canal connecting Chicago with the Illinois River—while others are under discussion, as a waterway from the Great Lakes to the Ocean. Some of

his forebodings of fifty years ago alike have been fulfilled, as the dangers of unrestricted immigration, and the giving of full franchise to unassimilated foreigners.

A Whig and later a Republican, Mr. Casey was above all else an ardent American, jealous for our Constitution, our ideals, our best development, proud of our resources, proud of the West, about which he wrote glowing accounts for Eastern publications. He was fearless in discussing our political mistakes, but never without urging the logical remedy. His vision for the West was an acknowledged inspiration to the State builders of his time.

On the death of an uncle in 1864, Mr. Casey inherited that greatly coveted American honor, membership in The Order of the Cincinnatus—the organization formed by George Washington for his officers, to be perpetuated forever, by inheritance, through the eldest male heir. He was most proud of this honor, and much pleased to hold the certificate of membership signed by Washington. But his magnanimity was such that when his next younger brother, General Silas Casey, who lived in the East, appealed to him to be allowed to represent him at the yearly meeting and banquet of the Society, in Boston, July Fourth, he consented to the arrangement. He lent him the certificate and wrote a letter delegating him to represent him for the time being—he could not cede his membership by the laws of the organization, nor would he have done so to the prejudice of his son, Edwin A. Casey.

On the death of General Silas Casey, his son, General Thomas L. Casey, assumed that he was to enjoy the same privilege at his uncle's hands that his father had enjoyed; and his uncle, doubly magnanimous, permitted him to do so. But after Mr. Casey's death his son, Edwin A. Casey, was recognized by the Society as his father's successor; and he will be succeeded by his grandson, Hartwell D. Casey.

But alas for magnanimity—the original certificate of membership signed by Washington was not returned to Mr. Edwin A. Casey, it having been stolen from the wall where it hung in General Casey's home.

Having briefly recounted the circumstances of Mr. Casey's coming to Illinois, his business career, and his relations to political and public affairs, it now becomes a pleasant duty to take up the more intimate affairs of his life.

It was in 1843 that Mr. Casey's heart's romance opened up to him—a romance that went with him unmarred to the last hour of his life. The lady was Miss Elizabeth Moore Morris, daughter of Samuel Morris, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, whose antecedents were of Revolutionary importance. Mr. Morris had undertaken the long journey Westward, at the advice of a physician, in search of health for two delicate members of his family, finding it for one on the way. He expected to return to the East within a few months. His objective was Peoria, but the boat breaking down at Pekin, he was detained there for some time, and concluded to remain there permanently, after settling up his affairs in the East.

The pretty tale of the first meeting of the future lovers was told at their own fireside to the compilers of this chronicle many years later. It was on an autumn day, and the Pekin store was its background. To quote from the actors:

He—"I heard a sweet, refined voice asking for shoes, incredibly number twos."

She—"I saw a tall, handsome man with brown curly hair walking behind the counter down to the front from a desk at the back."

Clerk—"We don't keep such small numbers."

He (smiling—"Pardon me, but are you not mistaken in the number?"

She (flushing)—"No, a number two is what I wear"—advancing a little foot clad in a fashionable Eastern shoe.

Followed a glance, long held, and lo, the primitive store was filled with star-dust and dreams instead of the most commonplace things. The little shoes of Turk satin, matching the gown—such funny little shoes, neither high nor low, lacing at the sides and heelless—were tenderly preserved until the youngest of the family had grown to young womanhood.

Hasty marriages were not according to the conventions of that day, and it was after a courtship of over a year that the marriage took place January 3rd, 1845. The objective of the wedding journey was Peoria, by carriage, and when one considers the foundationless roads of 1845, over bottomless black loam, in January, one realizes its hazards were greater than an eventless trip to New York today.

Within two years after his marriage Mr. Casey purchased a site for a home. When his fellow townsmen, whose homes were clustered near the river, heard that it was to be bounded by Elizabeth (Elizabeth street was named after Mrs Casey), Fourth and St. Mary's streets, they protested to him that he was going into the country and would never have neighbors. Two years later, the court house was built on Fourth, Elizabeth and Court streets. The year 1849 saw the completion of the Colonial house (here reproduced) planned by Mr. Casey himself and built not by contract but by day's work to insure greater soundness. It still stands in dignity, though shorn of its beautiful surroundings, a large wing at the back, its window blinds and most of its chimneys—a testimony to the good workmanship of seventy-five years ago. Its grounds were a setting of beautiful trees, shrubbery and flower beds, rose bordered walks, a large lawn to the east, and beyond a garden with fruit trees. On St. Mary's street at the east were the stable and its yard, and a cow pasture was on St. Mary's and Fourth streets. The long frontage on Elizabeth street was bordered by honey locusts and elms. Sloane & Company of New York furnished the house, Vick of Rochester the grounds and garden. It is interesting to note that both of these firms are in existence today, and of prominence.

How commonplace the above facts today. How like a near fairy story in 1849 Such a house and grounds were a departure from the traditions of the times, and region; and the furnishings had to be freighted across the mountains and brought in part by canal and rivers. The result was so rare for the Illinois of that time that people came from near and far to make inspection of both house and grounds.

RESIDENCE JOHN WANTON CASEY.

In this comfortable home, with its pleasant environment, John Wanton and Elizabeth Casey lived their happy lives, reared their children, and entertained their many friends.

Children in their earliest years see their parents with eyes of abounding faith, later with more critical vision. But when they have measured life by experience and observation, they secretly sit in solemn judgment on those who bore them. And so sitting—at over three score years—the children of John and Elizabeth Casey bow in humility and gratitude before them.

They are grateful that the mental atmosphere of their home was ever one of harmony, happiness and high-minded living; that they heard no sordid talk about money, no evil gossip, never a coarse word or jest; that the conversation at the family table was an education in the events and interests of the day; that they learned from their parents that hospitality is both a duty and a pleasure; that charity is a grateful obligation; that strong men are chivalrous; that books are a part of life; and many more articles of faith that have not only sweetened their days, given them fixed standards of judgment, but also have been a rock under their feet in a different age, a different order of living.

Comparing notes, they find certain most amusing conclusions held in common during early childish years, as—that God may be the greatest of all beings, but not as good as our father and mother; that going to church is awful because of sermons, but that many grown people go to sleep; that fathers and mothers read books and magazines to each other, especially on stormy days; that Indian stories are shivery and delicious; that having preachers who talk religion at supper is a hardship that must be cheerfully borne; that fathers always put footstools under mothers' feet when the family circle gathers; that fathers write endless pages about dull things, and read them to mothers; mothers like it!

Hospitality in new countries is not only a social obligation, but part of the happiness of life, and the Caseys' home, from the first, was ever a center of hospitality. In Illinois in the 40's entertaining was beginning to take on the lavish

form which in the 50's reached a point equal to that of Colonial days in the East. Tables groaned, and if they did not, it was because they were over-stoutly built. Why not? In the use of milk, eggs, butter, meats, game of all kinds, vegetables, and wild and cultivated fruits *ad infinitum* there was no slightest need for economy. If there was lacking the sophistication of older cuisines, housewifely methods preserved fine original flavors, and lavishness of variety made up for the things not then procurable in the West. In most homes there were touches of inherited china and silver to add to the creditable recently purchased table service, and perhaps no one in Illinois today can entertain more acceptably than did the host and hostess of the 50's.

One of the later by-phases of hospitality in the Casey home, which delighted Mr. Casey's family on the occasion of evening parties, was the grave manner in which the host would enter the arena where young men were contending for the favor of the belles of the evening, and by his courtliness, gallantry, and charm of conversation, carry off the honors—and the favor of the belles.

During the early years of his life in the West, Mr. Casey organized Pekin's first temperance society, and throughout his life was an abstemious man. But there was one small indulgent spot—how human—in his sweeping denunciation of liquor drinking. He had a measureless admiration for the intellect and oratory of Daniel Webster, as well as an affectionate regard for the man. He was always intensely indignant when Webster's attitude toward the temperance question was referred to in print or public speech; but in the privacy of his home circle he would sometimes mention, half in shame, half in pride, how many drinks Webster could take before making a critical speech, without affecting the lucid clearness of his thought, his unanswerable logic, his charm, and sheer power of oratory.

As has been mentioned, Mr. Casey retired from active business at the end of the Civil War. His years passed serenely in congenial pursuits, writing for the newspapers on

the topics of the hour (always constructively), in wide reading, in the diversion of mathematics, the care of his affairs, church work (he was junior warden of St. Paul's Episcopal Church for many years, also secretary-treasurer of the vestry), and in the enjoyment of friendships.

One of the friendships of his later years always caused a smile in the family circle, when mentioned—that for Robert Ingersoll. There existed something akin to an attachment between the two men so widely separated by years and temperament, and of such antithetical beliefs. Mr. Ingersoll's atheistic utterances caused his older friend deepest concern. But remonstrances and arguments—which sometimes drew listeners—always ended with: "Well, Mr. Casey, if I am ever converted to religion, I shall join the Episcopal Church out of deference to you."

All proper minded men are generous to their own, but family generosity was a characteristic of Mr Casey to a degree that is rare. From his children he withheld nothing that he could give. For their beloved mother all that he had was hers as well. When his parents died he waived his share of everything in the East Greenwich home—filled with rarely interesting and beautiful things—in favor of his sisters.

Up to within a few months of his death, Mr. Casey's pen never flagged in its service for the good of his country and State, and for the furthering of the best ideals of living. He had been in vigorous health all his life—indeed, he once boasted that he had not been ill a day in fifty years—and was confined to his bed but for three weeks at the last. The end came without violence and characteristically. When coma had almost overwhelmed him, a nurse entered the room and said softly: "Mrs. Casey, you have eaten nothing all day; tea is served. Won't you come to the table?" Back from the very borderland of the Beyond the dear patient fought his way, and turning his dimming eyes to the white haired lady of his heart, he feebly whispered: "Take something, dear, to sustain you." With this last chivalrous thought the eyes closed, a few more breaths and he was

gone—the star-dust of his life fading into the warm colors of a greater dawn. His earthly remains lie today in Lakeside, the cemetery of Pekin, his home town for fifty years. His son, Edwin A. Casey, some years after his father's death, had placed at the head of two graves a monument which bears no prideful epitaphs, but instead, that which would have been his father's dearest wish. It reads (with only dates added):

Here Lie
John Wanton Casey
and
Elizabeth Moore Morris
His Wife

METAMORA. ILL. COURT HOUSE— 1862.—WHERE LINCOLN
INGERSOL-DOUGLES AND OTHERS PRACTICED LAW.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE AT METAMORA, PRESENTED TO THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

By J. C. Irving.

The history of the Court House at Metamora is "an oft told tale," but very interesting, and especially so on the occasion of the transfer to the State of the Old Building as a Lincoln Memorial and Historical Museum.

On the location of the county seat at Hanover (now Metamora) June 17, 1843, by commissioners selected for the purpose, donations of land, town lots, cash and labor were subscribed. A contract was made by the county commissioners, with Wm. Rockwell and Samuel S. Parke on June 4, 1844, who sublet the contract to David Irving for $4,400, and he with Denzil Holland, a carpenter, erected the building. The aforementioned Samuel S. Parks was operating a steam saw mill one mile north of the village (in what is now known as the Theena pasture) and the lumber for the building was sawed there.

A brick yard existed just northwest of Oakwood cemetery and was conducted by "Captain Wilson," but was not of sufficient capacity to supply all the brick, and Irving and Holland purchased 40 acres of timber a half mile east of the other yard (on the farm now owned by John Schrepfer) and there burned the remainder of the brick required. They also burned a part, if not all, the lime required at the "Old Stone Quarry" near the abandoned coal mine, northwest of Metamora.

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts of raw material, and did her part in the building.

A large portion of the lumber was black walnut and today stands as evidence of its stability.

The stairs leading to the court room led up from the rear end. After passing through the long Hall on the ground floor one ascended either right or left passing two small jury rooms and into the court room, facing south. In the south end of the room was the elevated seat of the judge. In front of the judge was the clerk's desk, surrounded by a railing, and around the outside of this rail ran a wide shelf upon which the lawyers arranged their books. The body of the room was occupied with black walnut benches. The desk of the jury box was on the left of the judge.

In 1870 the stairs were changed to the front of the building and the arrangement of the court room was changed, but the original building stands the same as when erected, with the exception of two wings erected about 1884.

With some repairs and care the building will survive many generations yet.

The writer does not claim to recall all of the able attorneys who have practiced at the Bar of the Old Court House, but will submit the following:

Judges: Samuel Treat, Harriot, Williams, David Davis, Samuel L. Richmond, John Burns, Mark Bangs, David McCullough, N. M. Laws, N. W. Green, S. S. Page, N. H. Worthington, T. M. Shaw.

Attorneys—from Metamora: S. L. H. Haskel, Cyrus Niles, S. P. Shope, C. H. Chitty, George I. Kettele, W. P. Brown, R. T. Cassell, Jos. J. Cassell, M. H. Cassell, W. L. Ellwood, S. S. Page, George T. Page, Hill, J. M. Fort, S. M. Garrett, John Clark, Wm. G. Ewing, Louis F. Feilitzsch, S V. Jones, George C. Christian, Hon. A. E. Stevenson, Zach. Taylor, John L. Ray, R. T. Perry.

Lawyers—from abroad: Abraham Lincoln, Springfield.

From Peoria—R. G. Ingersoll, N. Grove, S. D. Puterbaugh, S. L. Hopkins, J. K. Cooper, John S. Stevens, W. H. Horton and William O'Brien.

Ben Prettyman, Pekin; Robert Williams and Thos. Kerrick, Bloomington

From El Paso—A. M. Cavan, W. S. Gibson, John T. Harper, Walter Bennett, W. H. Bullock, W. G. Randall, W. W. Hammond, Peoria; A. S. Trude, Chicago.

From Minonk—Martin L. Newell, Davidson, Thomas Kennedy, J. A. Reily, W. C. Simpson.

Leonard Swett, Chicago; Geo. A. Gill, Washburn; John W. Dougherty, Washington, Ill.

From Eureka—B. D. Meek, J. A. Briggs, C. H. Radford.

From Lacon—Hon. Geo. O. Barnes, R. M. Barnes, Bob Edwards, Joseph Ong, David Miller, Winslow Evans.

DEDICATION OF OLD COURT HOUSE IN METAMORA AS STATE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

Ex-Governor Joseph W. Fifer in Dedicatory Address.
(Copied largely from Metamora Herald, August 26, 1921.)

The official transfer of the old Metamora court house to the State of Illinois, to be preserved for the ages as a Lincoln Memorial Museum, was celebrated by Metamora in connection with the annual Woodford County Old Settlers' reunion, and thus the occasion was made a noteworthy one.

By action of the last session of the legislature the State accepted the offer of the village of Metamora to deed the historic old building entire and unconditionally to its care. Former Governor Joseph W. Fifer, in the absence of State Senator Simon E. Lantz, appearing as the representative of the State, received from Mayor J. C. Snyder the deed to the property.

Ex-Governor Joseph W. Fifer of Bloomington, who one year ago at the Old Settlers' picnic in Metamora set in motion the project of the State of Illinois taking charge of the building, delivered the dedicatory address. Governor Fifer, in his address last year, pointed out that the old building is the last remaining court house in the state in which Abraham Lincoln practiced law and he pledged that he would endeavor to enlist the support of the governor and legislators in an official move to preserve the old court house. Senator Simon E. Lantz took up the matter and introduced a bill in the last assembly, which he successfully put through the senate, and Representatives Charles E. Turner, Michael Fahy and D. S. Myers pushed the bill through the house, during the closing days of the session, and it was duly signed by Governor Small.

Has an Interesting History.

A halo of interesting history clusters around the venerated old structure. It was built in 1845 by David Irving, father of J. C. Irving of Metamora, from native burned brick and lime and hardwood lumber sawed from the virgin forest. Abraham Lincoln, as a circuit riding lawyer, had been attending court in Old Versailles, the first county seat of Woodford county, and on the removal of the county seat to Metamora he continued to ride the circuit with the presiding judge and the other lawyers from one county seat to another. He was a regular attendant at court in Metamora, except possibly during the sessions of the legislature of which he was a member for several years, and continued to ride the circuit until the late fifties. There are still a few people living who saw Lincoln in the actual trial of cases in the old court room on the second floor. Other men of prominence who attended court in the old building were Judge David Davis, who afterward became a justice of the United States Supreme Court; Adlai E. Stevenson, who practiced law in Metamora for ten years and afterward became Vice President of the United States; Robert G. Ingersoll, who though an agnostic was one of the most scholarly men of his day; and there are others who achieved state and nation-wide fame.

The old building had served as the Woodford county court house for half a century, when in 1896 an election changed the county seat to Eureka. Upon the building of the new court house the old building was deeded to the village of Metamora. It has been used as a village hall, board meeting place, etc., and has been kept in a fair state of repair. A year ago the village turned the old court room over to the Metamora post of the American Legion as a meeting place and the post has kept the upper rooms in presentable shape. The day was not far distant when more extensive repairs would be needed if the old building was to be preserved and the village welcomed the suggestion that the state assume ownership and care of the building.

To Be Lincoln Museum.

At a recent conference between Colonel C. R. Miller of the State Department of Public Works and Buildings, Senator Simon E. Lantz and a local committee appointed by Mayor Snyder, the plan was agreed upon to make of the building a Lincoln museum, gathering together local mementoes of Lincoln and articles of pioneer life and placing a competent care-taker in charge. This matter will be taken up at once after the formal transfer of the deed.

Old Settlers' Reunion.

Coincident with the big feature of the day the annual reunion of the Old Settlers of Woodford county takes place. The day's program opened with a band concert at 9 o'clock in the morning by Elgin's band of Peoria, and at 10:30 the annual Old Settlers' session was held.

The amusements during the morning hours were a horseshoe tournament between the Woodford county team and teams representing surrounding counties in this part of the State and a ball game.

At the high school ball grounds the Washington Liberties and Metamora staged a game at 10 a. m.

Airplane Flights.

Between 12:30 and 1:30 Mark Arnold, daredevil aerial performer, made ascensions. Airplane passengers were carried during the day.

Great Program Afternoon.

Elgin band gave a half hour's concert from 1:30 to 2:00 o'clock and the dedication program began promptly at 2:00 o'clock. Ex-Governor Fifer gave an historical address dedicating the old court house to the State. Immediately thereafter Mayor Snyder presented the deed to the property to Governor Fifer, who made a short address of acceptance.

Hon. Frank Gillespie, brilliant Bloomington attorney and orator, delivered the annual address to the Old Settlers, and short informal talks followed by Representatives Turner, Fahy and Myers, and by visiting Old Settlers.

THOUSANDS ATTEND HISTORICAL EVENT.

Transfer of Old Metamora Court House to State Has Great Setting.

Occasion in Connection With Annual Reunion of Old Settlers

Results in One of Biggest Days of Metamora's History.

As the days of more than half a century ago when Lincoln and Douglas made campaign speeches in Metamora, when the first train went through the town or when a great barbecue was given at the close of the Civil War, have been often referred to as Metamora's biggest days, so the occasion of the transfer of the old Metamora court house to the State of Illinois, to become known throughout the Union as the "Lincoln Memorial Court House at Metamora," will be recounted by the present generation in the years to come.

The dedication, held in connection with the annual Woodford County Old Settlers' reunion in Metamora, made a day of double interest, because of the gathering of many notable and interesting personages of an older day, that virtually formed a connecting link with the days when Abraham Lincoln trod over the same ground upon which the thousands were gathered, with the present era of automobiles and airplanes. Gray-haired people reflecting over the past could not but note the wide variance between the horseback and market-wagon days of sixty years ago and the auto lined streets, while aloft an airplane flitted about.

Great Day's Program.

The day's program was quite in keeping with the spirit and importance of the occasion. Judge Gillespie, in his ad-

dress, stated that he considered the occasion sacred, and those who listened to the addresses of Ex-Governor Fifer, Judge Gillespie, W. L. Ellwood, James Piper, Prof. B. J. Radford and President Irving were so impressed. There was an air of dignity about it all that was not lost sight of in the pleasantries, the amusements and sports incident to a celebration. Everything was clean, orderly and enjoyable, and satisfaction was expressed and reflected on every hand.

The program was carried out to the letter, with the exception of the absence of Senator Simon E. Lantz, deputed to receive the deed to the old court house. Ex-Governor Fifer acted in his stead, receiving the deed from Mayor J. C. Snyder, and acknowledging its receipt on behalf of the State.

President J. C. Irving presided throughout the program, calling the assembly to order at 10:30 in the morning, after a short concert by Elgin's band of Peoria. Rev. J. D. Calhoun of Washington gave the invocation and Dr. J. I. Knoblauch, on behalf of Metamora, gave the address of welcome. Dr. Knoblauch made a plea for an increase in membership in the Old Settlers' association, which resulted in many new names being added to the roster. Attorney W. L. Ellwood of Peoria responded to the address, on behalf of the Old Settlers.

J. C. Irving Re-Elected.

J. C. Irving was re-elected president of the Old Settlers' association, at the business session held. Miss Lillian Theena was elected secretary. Resolutions upon the death of members during the year past were adopted.

During the noon hour the park was a great picnic ground, many of the visitors having brought picnic baskets. Hot coffee was served free at a stand in the park.

An airplane flight preceded the afternoon program and Elgin's band gave a concert until 2 o'clock, when Governor Fifer delivered his dedicatory address, a masterful effort, which appears in part in this issue. At its close Mayor Snyder tendered the Ex-Governor the deed to the old court house property, to forever remain the property of the State.

Judge Frank Gillespie of Bloomington delivered a beautiful address immediately following the delivery of the deed.

Prof. B. J. Radford of Eureka, who claimed the prize as the oldest native son of Woodford county, having been born here in 1838, spoke reminiscently. He related that in the old court house building he had heard Abraham Lincoln, Judge Logan, David Davis and Bob Ingersoll speak. He sat on the wheel of the wagon from which Lincoln spoke in Metamora in 1858, and in Galesburg he stood for three hours during the delivery of the debate speeches of Lincoln and Douglas. His father served on a jury in a case in which Lincoln appeared as counsel and he remembers his father telling his mother that he sat up until 2 o'clock in the morning listening to Lincoln telling stories.

The contests and sports took place immediately at the close of the oratorical program, and included various races for prizes.

Benson was the winner of the baseball game of the afternoon, trimming Roanoke 16 to 3, in what proved to be an uninteresting game. Ehresman was on the mound for Benson and had the game in hand all through. Breyne, the Roanoke twirler, was batted all over the lot, and to make matters worse his field support failed him badly.

The morning game of baseball between the Washington Liberties and Metamora was won by Metamora, 16-2.

The game of horseshoes between Dewitt and Woodford counties was won by Dewitt county. The purse was $50.

The day's program wound up with a free moving picture show in the park, a concert by Elgin's band and a pavement dance, the music being furnished by Dusey's orchestra of Peoria. Fully 2,500 people saw the picture show and the dancers numbered nearly 150 couples.

The crowds in mid-afternoon were probably as large as have ever been seen in Metamora. The estimated attendance by different judges ran all the way from 6,000 to 10,000. It was an orderly crowd and, while there were plenty of police on hand, their principal duties were in directing traffic and furnishing information.

Great credit is due the business people of Metamora, all of whom contributed generously, as did also a number of interested citizens, some of them from quite a distance. Particular credit is due President J. C. Irving for his part in arranging the program and his skillful handling of the same, and to the executive committee, E. W. Knoblauch, J. W. Miller, F. W. Wagner, Wm. Noe, E. V. Giehl and Wm. Ryan.

ADDRESS OF W. L. ELLWOOD.

It is with much pleasure, Dr. Knoblauch, that on behalf of the Old Settlers present I respond to your cordial welcome extended us by the citizens of Metamora.

None know better than I of the enterprise, hospitality and goodfellowship which your citizens always show when the Old Settlers gather here, for I have missed very few of their meetings held here during the last twenty-five years. I know that no community in the State has a greater appreciation of the importance and value of these gatherings, or does more to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of its guests than the citizens of this beautiful little village.

It is with me, sir, doubly pleasant to have the privilege of speaking at this time in reply to your address of hearty welcome.

Metamora will ever be near and dear to my heart. I have been intimately acquainted with it and its older citizens for over 50 years. In 1865 my mother, a widow of the Civil War, moved to this town from a farm near the village of Mackinaw.

Here my sister and myself grew to adult age. With the exception of six months spent in Watseka, where I first opened a law office, Metamora was my home from 1865 to November, 1896. Here I studied law and practiced my profession for more than 20 years. Here I have experienced success and sore defeat, happiness and sorrow. Here my children were born, and their mother, and my mother and my maternal grandparents, and other relatives, lie at rest in your beautiful cemetery of Oakwood. I was intimately acquainted with

your citizens of 50 years ago, and know that the early settlers of this town were an enterprising and intelligent people and representative of the better class of Americans. Among them were the Pages, the Perrys, the Whitmires, the Cassells, the Bantas and Rays, Babcock, Rockwell, Reeder and Kellogg, Shope, Cross, Irving, Gish, Chitty, Clark, Plank, Stevenson, Lamson, Hartley, Kipp, Conrad, Rohman, and many others.

More than 50 years ago Metamora had a good public library where the standard works of history and biography, and the best works of fiction and miscellaneous literature could be found. For many years, perhaps over 35, there was a society here known as the Independent Order of Good Fellows. This was a debating society, formed during the War of the Rebellion, and it met once a week and debated all kinds of questions. It was entertaining and instructive, and many men who have since achieved success and distinction, made their first speech in the Good Fellows' hall.

Metamora has much of which to be proud. It is one of the most beautifully located villages in Illinois, surrounded by a country extremely beautiful and fertile, occupied by an industrious, intelligent and patriotic citizenship.

Few communities of its size have had more men who have left them to become distinguished in the business and political world, than this. Simeon P. Shope became a leading lawyer of Fulton county, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Adlai E. Stevenson became a member of Congress, First Assistant Postmaster General, and Vice-President of the United States. John L. Ray became one of the leading lawyers of Champaign county and for many years stood at the head of its bar. Andrew Banta became a prominent lawyer, and a member of the Legislature in Kansas. Samuel S. Page became a Circuit Judge of this District after he moved to Peoria, and later became one of the most successful and brilliant trial lawyers of Chicago. His brother, George T. Page, became one of the leading lawyers of Peoria, and is now a Judge of the United States Circuit Court at Chicago, which office he holds for life. Dick

Hartley, born here, is the State's Attorney at Salt Lake City, Utah.

I can not express the pleasure I feel in knowing that today the State of Illinois is to receive a deed for the old Court House across the way, and is to take over its care and upkeep.

That old building is historic. Built in 1843, it has been the scene of many hotly contested trials. Its courts have been presided over by an able and distinguished line of judges. Among them have been Samuel H. Treat, afterwards a judge of the United States Court. David Davis, afterwards United States Senator, and a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mark Bangs, Richmond, Burns, Shaw, McCulloch, Laws, Green, S. S. Page and Nicholas E. Worthington.

Its walls have echoed to the eloquence of Abraham Lincoln, Leonard Swett, George O. Barnes, John Burns, N. E. Worthington, Adlai E. Stevenson, W. W. O'Brien and that prince of orators, Robert G. Ingersoll.

I hope that your citizens will ever take an interest in that old building. To the young men and women of this community and county I would say, take an interest in your community and county, and acquire a knowledge of the history of your county and of the men who preceded you, for in the lives of the men who have gone before and have developed and improved this section of our beautiful land there is much to inspire and emulate.

Governor Fifer's Address.

In a little speech a year ago at this place, I suggested that the old Court House be taken over by the State. The suggestion seemed to make a favorable impression upon the good people of this County, and through their efforts, and the efforts of their representatives in the General Assembly, a bill to that end became a law at the last session, and the Court House is now the property of the State. I congratulate the people of Woodford County, and the people of the whole state, upon the fact that the only remaining Court

House of the old Eighth Circuit is to be cared for and preserved by all the people.

The value of this modest temple of justice is not in its splendid architecture, nor in the materials of which it is built, but rather in the sacred memories that cluster about it. In this regard it is doubtful if a more important or valuable court house can be found in the United States. There were times when Abraham Lincoln, Adlai E. Stevenson, Robert G. Ingersoll and Judge David Davis all met under the roof of that building, not only once, but many times. No one would have believed at that time that within the walls of that unpretentious structure there were assembled a future President and Vice-President, a future Judge of the highest Judicial Body in the world, and the Greatest orator of his age, and yet this all proved to be true.

The old Eighth Circuit, as it is now called in history, embraced substantially the same territory that is now included in the Third Supreme Judicial District. Judge Davis was the Judge of the Circuit, and nearly all of the leading lawyers of the Circuit followed him from court to court, and I have been told they went from county to county in the following order: From Sangamon to Tazewell, then to Woodford, McLean, Logan, DeWitt, Ford, Piatt, Champaign, Vermilion, Edgar, Coles, Shelby, Moultrie, Douglas and thence back to Sangamon.

It was in riding the Circuit that Lincoln became acquainted with the great lawyers of Central Illinois, and laid the foundation of that success which placed him in the Presidential chair, and gave him a fame greater than that of any man of his time.

It was here in this County, in the midst of this people, that Adlai E. Stevenson, who was one of the ablest and most discreet statesmen of his time, laid the foundations of his future success.

It is equally true that Judge David Davis is much indebted to the influence of the bar and the people of the old Eighth Circuit for a career which placed him on the Su-

preme Bench of the United States, and gave to him a reputation as one of the greatest Judges of that august body.

So it will be seen when all these facts are considered, that I have not over-stated the case when I say that the building which we dedicate today is the most important and the most memorable structure of the kind to be found in the United States. It is to be hoped that the Governor of the State will appoint some worthy custodian to have charge of it, and to see to it well that it is preserved in all respects as we see it today.

I know of no one better qualified for the position of custodian than Mr. J. C. Irving of this city, whose father, I am told, erected the building many years ago.

While this memorial is now the property of the State, to be cared for by the state, yet, my fellow citizens, it must always remain in your special keeping; in the keeping of Woodford County.

It is well known that the Daughters of the American Revolution are marking the trail of those who rode the old Eighth Circuit, and when that work is completed, I am sure that the point of greatest interest will be found right here in your beautiful little city of Metamora.

My fellow citizens, you will note that great men never come singly, but in groups. The Revolutionary War gave to the world many great names. Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, and many others. It can clearly be seen that a successful revolution, and the establishment of free institution in a wilderness, was destined to send some names to the pantheon of fame, and so it was.

Jackson was the last Revolutionary President, and from his time down to the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, the Presidential chair was filled with mediocrity. The event of the Civil War gave birth to another group of great names, and among them the name of Abraham Lincoln, that strange man who came among us, strode across this little grain of sand of ours, and disappeared leaving the world in wonder and amazement at his great achievements.

It is not only true that great men come in groups, but it is true also that the event and the man must come together, if one's greatness is to be known by the world, and it is equally true that no man can be truly great unless he attaches his name to some great movement for the benefit of mankind. All these conditions united to make Abraham Lincoln the greatest character of his age. It is doubtful whether Abraham Lincoln would have been known to the world, had it not been for his great rival and contemporary, Stephen A. Douglas. The names of Lincoln and Douglas will be forever associated together, and these two men are now justly regarded as the greatest statesmen this country has produced since the era of American Independence.

Friends, let us all emulate the example of the great men who once assembled in yonder building. Let us guard with the most scrupulous fidelity, even to the sacrifice of life itself, the political institutions which have been handed down to us by the august hands of our Revolutionary Fathers.

Attorney Gillespie's Address.

Attorney Gillespie said in part: "And Abram said unto Lot, let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

Pioneering is a law of life—a vital principle of life. Without the pioneer civilization would die. The fact that we have old settlers pre-supposes the pioneer, the new settler of long ago.

It is of the pioneer who in his evolution has produced the old settler, I speak today, and in speaking of them I say:

"Not as white saints without a blot
We celebrate the deeds they wrought,
For they were made of average clay,
As mortal men are made today,

For always in dark hours of need
A man is furnished for the deed.
And always when the storm clouds lower
Strong men are ready for the hour,
And thus from earth's most common breed
Spring heroes fit for every need."

Just common men have kept the world and civilization going. They have the dynamic power of body and soul. They, and they alone, have the power of movement, of locomotion, and it is they who have gone out and pioneered. The sons of Abraham were the sons of Hagar, an Egyptian hand maid. The world is peopled with men of the royal blood of common men.

"If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." This is the language of Abraham to Lot, and Lot became the pioneer, for he went out into the plain, and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan.

The pioneer, the old settler, had to give up something. To be successful he must always forget self in the grosser sense. His prayer must ever be: "Lord help me live from day to day, in such a self-forgetful way, that even when I kneel to pray, my prayer shall be for others. Help me in all the work I do to ever be sincere and true, and know that all I'd do for you must needs be done for others. Let 'self' be crucified and slain and buried deep; and all in vain may efforts be to rise again, unless to live for others. And when my work on earth is done, and my new work in heaven's begun, may I forget the crown I've won while thinking still of others. Others, Lord, yes others; let this my motto be; help me to live for others, that I may live like thee."

And so our fathers gave up established civilization, and took up their abode in the wilderness. They gave up everything, that they might achieve, that they might become cultured in liberty and freedom, and they built this Republic wisely and well. And they built Illinois. I love the waving fields of grain, the dawning skies of gold and sun, the twilight

hours when day is done; it's all in Illinois! Here lie the green graves of our sires, of men who fought the country's wars, the loved and lost of passing years, in Illinois, my Illinois!

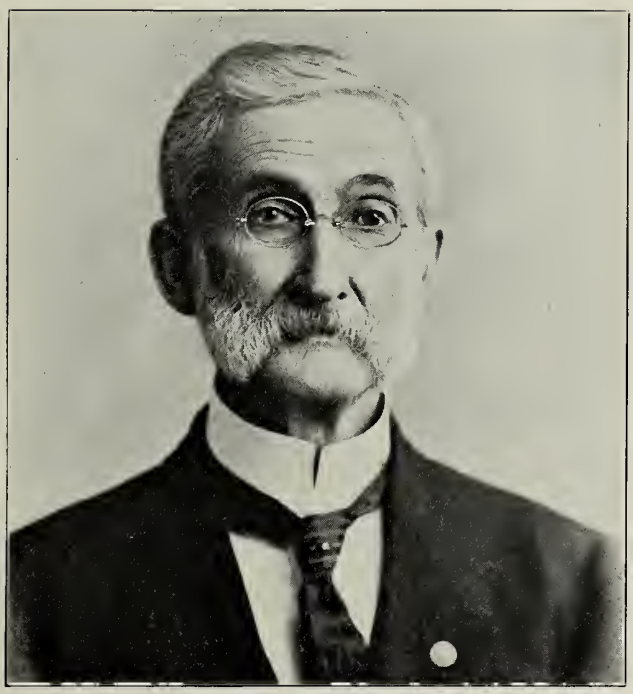
CAMP BUTLER.

By William I. Kincaid.

It seems fitting, in the absence of any record of the history of Camp Butler and its U. S. A. Hospital and Camp Hospital, that it would be well for the present and future generations of Central Illinois that an account of its organization, and what it accomplished during its existence, from 1861 to 1865, be written as a history, calling to mind the fact that the beautiful spot, Camp Butler National Cemetery, is of interest to every citizen of Sangamon and adjoining counties as the resting place of so many of our brave sons and brothers—both Union and Confederate. As we pass and repass this God's Acre—see Old Glory floating to the breeze and the glistening white of the marble markers at each grave, bringing to our minds the great sacrifice and cost of reuniting in one our battle-torn and blood-stained country —lest we forget. He who undertakes the writing of this history must needs do it from memory, and so necessarily will not promise accuracy in regard to dates, but will approximate as nearly as possible.

The writer's first knowledge of the camp was when the Rendezvous Camp was established at Clear Lake in 1861, which was continued until the Winter of '62. On account of bad roads and the difficulty of transporting commissary stores and men through Sangamon county mud, the camp was changed to Camp Butler on the Wabash & Western Railroad (I have wondered why it was called Camp Butler; was it named for General Ben Butler?), where it continued until the close of the war.

The writer enlisted Aug. 13, 1862, in a company raised by Sheriff J. M. Hurt, of Athens, Menard county, and went into camp expecting to be part of the 114th Illinois, seven companies being of Sangamon county, two from Menard



W. I. KINCAID.

HOSPITAL CORPS, CAMP BUTLER DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Upper row, left to right: W. D. Forbes, Clerk; Charles Hutchinson, Clerk; A. G. Kincaid, Surgeon in Charge; John J. Cook, Clerk; W. L. Kincaid, Asst. Hospital Steward.

Lower row, left to right: Allen Bradley, Clerk; Henry Hayes, Clerk; Charles F. Mills, Hospital Steward; H. D. Hill, Hospital Steward; Gyne Allen, Clerk.

and one from Cass completing the regiment. My company was transferred to Camp Latham at Lincoln and with eight companies of Logan, "A" of Sangamon, Capt. Henry Yates, "K" of Menard, Capt. J. M. Hurt, became the 106th Illinois Infantry, which left Lincoln Nov. 8 for the field, worked its way south until June '63, when it joined in the Siege of Vicksburg. The writer, on a forced march down the Yazoo Valley, on June 7, was stricken with heat or sunstroke, from which he did not recover for six months, and was furloughed home by special request of Gov. Richard Yates, which act will cause me to revere his memory as long as life lasts. And when I have had opportunity, I have honored the father in being faithful to the son, Richard Yates, Jr.

My admittance to the general hospital at Camp Butler was in November, 1863, as a patient unfit for field service, and from that date begins the recollection of nearly two years' service as acting assistant steward in the U. S. A. General Hospital, which at that time consisted of two wards, one near the main entrance to the camp and the other in the northeast corner of the camp. Each ward contained sixty cots and was under the management of Superintendent of Hospital Dr. Wm. Sturgis, whose office was in Springfield. Dr. A. G. Kinkead was surgeon in charge at Camp Butler, with Chas. F. Mills as steward, John J. Cook druggist, Henry Hays and Allen Bradley as clerks. The second ward was under the care of Dr. Mills, an Englishman, who was his own surgeon, druggist and clerk combined; wrote no prescriptions or kept any record of his work; would fill his pockets with pills and powders and arms full of bottles and would proceed to dose the boys for whatever ailed them, all from one spoon or medicine glass. This continued until the middle of December, when an order came from the Surgeon General, U. S. A., that a record of patients' diagnoses of ailments and treatments be kept and forwarded daily to the department, through surgeon in charge and superintendent of Hospitals. It was at this time that the writer began his career as assistant steward, as the need of one who could

keep the records, portion out quinine and compound cathartic pills. The lot fell to me, as I had had four months' experience in a drug store and was the only one in the ward who had the proper credentials. Doctor Mills said that he could not stand so much unnecessary red tape, and so tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the department. Up to this time, the most of the hospital record was in caring for the Confederate prisoners captured at Arkansas post, as the markers in the National Cemetery will show. But the assembling of troops by enlistment and draft made it necessary to enlarge the capacity, and during the winter of '63 and '64, under the supervision of Steward Mills, seven new wards of sixty cot capacity and a large office building were erected, and an enlarged corps of surgeons and clerks were added. Dr. H. B. Buck, U. S. V., was made superintendent of hospitals; Dr. Wm. Sturgis, surgeon in charge, with A. G. Kinkead of Greenfield, Ill., A. V. Goltra of Springfield, J. L. Gray of Macon, Ill., Stimmel, Thrall and Hough, of Ohio, all contract surgeons, with the addition of H. D. Hill, U. S. A., steward, of Ohio, W. D. Forbes, Gym Allen and Chas. Hutcherson as clerks, which completed the hospital corps, of which the writer is the only surviving member.

At that time there were no organizations save the Sanitary Commission—no Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, Salvation Army nor Knights of Columbus to look after the sick and wounded, so the commission secured the services of Mrs. Sarah Gregg of Ottawa as Matron (the boys all called her Mother Gregg), with a Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Tynan and Miss Tierney as her assistants. Their work was the distribution and preparing of delicacies for the very sick ones, and it was surely appreciated by the boys. We were pretty well supplied with jellies, jams, canned fruits and such other articles as were contributed by the Sanitary Commissions throughout the country. Among the active ones was Loami, Indian Point, Irish Grove, Mason City, Walker and Lease's Grove and many others who contributed liberally. The headquarters of the commission was in the Lincoln Home in Springfield. Considering

Mrs. Sarah Gregg

Mrs. Tynan

Mrs. Moore

Miss. E. D. Tenney

the conveniences of that time, soldiers in the Camp Butler Hospital were well cared for. The greater number of graves in the cemetery are of the boys whose parents or friends were not able to take them home to the family burying grounds. When a patient died his remains were kept long enough to inform his parents or friends and get word as to the disposal of the body. Very many who were able to do so came and brought better coffins and took them to their homes, and many have been removed since the war; and others who have come to Camp Butler with the intention of moving their loved ones, when they have found such a well kept and cared for resting place, have been content to leave them undisturbed. A few years ago a man came from Texas to take home the remains of a brother (a Confederate), and when he saw the cemetery and noted the care that was taken of it, he returned home, saying that he would rather have his brother's body resting in Camp Butler Cemetery than in the little "God's acre" in the southland.

It is to be regretted that a fire that destroyed the office building in the Fall of '65 burned all the hospital records, which would have been quite an asset to the Historical Society of Springfield—that is such a factor in calling to mind all the achievements of the past, and, *"lest we forget,"* reminding the coming generation of the great heritage that has been handed down to them and to charge them that there is as great a need of loyalty and patriotism today as there was in the days gone by. And may they so live and act that they may always be able to say: "I am proud of the fact that I am a citizen of this great State of Illinois, the State that gave to the Nation a Lincoln and a Grant."

EARLY SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES OF EDGAR COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

By Rose Moss Scott.

The first school in Edgar County was opened in a log building in Hunter Township, in what is known as the North Arm neighborhood.

It is worthy of note that the goose quill pen was but three years behind the pioneer's axe. The honor of teaching this school is generally given to Amos Williams. Mr. Williams was considered a competent teacher for this time, especially in writing, as shown by the early records of the county. His method of writing his name officially is worthy of note. It was signed "A. Williams," all the letters of his name being capitals and joined very closely.

The first school district of this county was organized by the County Commissioners Court on March 7, 1826, and embraced the village of Paris and the adjacent farms. A petition was presented by Smith Shaw, praying for a school district, which was granted. The boundaries of this district almost conform to those of the "Paris Union School District."

The Paris schools have had an official existence since 1826. The same Amos Williams, who had the honor of being the first teacher in the county, was the first teacher in Paris in the year 1824. The first school building was a rude structure of logs surrounded by a stockade and stood at the south end of the alley which divides the block on the south side of the public square. This school house stood on the southeast corner of a lot then owned by General Alexander, which was part of his homestead.

This school was taught by Amos Williams in 1824. Isaac Alexander taught school in the same house in 1828. In 1835 one room in a building south of where the Baptist church

now stands, was used as a school room. The first school houses were of logs. The seats were benches without backs, desks were shelves along the wall. Here pupils sat to learn to write. In building the school house one log was left out above this shelf to furnish light. A fireplace heated the building.

Whatever book a child could procure was his text book. The teacher was paid by the father, paying a fixed price for each child he sent, and the teacher "boarding around" for at least part of the pay.

The boy or girl who could "read and write and do sums" was considered well educated.

There were schools kept in various places in the county as people came, but until 1855, and the enactment of the Free School Law, educational opportunities in Edgar County were limited to those who were able and willing to pay the expense, which that law required the public to pay.

After the enactment of the Free School Law of 1855, the Paris School District at once took the steps necessary to receive the benefits of that law, by selecting a site and erecting a good building with seven rooms. The same enterprise was exhibited throughout the county and school districts organized. The public school system at first met with some opposition, but the beneficial results soon became apparent. For a person to speak of the public schools in any manner other than to acknowledge their merits would classify the speaker as opposed to good government.

Provisions were made by the General Government before the organization of Illinois as a State or Territory, for the education of its people, by the donation of Section 16 of each township of public lands for the maintenance of public schools within that township.

The present office of County Superintendent of Schools had its origin in the office of School Commissioner, who was appointed by the County Commissioners' Court to negotiate the sale of the Sixteenth section. His duties were similar to those of a real estate broker. His only compensation was a

percentage on lands sold. The first School Commissioner was Jonathan Mayo, who was appointed in 1843. Mr. Mayo was succeeded by Garland B. Shelledy, who was succeeded by Mr. Kelly.

During this time a law was passed by the Legislature giving the County Commissioner power to examine and license teachers.

The first man called to this important duty was Sheridan P. Read, in 1858, after the public school system had been in operation about four years. We find in his report to the State Authorities the following: "Under the present law there has been a great improvement in the schools of this county. The districts are erecting good comfortable houses, and I do not fear but that Edgar County will take a high stand in educational matters hereafter. The great want that is felt here now is for well qualified teachers." In 1841 Edgar Academy was established by Rev. Henry I. Venable on a tract of about six acres, where the Catholic church and school are now situated.

This school was opened on the first of December, 1841, by Rev. and Mrs. Venable, as a private enterprise. It was intended this should be a school for girls, but during the first year several boys made application for instruction in the language and mathematics; it was then decided to change the plan and take both males and females.

Rev. Venable was assisted in his efforts to meet the wants of the country for educational facilities by funds furnished to him without the payment of interest in most cases. The erection of the buildings and the employment of an adequate supply of assistants involved a heavy expenditure. In the Spring of 1848 a subscription was made to make the school a Presyterian institution, and the property was passed to the control of a Board of Trustees.

This school was continued until 1868. The young men and women who received their academic education at this school numbered more than one thousand, some students coming from Indiana. John C. Means, John W. Blackburn, Miss Nancy Stout and Miss Jane Dayton were teachers. Mr.

Nelson succeeded Rev. Venable as principal. Most of the students came on horse back. Those living some distance would spend the week end, when the weather was inclement, with those living nearer the school. In those days if you wished to go for a visit you went, and when you arrived it was not necessary to present your card. Soon after the Edgar Academy was placed under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church of Paris by Mr. Venable in 1848, the Methodists of Paris instituted the Methodist Seminary under the auspices of the Methodist Church.

Colonel Mayo gave a block of ground between East Court and East Wood streets for a site—a beautiful tract covered with forest trees. A two story brick building was erected thereon for the school.

Rev. Jesse H. Moore was the principal. This school to some extent was a rival to Edgar Academy. In 1869 the Paris Union School district was organized under a special charter, and this building was then used for public schools.

Churches.

The first church in this county was in the North Arm neighborhood. In 1818 the Rev. Joseph Curtis and his wife, Hannah, came to North Arm, and he established a Methodist Class at the home of Jonathan Mayo (who lived there at that time). The class consisted of Mr. Curtis and wife, Jonathan Mayo and wife, John Stratton and wife, and Sallie Whitley. Mr. Curtis was the first minister to preach the word of God in Edgar County. The place of meeting was soon moved to the Curtis home on the Clinton road, where for 24 years they worshipped. The North Arm brick church was built in 1842 and stood at the first cross roads east of the present church.

The first church organized in Paris was the Methodist Episcopal in 1823 by Rev. H. Vreedenberg, and the Presbyterian Church was organized in 1824. Both denominations worshipped in private residences or in the court house for some time and until church buildings could be constructed.

The Methodists generally met at the home of Smith Shaw, who was one of the original members of the church. In 1837 a brick church was erected by the Methodists on West Wood street, which was used as a place of worship until 1855. Some of the first Methodists of Paris were the Shaws, the Mayos, Munsells, Sandfords, Lawrences, Elliotts and Cranes.

In the log cabins in the forest or on the edge of the prairie could be found people who longed for the coming of a missionary, that they might hear the gospel. Even the trails of that time were not barriers, as people would go miles to church. Rev. Isaac Reed was such a missionary. The following extracts are from his diary:

Spring, 1824—A Macedonian call has been sent to me at Vincennes, from Paris, Ill. I returned word I would come.

Summer—Paris is the county seat of Edgar County, but a very small place of about eight cabins. It lies on the prairie.

November—At a meeting held in the school house at Paris, Ill., Nov. 6, 1824, after public worship, members of the Presbyterian Church were by prayer solemnly constituted into a church, by the name of the Presbyterian Church of Paris, John Bovell, William Means, James Eggleton, Adriel Stout, Amzi Thompson, Samuel Vance, Christian Bovell, Nancy Thompson, Barbara Alexander, Elizabeth Blackburn, Hannah Baird and Vary Vance. Samuel Vance, John Bovell and William Means were elected Ruling Elders.

In 1835 the Presbyterians erected a church on East Washington street, on a lot given to them by Samuel Vance. This was the first church erected in the county. This building was used until 1855. That year the Presbyterians built a new church on North Central avenue. The Methodists built a church the same year on North Main street. These churches were the chief attraction in Paris for many years.

In 1826 the New Providence Presbyterian Church was established in Elbridge Township, in the Ray and Ewing settlement. Religious services were held there with more regularity during the next few years than in Paris. The

church building was of logs and stood where the New Providence Cemetery now is, on a very handsome site in the midst of a grove of large beech and sugar trees.

In 1831 the settlers in Richwoods formed an organization to be known as Concord Baptist Church. The names Redmon, Bennett, Frazier, Kester, Johnson and Black were some of the pioneers of Kansas Township who believed church principles the right basis for community life. They met in homes for some months, and built a log church in 1832. The first pastor was Rev. Newport, who served for twelve years.

The church at Grandview has an interesting history. A foresighted pioneer, named John Tate, gathered a party in Augusta County, Virginia, and led them to Illinois, where they arrived in September, 1837. They came in wagons and by families.

In this spot on the grand prairie they settled, giving it the name of Grandview. The thoughtfulness of these emigrants and their high valuation of religion and education appear when it is known they brought with them a minister and school teacher, the Rev. John A. Steele, also a doctor, a brother of the clergyman.

Divine services were held in the simple Presbyterian fashion in their houses and the church duly organized on the 27th of July, 1838.

In 1837, under Rev. John A. Steele, a Presbyterian Church was organized at Hitesville. Capt. James Hite donated the site and helped generously with the building. Since 1831 a Sunday School had been conducted in the Hite home. He brought the literature from Kentucky.

The Old School Baptist Church was organized at Paris by Rev. Daniel Parker in 1824. For ten years the meetings were held in the court house.

The Baptist Church at Bloomfield was built when Bloomfield was a thriving town in the 40's and the stores equaled those of Paris. Bloomfield at this time was an important point on the highway laid out in 1823 from Vincennes to Chicago.

The Sunday Schools of Edgar County were begun at an early date. In 1832 Adriel Stout organized a Sunday School in the court house at Paris. Mr. Stout was a Presbyterian, but he invited all who would to attend his Sunday School. From that time as churches were organized, Sunday Schools were instituted. In the country they were generally opened in May and closed in October, bad roads hindering the attendance during the Winter months. During the Summer basket meetings were held in groves or school houses, ministers preaching in the morning and afternoon. These hardy pioneers were the people who brought civilization to Edgar County and the Illinois country.

"Then let us sing of the pioneer,
The hero hardy and strong,
Who "blazed the way" for better days,
When the road was dark and long;
They were heralds of a better time,
These men who went before,
For they wrought for coming ages,
In the brave days of yore;
Though hands were hard and calloused,
And cheeks were brown with tan,
They knew each drop on the wrinkled brow,
Was the sweat of an honest man.
And thus it is in every cause,
Which lifts aloft the rights of man,
Some one must travel on before,
Some one march in the van;
And every sacred, God born truth
Which to this world hath come,
Hath had its sturdy pioneers
Who bore the torch of faith alone."

Information about North Arm Church received from Mrs. J. T. Musselman. Richwoods Church from Miss Ita Briscoe of Kansas. Diary of Rev. Isaac Reed from paper written by Rev. Ira Allen when pastor of church at Paris, Ill.

Other information taken from History of Edgar County edited by H. Van Sellar.

EDITORIAL

JOURNAL OF
THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
Published Quarterly by the Society at Springfield, Illinois.
JESSIE PALMER WEBER, EDITOR.
Associate Editors:
George W. Smith Andrew Russel H. W. Clendenin
Edward C. Page
Applications for membership in the Society may be sent to the Secretary of the Society, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Springfield, Illinois.
Membership Fee, One Dollar—Paid Annually. Life Membership, $25.00.

VOL. XIV. OCT., 1921-JAN., 1922. NOS. 3-4.

ILLINOIS DAY MEETING OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1921.

The annual Illinois Day meeting of the State Historical Society was held in the Senate Chamber in the State House on Saturday evening, December 3, 1921, at 8:15 o'clock. Mr. E. W. Payne, Mr. John G. Keplinger and Doctor A. R. Crook were members of a committee of arrangements. Doctor Otto L. Schmidt, President of the Society, presided and in his address told of the Society's work and plans. He announced that the day of the meeting was the one hundred and third birthday of the State of Illinois and told of its immense political and material growth during these years of Statehood. Doctor Schmidt paid a tribute to the work of historical and patriotic societies in preserving historic sites in the State and the collection, preservation and in some measure the publication of its historical records. Much has been done but much more remains to be done.

Doctor Schmidt spoke of the duty of the people of Illinois to preserve the important Indian mounds in the State, espe-

cially the groups situated in Madison and St. Clair Counties, chief among which is the Great Cahokia or Monks' Mound. This group has during the past summer and autumn largely under the patronage of the University of Illinois received the attention of Professor Warren K. Moorehead, a noted scientist who with a corps of assistants has been making brief preliminary and by no means exhaustive surveys. Professor Moorehead has had neither the time nor the money to make thorough explorations but from the work accomplished he has no doubt as to the archaeological value of the mounds. The State University will publish Professor Moorehead's preliminary report as one of its Bulletins.

Doctor Schmidt said that one of the speakers of the evening, Dr. H. M. Whelpley of St. Louis, would speak more in detail in regard to the work of Professor Moorehead and the importance of the preservation of the mounds. Dr. Schmidt introduced the first speaker, Mr. F. X. Busch of Chicago, who spoke on the French in Illinois. This subject though often discussed by historians of the Middle West is full of romance and charm. Mr. Busch is a descendant of some of the early French settlers of the State and the story of his own ancestors and their contemporaries has been a favorite and engrossing study with him for many years. Mr. Busch entertained and instructed the Society with the recital of this phase of the State's early history and contributed many new and personal anecdotes of our French pioneers.

The second speaker on the program was Dr. H. M. Whelpley, a noted archaeologist and anthropologist, president of the St. Louis Academy of Sciences, whose subject was the Indian Tribes of Illinois and the Mississippi Valley. Dr. Whelpley's address was illustrated with lantern slides which he has had made from original sources to illustrate his lectures. He gave an interesting talk on Illinois Indians and some of their noted chiefs, as well as interesting anecdotes and legends of them. He gave a particularly fine description of the Great Cahokia Mound which had been mentioned by Doctor Schmidt. After the exercises were over a reception

was held in the Historical Library under the auspices of a committee of ladies of which Mrs. James A. Rose was chairman. The speakers of the evening Mr. Busch and Doctor Whelpley, Mrs. Whelpley, Dr. O. L. Schmidt, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Keplinger and Professor and Mrs. Crook were entertained at dinner before the meeting by Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Payne at their residence.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS STADIUM.

The contract for the University of Illinois Memorial Stadium was awarded September 22, 1921, to Holabird & Roche, Chicago architects. The cost is to be $2,000,000. The Chicago architectural firm has acted in an advisory capacity to the University for several years, and even before the contract award, had submitted a number of attractive designs. The feature of the proposed plan is a three-deck arrangement for the seats, an idea which has never before been tried in American University stadiums. This plan enables the spectator to sit nearer the playing field, and eliminates curved ends. Actual construction work is expected to start early next spring following the nation-wide alumni campaign which it is hoped will net more than $1,500,000.

H. J. Burt of Chicago, general manager of Holabird & Roche, graduated from Illinois in 1896. He will supervise the work.

The campaign to raise the fund for an athletic stadium at the State University produced splendid results last spring, when pledges for approximately $700,000 were obtained from the students. The Autumn opened with what is called a plus-campaign to raise students' pledges to the million dollar level. The Alumni mark is $1,500,000. There are nearly 50,000 graduates and former students of the University, and, with the pace set thus far, it would seem the loyalty of the Illini may be relied upon to meet the call.

The project deserves not only the support of students and almnui, but of the people of the whole State. Athletics,

or, more accurately speaking, physical training, at the University is broadly conceived to produce benefits for all the students. While the University is proud and has a right to be proud, of the victories of its famous football eleven, this does not evershadow the democratic interests of general training and the diversified athletic interests of the student body.

The stadium, therefore, is not an indulgence of pride. It is not a luxury. It is a necessity if there is to be real education in Illinois. It is the University's college of physical well being, which is the basis of mental and moral health. It is Illinois' temple to the sane mind in the sane body.

The Memorial Stadium will be the center of a 100-acre recreation field to be located on the south campus. The total cost of the recreation field, including the stadium structure, will be $2,500,000.

The stadium will extend 1,000 feet north and south, 650 feet east and west, and will provide seats for 75,000 spectators. The seats will be concentrated in the two center stands. There will be a ground floor and two balconies in each stand, a feature distinctly unique in stadium construction. There will be no columns in front of any of the spectators, the balconies being supported by cantilevers from the rear. Each of the two center stands is to be 520 feet long, 160 feet deep and 100 feet high. Within each of these stands there is to be a hall, to be known respectively as the East Memorial Hall and the West Memorial Hall. In these halls are to be placed the Memorial columns and tablets dedicated to the Illini dead. There will be a quarter-mile track and a 220-yard straight away within the stadium in addition to the football field and baseball diamond.

Construction of the center stands will begin during the summer of 1922 and will be completed in about one year.

As already mentioned, seven hundred thousand dollars of the amount needed for the recreation field has already been subscribed by the student body. The remaining funds will no doubt be subscribed by the Alumni.

THE MORTON ARBORETUM.

One of the most interesting of recent public gifts is that of Mr. Joy Morton, who has given 400 acres of his estate west of Chicago and will there establish an arboretum. The Chicago Tribune, which is especially interested in trees and their increase, has published several articles expressing appreciation of Mr. Morton's generous inspiration and it congratulates Chicago and Illinois upon its new educational resource. To any one who has visited Kew Gardens in London, or the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, the news that Illinois is to have a garden of the same nature is good news.

Arboriculture, meaning not only forestation on a large scale by public agencies as in the national domain but the cultivation of trees by private individuals, should be not only a permanent public policy, but a private habit. Mr. Morton's arboretum, which will be a laboratory for studying and developing all varieties of tree life, will be an invaluable resource and educational influence to this end. It is to be farther from a city than Kew or the Arnold Arboretum, but in these days of the automobile and other rapid transit, it will be an interesting objective for touring, for outings, and for trips of serious study. It lies on the projected Pershing road about ten miles west of the new McCormick Zoological garden, another point of great interest, and together they make a valuable addition to Chicago's resources of pleasure and instruction.

With the extension of the forest preserves and the building of good roads, such features of Chicago's expanding environs are most welcome. It is worthy of note that the donor of the new arboretum is the son of the late J. Sterling Morton, who, as Secretary of Agriculture under President Grover Cleveland, was the founder of Arbor day. As a citizen of treeless Nebraska Mr. Morton knew what trees would mean to the prairie mid-continent, and he exerted a beneficent influence in awaking the love of trees in a generation of western young folks, sowing seed now apparent in the ever

increasing realization of the delight and usefulness of woodlands and tree shaded roads.

The arboretum will rival anything of its kind in the world. Mr. Morton, who is President of the Morton Salt Company, has given 400 acres, part of his 2,000 acre farm at Downers Grove, to what will be known as the Morton Arboretum. It will be to the scientific forester and gardener what his laboratory is to the chemist, and to the everyday nature lover a spot where he can see both his own native trees and trees imported from foreign lands.

Until recently Mr. Morton's plans were known only to a few friends, but he has given out a memorandum prepared by O. C. Simons, formerly connected with Lincoln Park, who is in charge of the work.

The memorandum reads in part as follows: "The site of the proposed arboretum lies in Du Page County, ten miles due west of the new Zoological gardens in Riverside. It consists of a wide valley through which runs the east fork of the Du Page river, bounded by hills wooded with splendid specimens of native trees and shrubs.

The Kew gardens in London, the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, the Tervuerns in Brussels, the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, and Shaw's garden in St. Louis, have been carefully studied and their desirable features will be incorporated in the new arboretum.

"I have cherished the plan for a long time," said Mr. Morton. "I shall endow the arboretum so that it always will be able to carry on the work planned for it.

"Work on the project has been going on for some time and already 40,000 evergreens have been transplanted. I expect it to be open to the public inside of two years."

The arboretum will still further associate the name of J. Sterling Morton and his son with the great movement to plant trees in America, to replenish and replant its too nearly exhausted forests and to bring beauty and verdure to the treeless prairies.

A tree is the symbol of peaceful and fruitful life. Lately the beauty and significance of trees as memorials to our patriot dead has become recognized. Mr. Morton's gift is a new and important help, for which Chicago and Illinois will owe him lasting gratitude.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE OBSERVED OCTOBER 2-15, 1921.

The Semi-Centennial of the great Chicago fire of October, 1871, was observed as "a fire prevention—and no accident week." A festival play depicting the history of Chicago was given in Grant Park. The Art Institute assisted in preparing the scene in the play entitled "The Rebirth of Beauty."

The stage setting for this scene was a reproduction of the Court of Honor, the chief beauty of the World's Fair of 1893. A beautiful and statuesque young woman was selected to portray France's Statue of the Republic. Architecture, sculpture and painting were represented in the Procession of the Arts. Edmund S. Campbell, head of the Architectural School, and Elmer Fosberg, head of the Art School of the Art Institute, had general charge of this scene of the play.

At the time of the Great Chicago Fire, October 8-9, 1871, John M. Palmer was Governor of Illinois. He was also Governor of the State at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of 1870, our present Constitution.

Roswell B. Mason was Mayor of the City of Chicago at the time of the great fire.

The Chicago Board of Education has voted to name the new school at Keeler Avenue and Eighteenth Street the Roswell B. Mason School in honor of Mayor Mason and of the semi-centennial of the great fire.

CHICAGO FIRE.

Letter of 1871 Gives a Graphic Picture of the Fire. Thomas M. Hoyne Writes Wife of Conflagration.

A few days after the conflagration Thomas M. Hoyne wrote to his wife, Mrs. Jennie T. Hoyne, who was at that time

visiting her father, Moses B. Maclay in New York. Mr. Hoyne is still living. He is the son of Thomas Hoyne, once elected Mayor of Chicago, and the father of former State's Attorney Maclay Hoyne. The letter was published in the Chicago Tribune of October 6, 1921, and as it gives such a vivid picture of the great fire and the desolation of the following days, it is hereby republished by permission of the Tribune.

Letter, dated Chicago, October 15, 1871.

My dear Jean: This is the first time since the fire that I have really felt as though I had the time to sit down and write a letter. I received a letter from you and one from your father yesterday. It is a week today since the breaking out of the fire, but it seems a month, for into this terrible week have been condensed the experience and terrors of years. It is such a week as I hope never to pass through again. . . . On last Sunday evening at about 9:30 the fire alarm sounded, and looking from our back window to the southwest we saw that there was a terrible fire raging. The wind was blowing a gale from the southwest and everything being dry as tinder, I knew there would be a large fire, but as we had the river between us and the fire, I retired without feeling any anxiety. About half past 2 I was startled from my sleep by hearing father come in excitedly. I sprang from bed and met him at my door. He said he thought our office was in danger and that if I wished to save anything I had better go down and get it out of the safe at once. I dressed, and father, Jim, Frank and I started on the run.

We took the wheelbarrow to bring away the account books. When we reached Washington street we found it impossible to get through that way, as the Courthouse was already in flames. (Mr. Hoyne details other vain efforts to reach the office, from which the books, he learned later, already had been saved, and tells of their return to their periled home.)

The scene on Wabash Avenue was a terrible one. Men, women, and children thronged the walks and streets dragging

trunks and carrying bundles containing all they had been able to save—all pushing south in the hope of finding some place of safety. We reached home and told them they had better pack up. I found we were safe for the present, as two long depots with a wide space between them had checked the fire and turned it to the north. Lizzie and I then went down Wabash Avenue to Van Buren Street, and there watched the progress of the fire. It was on Van Buren Street west of State, and we were in hopes that the strong wind would prevent its coming east, but it did not. It reached State Street and then commenced working up south against the wind. I watched the progress of the fire up State Street, and determined that when it reached the new clubhouse on the corner of State and Harrison it would be time for us to go. It did reach it in about two hours and we commenced to move. All our clothing went first to Mrs. C. O. Stone's, including your big trunks. The silver and valuables followed, and then our library was sent to the Doctor's. Then we picked up such other things as were of most value. But here came upon the field of action a new actor. General Sheridan took command and blew up the clubhouse. Then he blew up two houses on Harrison Street in the rear of the Methodist Church on the corner of Wabash Avenue. This saved the church. Then he blew up two houses in the middle of the brick block on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Congress Street.

This made a break and saved the Michigan Avenue hotel. It was on fire once, but they saved it, and when I saw the wall of Scannon's house fall, I felt that we were safe. Terrace Row went like tinder.

Monday was a fearful day. . . . All day long the crowd poured by our house, dusty, thirsty, hungry and looking the very picture of despair. Where they all went to I cannot imagine. Every one was hurrying along with what he or she could carry and considered most valuable. Poor Mrs. Hobson, the milliner, went by dragging a cart loaded with her all, her daughter following and pushing behind. But this is only what I saw. This was upon the south side. The

north side was ten, yes, a hundred times worse. Here they escaped and left the fire. Then the fire followed and drove them on before it. The rapidity with which the flames traveled cannot be appreciated without hearing the stories of those who went before it. It did not stop to burn one building and take another in order, but it leaped over buildings and sent its fiery messengers ahead, so that men found themselves hemmed in, and while they were watching the flames in front of them they burst out behind them.

Mrs. Horton (wife of the late Judge Oliver H. Horton, a partner of Mr. Hoyne) came over the river about 3 o'clock to see the fire, and when she started home she found she was cut off from the north side entirely. We found her on our steps at 5 o'clock. She rested a little while, took some breakfast, and started for home. She walked over on the Twelfth Street bridge, then north on the west side until she had got beyond the fire and reached home just as Mr. Horton was leaving the house for good. He had packed up such valuables as he could carry and removed them to Lincoln Park upon the island there which you remember perhaps.

Thousands had taken refuge there, but the flames swept through the trees and grass and burned up the goods which had been placed here for safety and forced the people to the water's edge and into the water, where many of them stood holding things before their faces to protect them from the heat.

Mrs. Horton lay upon the ground all night with a wet handkerchief over her face to prevent suffocation from the smoke. They managed to preserve their lives and goods from fire through the night and in the morning got off to the west side. They are now with us. These incidents are but specimens of the common experience of thousands. Many lost their lives. How many, it will be impossible for some time to learn. The papers are filled with advertisements of husbands, wives and children advertising for the lost ones from whom they have been separated. In the midst of all this suffering should we not thank God that he has spared us our lives and a house to live in and consider our losses small

compared with others? We have health, energy, and good spirits, and while we have these we cannot and do not complain. We can work. There is no aristocracy here now. All are reduced to one common fellowship. But our troubles were not over with the great fire. We had no rain, the winds were still high, and no water. The water works were destroyed with the rest, and a spark might set us all off again. We have not, therefore, felt easy, but have every night kept watch on this block, as they have throughout the city.

We have organized a patrol and take turns of three hours apiece and watch the alleys and streets, and yet it would seem this was not enough. The city is full of scoundrels who have poured in on us from every direction for plunder, and they seem bent upon the destruction of what remains of our city.

(Mr. Hoyne describes a battle to save the Hoyne barn, which was found in flames some time after the big fire was over, and which he believed was set by one of the ghouls, several of whom he said had been shot when caught setting fires. He continues:)

I am not of a blood thirsty disposition, but I must say that during the past week I have had a fearful desire to shoot some one, and we all on this block have been anxiously looking for the men every night. And now, my dear Jean, for the future. I thank heaven every day that you are not here. Our business is entirely destroyed for the present. We can collect no money here nor get a cent of what is due us from the bank until they get their vaults open, and then can pay only a small per cent. I have in my pocket a few dollars, but see no prospect of getting any more, so you must depend upon what you have for some time, and if you could spare it, I would even like you to send me a $5 bill. This is reversing the order of things, but the fact is, there is no money here, and we must work along until the banks can get on their feet again. Every bank in town was destroyed (except some small institutions on the west side). We have opened an office in the basement and propose to work and live like poor people, as we are, until we can get up again. I have no fears that we shall not succeed in time, but we have got to be a little careful at present. What

do you think of this, my dear Jean? Can you deny yourself many of the things which you have been accustomed to and live like the rest of us in Chicago?

Love to all at home. I am your affectionate husband,
Tom.

CHARLES G. BLANDEN OF OAK PARK, ILL., WRITES PRIZE SONG AS A MEMORIAL OF CHICAGO'S PROGRESS SINCE THE GREAT FIRE.

Charles G. Blanden of Oak Park, who supervises a big loop office building during the day, and writes poetry evenings, is the winner of the $100 prize offered by the Association of Commerce for the best words for a new Chicago song.

Mr. Blanden is the "Laura Blackburn" of the Tribune's Line o' Type column, and is the author of several books of verse. He waives all rights to the song, which is donated to the city by the Association of Commerce. It was presented in connection with the semi-centennial of the Chicago Fire, Oct. 2-15. Three of the seven verses and the chorus follow:

Behold! she stands
  Besides her inland sea
With outstretched hands
  To welcome you and me.
    Chicago.

    Chorus:
Chicago, Chicago,
  Chicago is my home;
My heart is in Chicago
  Wherever I may roam.

Though she be last
  Great city, east or west,
The die is cast;
  The world shall hail her best.
    Chicago.

Her vision leads,
  Her motto is "I will";
Though great her deeds
  Her dream is greater still.
    Chicago.

1822 CHICAGO, FROM TALES OF AN 1822 CHICAGOAN.

Some Memoirs of the Late Alexander Beaubien.

By John Kelley.

One hundred years ago this month, on January 28, 1822, Pottowatomie Indians, who still made Fort Dearborn their habitat, celebrated the arrival of a male child, who, according to all accounts, was the first-born on the site of Chicago, in whose veins mingled the blood of the white and the red man.

His father, Jean Baptiste Beaubien, was a Frenchman, and his mother, Josette La Framboise, was a half-breed Indian.

Five or six times had the stork visited Fort Dearborn before it brought little Alexander Beaubien, but on all previous visits it had left behind a full-blooded white child. The Indians manifested no interest in these children.

But the Beaubien case was different. Word of the big event was passed from one tepee to another along the banks of the river, and the braves and squaws came trooping over to the Fort wrapped in blankets and wearing their prettiest feathers. They brought presents fashioned from leather and beads for the mother and child.

That night bonfires were kindled on both banks of the river and the Pottowatomies danced as they never danced before, in honor of the first white and red papoose born in Chicago.

Alexander Beaubien, with whom this writer was well acquainted, lived to a good old age. In his latter years it was his custom to give a party on each anniversary of his birth, and it was my privilege to be an invited guest at several of these gatherings.

We would have a bite to eat, something to drink, and then, "Uncle Alec" would play the fiddle and call off the figures of a quadrille. When the guests were tired of dancing, "Uncle Alec" would entertain with stories of early Chicago. I acquired a lot of information, particularly relating to the life of the man who is the subject of this sketch. The story gives an idea of the marvelous growth of Chicago in the century that has passed since Alexander Beaubien was born.

In 1804, the year that the United States built its first fort at Chicago, there was only one white family here, that of John Kinzie. Jean Baptiste Beaubien, father of Alexander, visited Chicago the same year as a trader, but did not remain. Subsequently Beaubien married an Ottawa squaw named Mah-naw-bun-no-quah.

Soon after the Fort Dearborn massacre of 1812 Mr. Beaubien purchased a log house from the widower Charles Lee, who was slain by the Indians. This cabin was a short distance southeast of the ruins of the fort. Close to it was another log house occupied by Francis La Framboise. His wife was the daughter of a Pottowatomie chief.

At the death of his Indian wife in the latter part of 1811 Mr. Beaubien was left with two children. He was tall and good-looking, just the sort an Indian maid would admire. Josette La Framboise, daughter of the French trader mentioned previously, lost her heart to the widower, and they were married by Father Rechere, a missionary priest.

Miss Josette was a nurse in the family of John Kinzie at the time of the massacre, and she accompanied Mrs. Kinzie and her children from Chicago to a place of safety across the lake. Mr. Kinzie had been apprised of the contemplated attack by a friendly Indian.

Fort Dearborn was rebuilt in 1816. At the same time a warehouse or factory, as it was called, for the storage of goods belonging to the government, designed for distribution among the Indians, also was re-established. This warehouse, a two-story structure, was not molested at the time the fort was destroyed. In 1823, when the government abandoned the factory, it became the property of the American Fur Com-

pany, and was later sold to Jean Baptiste Beaubien, who occupied it as a dwelling until 1839.

A few weeks after the birth of Alexander Beaubien, Father Stephen Badin, a Roman Catholic priest, visited Fort Dearborn. Father Badin was ordained at Baltimore in 1793, and it was said he was the first Catholic clergyman ordained in the United States. He was sent out as a missionary to the Indians, and he visited the site of Chicago as early as 1796. That was eight years before the first white settler took up his abode here.

Father Badin was hospitably received by Jean Baptiste Beaubien and his wife, both of whom were Catholics. Mass was celebrated the following Sunday at the Beaubien home, and in the afternoon little Alexander was baptized. This was the first ceremony of its kind in Chicago.

Chicago was not much of a place when Alexander Beaubien first opened his eyes. There were only five or six log houses here besides the fort, which was garrisoned by about thirty soldiers. Michigan Avenue was an Indian trail. Wild animals roamed the woods where now stand fifteen or sixteen story buildings. Probably no other man in the world's history could say with him:

"I saw my birth place grow from a settlement of half a hundred persons to a metropolis of more than two million people."

From copious notes which I made at the birthday parties given by my venerable friend, I have transcribed those incidents which "Uncle Alec" regarded as the most interesting of his early life. The matter is arranged chronologically.

"My earliest recollections of Fort Dearborn are of the soldiers stationed here, and of my playmates who were Indian boys. When I was about seven years old, I began going to school. My brother Charles, who was several years older than me, was the teacher. He taught only one term.

"The next year I went to a school which was taught by Stephen Forbes. That was in 1830. Both of these schools were of a private character, and the few pupils who attended

were kept at their studies only two hours a day. In 1832 Mr. Forbes was elected the first sheriff of Cook County.

"My grandmother La Framboise, a full-blooded Ottawa, was taught to read and write English by her husband. She in turn taught her own children. Consequently she was the first school teacher here.

"What may be called the first regular school in Chicago was opened in 1832 by John Watkins on the north side of the river. Two of my brothers and I attended. We had to cross the river in a canoe. There were several families of Indians still living near the fort, and Billy Caldwell, a half-breed who was known as Chief Sauganash, offered to buy books and clothing for all the Indian children if they would dress like Americans, but they turned it down.

"During the winter of 1830-31 a debating society used to meet once a week at my father's house, and I took keen delight in listening to the oratory. My father was president of the society.

"The Democrat, a weekly newspaper, and the first one established in Chicago, was brought out in the latter part of 1833. John Calhoun was the editor. He came here with a printing outfit from York state. My father and my uncle, Mark Beaubien, who kept the Sauganash tavern at Market and Lake streets, were among the first subscribers.

"On the day of publication my father would send me to the printing office for his paper. It was at the southwest corner of South Water and Clark streets. I also would get Uncle Mark's paper and two or three others which I delivered. That probably gives me the distinction of being the first newsboy in Chicago.

"In the Fall of 1832 George W. Dole slaughtered the first lot of cattle and hogs ever packed in Chicago. His slaughter house was at the southeast corner of Dearborn and Lake streets. This was the beginning of the packing industry in Chicago.

"The arrival in Chicago of a piano in 1834 also made it a memorable year. It was the first piano brought here, and my father was the purchaser. He bought it at Detroit, and

had it shipped here by boat. My sisters, who had been taught to play in a convent school in Detroit, were the envy of all the girls in town.

"The first draw bridge across the Chicago river was built in 1834. It was located at 'Old Point', now known as Dearborn street. Everybody in town turned out to see the new bridge the day it was completed. Two or three years before this bridge was built the first ferry across the Chicago river was established by my Uncle Mark. He was ferryman and tavern keeper at the same time.

"Another matter of importance took place in 1835. In that year my father purchased sixty-six acres of land which now is the retail district of Chicago at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. The conveyance was made to him by the government land agent. Later the transfer of the tract was contested and the United States Supreme Court decided against him. The citizens held an indignation meeting and a protest signed by all the early settlers was sent to Washington, but to no avail. That land today, which rightfully belongs to the Beaubien heirs, is worth hundreds of millions.

"The first bank in Chicago was established in 1835. It was called the Illinois State Bank and was located at Lake and South Water streets. William H. Brown was cashier. I knew him well. A couple of years after he came here he built a residence at Pine and Illinois streets that cost ten thousand dollars. At that time it was the grandest house in Chicago, and we used to speak of it as the mansion.

"The most notable event of 1836 was the erection of what was called the Saloon building at the southeast corner of Lake and Clark streets. It was a three-story structure and finished in the best materials. The citizens made more fuss over that building than they do now over a skyscraper. Contrary to popular belief, there was no saloon in the building. The French word 'salon' was the real name of the building, but it was easier for the citizens to call it 'saloon'.

"The year 1837 will always be a memorable one in Chicago history. That was the year we became a city, with a population of about 4,000. The boundaries of the town were

extended from Halsted street to Wood on the west side, from Ohio street to North avenue on the north side, and from Harrison street to Twenty-second on the south side. The lake was of course the eastern boundary.

"The first election under a city charter was held in May. William B. Ogden and John H. Kinzie were the opposing candidates for Mayor. About 700 votes were cast. Every voter was compelled to write his own name on the ballot for the man he voted. Mr. Ogden was elected.

"The first city hall or council chamber was in an upper room in the Saloon building.

"In 1839 my father moved to his farm at Hardscrabble. It was in the vicinity of Throop street and the river. From there he moved to Naperville, where he died in 1863. He was in his eighty-fourth year."

Mr. Beaubien joined the police force in 1863, but resigned five years later to engage in private detective work. He returned to the police department in 1882 and was retired on a pension in 1903. He died March 25, 1907.

Beaubien court, a short, narrow street, east of Michigan avenue and extending from Randolph to East South Water street, was named in honor of Alexander Beaubien, by the city council a few years before his death. The site marks the vicinity where he spent his boyhood.

—Reprinted by permission from the Chicago Tribune, of Jan. 8, 1922.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS MEMORIAL.

To honor the memory of four members who died in the great war, Delta Tau Delta fraternity, the oldest Greek letter organization at the University of Illinois, has commissioned Lorado Taft to make a memorial relief for the Chapter House in Champaign. The relief commemorates Thomas Goodfellow, 1920, of Peoria, killed in action at Chauteau Thierry; Philip Overton Smith, 1917, of Danville. Ill., died at Minneapolis; Ralph Egley Gifford, 1917, of Onarga, Ill., died at Camp Colt, Pa.; Everett L. Harshbarger, 1917, of Ladoga,

Ind., died at Great Lakes Naval Station. Lieutenant Goodfellow, the full length figure in the relief, was a freshman and a football player.

LEGION HONORS HEROES WHO DIED MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO.

The one hundred and tenth anniversary of the Fort Dearborn massacre in the War of 1812, was celebrated with ceremonies under the auspices of the American Legion in Chicago, Monday, August 15, 1921. Col. John V. Clinnin placed a wreath on the monument at Eighteenth street and the Lake front, which marks the graves of the Americans who fell in the engagement. The monument was the gift of Mr. George M. Pullman. William Prentice read an extract from the diary of William Prentice, who was on the staff of General Harrison during the war.

The document, which has never been printed, was loaned for the occasion by the Chicago Historical Society. It was recently presented to the Society by the Prentice family. A report of the battle written by Lieut. William Francis at the time, was read by his grandson, William Francis, Jr.

A salute was fired over the graves of the soldiers by a detail of overseas veterans, from the 2d regiment. This will probably mark the last celebration of the event, as the monument is soon to be removed on account of excavations for track space by the Illinois Central Railroad.

MORTON GROVE'S TRIBUTE TO HER FORTY-TWO WAR HEROES.

The figure of a dough-boy standing upon a pedestal was unveiled at Morton Grove, Cook County, Illinois, on July 31, 1921. The monument was the gift of the Women's War Working Circle of Morton Grove. Miss Virginia Poehlmann, daughter of the president of the village board, unveiled the statue. Coroner Hoffman and August Poehlmann were among the speakers.

OAK PARK AND RIVER FOREST WAR MEMORIAL.

Oak Park and River Forest's war memorial, to be placed in Scoville Park overlooking Lake street, Oak Park, will emphasize the world's hope that peace is here to stay. The granite and bronze monument, designed by Gilbert P. Riswold, will show Columbia sheathing her sword. Before her stands a sailor, soldier and aviator. Every man, woman and child was expected to contribute toward the memorial's $65,000 fund in the drive which began Saturday, October 15, in the Oak Park village hall.

Frank J. C. Borwell is chairman.

ILLINOISANS JOIN CARUSO $1,000,000 MEMORIAL FUND.

The Caruso American Memorial Foundation seeking $1,000,000 for annual musical scholarships and prizes as a permanent memorial to Enrico Caruso and his art, has announced the names of the men and women who have accepted membership on its National Committee. Illinois members are William Butterworth, Moline, Ill., president of the Deere & Co.; Osbourne McConathy, Evanston, Ill., president Music Teachers' National Association.

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF ARMISTICE DAY.

In the hush of falling snow, all Chicago that was on the streets November 11, 1921, stood with bared head and eyes turned to the east for a full minute in reverence to the moment three years ago in France when four years of carnage ceased.

Street cars, teams, automobiles—all that was in motion—halted. "The voice of the city" for the minute changed from the roar of traffic to the resonant sound of bugles playing "taps" for Americans sleeping in France.

Formal observance of the third Armistice day began throughout Chicago immediately after the clock hands indi-

cated the hour of 11. One of the Gold Star mothers, who had gathered at the Chicago Historical Society, sobbed when whistles heralded the moment of peace. Her son was one of the "unknown dead." Margaret Anglin then arose and recited the lines "To These," written by Vachel Lindsay for the occasion. Her voice sounded high above the blasts of the whistles. "And all shall end in peace," she finished. Then grasping the hilt of a sword worn by George Washington in the French and Indian wars, she flashed the weapon in salute.

Commander Evangeline C. Booth of the Salvation Army led 500 in prayer for the success of the disarmament conference, at the First Methodist Church.

At the United States public health service hospitals, filled with convalescing soldiers, special ceremonies were held. City-wide and stretching through the towns on the north shore, American Legion posts, Boy Scouts, Community Centers, churches and clubs observed the day in a multitude of ways, of which the planting of memorial trees was the most popular.

Speeches, dances and mass meetings enlivened the evening of the anniversary. Consuls and vice-consuls were guests at an elaborate ball at the Morrison Hotel held by the Canadian Club of Chicago. Nations represented were France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, Poland and Cuba. C. C. McCullough, president of the International Rotary Club, was present.

A spectacular series of tableaux showing the boundary line of the United States and Canada, the first Armistice day "over there" and over here; "the allies," and other martial scenes were given, followed by dancing.

More than 1,500 Chicago Elks and their women friends thronged the lodge at 174 West Washington street, where a number of speeches were followed by an informal dancing party. Following the address of welcome by Exalted Ruler William J. Sinek, Gen. Abel Davis, Lieut. Col. Earl Thornton, and Attorney William Chones spoke.

A dance was given by the Lincoln Park Post of the American Legion at the Lincoln Turner Hall, Diversey boulevard and Sheffield avenue. Aldermen of the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards led the grand march of 500.

Before speaking at Elks' lodge, General Davis addressed a mass meeting in the Patten gymnasium in Evanston. He paid tribute to the "unknown hero" buried at Arlington cemetery and expressed the hope that the conference in Washington might spare the world a repetition of the gory four years.

Springfield, Peoria, Bloomington and other Illinois cities held special observances of the day.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN McBARNES GIVE $300,000 FOR WAR MEMORIAL BUILDING, McLEAN COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

After several setbacks John McBarnes and his wife believe they finally have arranged that McLean County shall have a $300,000 War Memorial Building, which will be in charge of the American Legion. Mr. McBarnes offered $150,000 for the building, stipulating the county was to provide a similar sum. But the voters refused to O. K. his proposition. He then asked Illinois Wesleyan University to raise the other $150,000, but was again turned down. Mr. McBarnes persisted, and finally persuaded the supervisors to let him have a $20,000 site for the proposed memorial, which the board had purchased before the voters declined to pass the bond issue. Mr. McBarnes has promised to build the memorial, and the Legion will attempt to raise by popular subscription the remaining $150,000.

WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS, EX-CONGRESSMAN FROM ILLINOIS, DIES AT HIS PITTSFIELD HOME.

William Elza Williams, 64 years of age, former Democratic Congressman from Illinois, died at his home at Pittsfield, Illinois, Tuesday, September 13, 1921.

Mr. Williams was a native of Pike County, Illinois, and was engaged in the practice of law with his brother, A. Clay Williams. He served two terms in Congress as Congressman-at-large from Illinois, and two terms from his home district.

THOMAS PROCTOR, IN WHOSE BED IT IS SAID THAT LINCOLN DIED, NOW A PAUPER.

Thomas Proctor, in whose bed Abraham Lincoln is said to have died, is a pauper in the City Home on Blackwell's Island, the New York Times states. He was formerly a lawyer in New York, but a breakdown of his health about ten years ago caused financial embarrassment which resulted in his being sent to the home in 1915.

Proctor, when 17 years old, was a clerk in the War Department and had a room in the lodging house opposite Ford's Theater, where Lincoln was shot by the assassin, J. Wilkes Booth, is the story told by Proctor and corroborated by his friends. Proctor was returning to his rooms shortly after 10 o'clock that night, he said, just as a number of men crossed the street carrying the unconscious form of Lincoln. Proctor directed the party to his room, where the President was laid on his bed, and died the following morning.

Proctor and Robert T. Lincoln, the latter the President's son, are believed to be the only surviving witnesses of Abraham Lincoln's death.

DEATH OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF LINCOLN'S FUNERAL TRAIN CREW.

William S. Porter, 73 years of age, died at Jacksonville on September 24, 1921, and was buried in Jerseyville, Ill. It was believed in the passing of Mr. Porter, the last member of the Lincoln funeral train crew which bore the body of the martyred President from Washington to Springfield has passed away. Mr. Porter at the time was 17 years of age and was the youngest member of the crew.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN SCHNEIDER CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTY-SIXTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schneider, who are the oldest living residents of Livingston County, celebrated their sixty-sixth wedding anniversary September 3, 1921. John Schneider is 90 years of age, and his wife 87.

At this anniversary were their six living children: C. A. Schneider, E. J. Schneider, Mrs. A. L. Fisher, Mrs. Emma Wierscher, Mrs. W. J. Burgess and Mrs. R. F. Bradford. There are a dozen grandchildren and four great grandchildren. It was at the home of Mrs. R. F. Bradford that the anniversary dinner was given.

The subject of domestic happiness was discussed at the dinner. "To have a successful married life you just form a companionship on a basis of love, faith, and understanding," said John Schneider.

MR. AND MRS. AMOS BARE CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bare of Grayslake, Illinois, celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary at the home of their daughter, Mrs. H. R. Struthers, on August 6, 1921, surrounded by children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Bare are respectively 80 and 76 years of age, were residents of Chicago's west side for more than fifty years, and moved to Grayslake last Fall. Mr. Bare spent nearly all his life in railroad work, and for more than twenty years was a conductor on a passenger train running into Chicago from the West.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. HOTCHKISS CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

George W. Hotchkiss, 90 years old, with gray locks and spry physique, and Mrs. Hotchkiss, two years his junior, cele-

brated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary at their home, 1015 Elmwood Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, on August 14, 1921.

Mr. Hotchkiss has three distinctions. First, he is among the last of the "Forty-niners"; second, he is one of the oldest living lumbermen; third, he is the man who first published a lumber journal. He still writes for publication. Mr. Hotchkiss is secretary emeritus of the Illinois Lumber and Material Dealers Association. When seventeen years old he started around Cape Horn for California. It took 154 days to make the journey. He signed the petition for the admission of California as a state. In 1877 he came to Chicago and has been here ever since, living in Evanston.

The first lumber journal in the country was edited by the old gold miner in Michigan. It was the Lumberman's Gazette.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES G. WINTER CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

The sixtieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Winter of Barrington, Illinois, was celebrated by the entire population of their village at a reception in the Barrington Methodist Episcopal Church, October 2, 1921. Mr. Winter was born in Campton, N. H., November 30, 1835. He came to Chicago in 1854. For several years he was manager of the old Gault House, which stood on the present site of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Station. He was married to Miss Emma Adella Caldwell of Port Gibson, N. Y., in Barrington on October 2, 1861.

For two years after the ceremony, they lived in Chicago, then moved to Barrington and have lived there ever since. Three children, two sons and a daughter, are dead.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS PAYS TRIBUTE TO MRS. JOSEPH E. KENNICOTT ON HER ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

Arlington Heights attended a birthday party on Tuesday evening, August 2, 1921. Every one in the northwest suburb

was there, from Mayor P. G. Morse to little Jimmy Hines, the grocery boy. It wasn't the town's anniversary, either. It was more than that—it was the one hundredth birthday anniversary of "Grandma" Kennicott, known and loved by every member of the community. All day the town made ready for the celebration. The citizens marched in parade to the home of the oldest settler and presented her with one hundred American beauty roses, one for each year of her life. Five generations of her family were present. The festivities were limited to half an hour. Mrs. Kennicott is still active and happy, but it would not do to test her strength too greatly. Mrs. Kennicott was born August 2, 1821, at Lisbon, N. H. Her father, a Methodist circuit rider, started west with his family in 1838. He passed through Chicago, but kept on because Chicago was then mostly swamp land. He settled at Elk Grove, where the first white settlers had arrived four years previous. While her father was preaching at Half Day, the northern point of his circuit, his daughter Mary met Joseph E. Kennicott. They were married a few months later. They lived at Elk Grove until 1856, when they moved to Arlington Heights. Mr. Kennicott died a quarter of a century ago. He was one of several brothers, all pioneer Chicagoans, among them being Dr. John A. Kennicott of the Grove, Dr. Asa Kennicott, William, Hiram and Alonzo Kennicott.

Mrs. Kennicott's memory of her journey to the unsettled West is still clear. "We met many Indians," she says, "but most of them were friendly." We would travel a few days, then rest a day or two. I recall that my sisters and I knitted all during the journey. The first white resident of Elk Grove was Dr. Miner. I remember John Whiting, whose son still lives here; and George Knowles and the Draper and Caleb Lamp families. My father was a circuit rider in the Wheeling district. Through his efforts a Methodist church was established in Elk Grove, and later he formed congregations in Dunton, now Arlington Heights."

Mrs. Kennicott is not critical of the girls of today, of their styles and their habits. She does say, though, that it might be better if they were taught the science of housekeeping.

"I don't know why I live so long," she muses. "It must be because of my faith in God. Moderation in living and faith in God are the only recipes for long life that I know."

PROFESSOR JAMES W. GARNER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS TENDERED THE TAGORE PROFESSORSHIP OF LAW IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA.

The Tagore professorship of law in the University of Calcutta for 1922-23 has been tendered to Prof. James W. Garner of the University of Illinois. Professor Garner has been conducting one of the round table conference groups in connection with the Institute of Politics in session at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., August 13, 1921. He is the first American ever to receive the appointment, which in the past has fallen to distinguished foreign jurists. The offer was received by cable from the Vice Chancellor of the University of Calcutta.

JOURNAL OF THE GREAT WAR BY CHARLES G. DAWES, BRIGADIER GENERAL OF ENGINEERS.

This is an unusual and absorbing book. Here is an American man of affairs—no soldier himself, though sprung of a line of valiant soldiers—who has written with large authority and deep stimulation on what is—superficially—the least spectacular phase of war making, but is intrinsically its most vital, most difficult, and, in the final adjudication on campaigns, its most important problem—the problem of supply and supply movement.

Its unique attribute is that a military monograph on supply and the co-ordination of purchase and movement has been transmitted by the touch of genius into a human document that is genuinely alive.

2 vols. large octavo pp. IX + 344; VI + 283; pictures 71. Houghton Mifflin Co., Pub., Boston, Mass., 1921.

ILLINOIS COMMITTEE ON NEAR EAST RELIEF.

Hon. Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois, has accepted the chairmanship of the Illinois Committee of the Near East Relief according to the announcement made at the State Headquarters.

VILLAGE OF WESTMONT INCORPORATED.

Six months ago there was a vacant 1,200 acre farm two miles west of Hinsdale, Du Page County, Illinois. Recently its 600 residents living in 200 homes incorporated it as the village of Westmont.

CHICAGO WOMAN LAWYER FIRST OF HER SEX TO FILE PATENT SUIT.

A novel question which, it is claimed, involves "a basic principle striking at the heart of industrial development" was brought before the Supreme Court in Washington, January, 1922, by a woman attorney, in a petition filed by Florence King of Chicago, as counsel for the Crown Die and Tool Company. In the memory of the oldest Supreme Court employe, it is the first patent case filed by a woman counsel.

CENTENARIAN OF GALENA, ILLINOIS, DIES.

Dominick Dork, 100 years old, is dead at Galena, Illinois. He boasted that he had never been ill until after he had passed his ninety-fifth birthday.

INDIAN ATTENDS GOOD ROADS SHOW.

White Eagle, a deaf and dumb Indian, attended the good roads show at the Coliseum as a representative of the Custer Battlefield Highway Association. Among many other talents, White Eagle is a poet.

HONORING "DIAMOND JOE."

A tablet has been recently installed at the University of Chicago in the main hall of the Reynolds Club, honoring Joseph Reynolds, the "Diamond Joe" of river steamboat fame.

The Reynolds Club was built at an expense of $80,000 from the $113,123 left the University by Mr. Reynolds to provide a memorial for his son. The remainder provided the establishment of the Joseph Reynolds scholarships.

GIFTS OF BOOKS, LETTERS, PICTURES AND MANUSCRIPTS TO THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND LIBRARY.

Atkinson, Wilmer. Autobiography of Wilmer Atkinson. Published by the Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1920. Gift of the Atkinson Family.

Battey, George M., Jr. 70,000 Miles on a Sub-Marine Destroyer, or the Reid Boat in the World War. With sketches by Sergius J. Becker. . . . 448 p. 12°, Atlanta, 1920. The Webb & Vary Co., Publishers.

Bramwell (Rev.), William. A Sale of Government Land at Springfield, Illinois, 1856. Extract from Mss. Autobiography of Rev. William C. Bramwell, 1859. Copied by Milo Custer, Bloomington, Ill.

Brown, John Park. Fox River Valley and Other Verse. 72 p. 12°, Elgin, Ill. Watch on the Fox and Other Verse. Gift of Brethren Publishing Co., Elgin, Illinois.

Carter, Allan J. The Bolshevist substitute for a judicial system. A brief analysis of the manner in which the extraordinary commissions for combating counter revolution, speculation and sabotage, familiarly known as the "chaika," have come to dominate Soviet Russia. By Allan J. Carter. Gift of Hon. Orrin N. Carter, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago College Club. Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of the Club, 153-155 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Tribune Co., Publishers. Freedom of the Press. Two volumes, 1922. Gift of the Chicago Tribune Co.

Daughters of the American Revolution, Morrison, Illinois. Morrison Chapter Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. Ida Barnum.

Daughters of the American Revolution, Rossville, Illinois. Chief Shaubena Chapter Year Book, 1922. Gift of the Regent, Mrs. Eli Dixson.

Daughters of the American Revolution, Sterling, Illinois. Rock River Chapter, Year Book, 1921-1922. Gift of Mrs. J. M. Bickford, 811 East Third street, Sterling, Ill.

Daughters of the American Revolution, Urbana-Champaign, Illinois. Alliance Chapter Year Books, 1905-1906, 1906-1907, 1907-1908, 1908-1909, 1909-1910, 1910-1911, 1911-1912, 1912-1913, 1914-1915, 1915-1916, 1916-1917, 1917-1918, 1918-1919, 1919-1920, 1920-1921. Gift of Mrs. George W. Busey, Urbana, Illinois.

Fish, Stuyvesant. Unveiling of the Memorial to the Mothers of the Revolution, Oct. 9, 1921. Contains address by Stuyvesant Fish at Continental Village Farm, June 25, 1921. Gift of Stuyvesant Fish.

Garrison, Don. Rhymes of Summertime. Gift of the Author.

Genealogy. Buckingham Colonial Ancestors. Also copy of Descendants of Dan and Philena Buckingham. Printed for private circulation. Chicago, 1920. Gift of George Tracy Buckingham, 105 South LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill.

Genealogy. Church Family. Records of the Church Family from 1700 to 1888. Reprint by Frank J. Wilder. Gift of Frank J. Wilder, 28 Warren Avenue, Somerville, Mass.

Genealogy. Daniel or Daniels Family. By George F. Daniels. Gift of Frank J. Wilder, 28 Warren avenue, Somerville, Mass.

Genealogy. Family Memories, by Mary Ann Hubbard. Gift of Miss Sarah Marsh, 22 Bellevue Place, Chicago, Ill.

Genealogy. Illinois. Some Old Family Records. No. 8. Compiled and printed by Milo Custer, 1104 Low street, Bloomington, Ill. Gift of the compiler.

Genealogy. Illinois. Old Family Records, 2 and 3. Re-compiled, revised and printed by Milo Custer. Rutledge Family Records. Compiled and printed by Milo Custer. Gift of Milo Custer, Bloomington, Illinois.

Genealogy. Sanders Family. Genealogy, ancestors and descendants of John Sanders, Fort Covington, N. Y. Prepared by George Rich, Cleveland, Ohio, 1922. Gift of Mr. George Rich.

Illinois. Clippings and scrap books. Illinois material. Gift of Fred P. Watson, Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

Illinois. Goudy's Illinois Farmer's Almanac and History of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1844. Gift of Mr. Ensley Moore, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Illinois. Hancock County, Illinois. Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois. Edited by Paul Selby, Newton Bateman and J. Seymour Currey. Hancock County, Illinois, History of. Edited by Charles J. Scofield. Two volumes, 8°, Munsell Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill. Gift of Charles J. Scofield, Carthage, Illinois.

Illinois. Medal, 1855. Gift of Frank J. Wilder, 28 Warren Avenue, Somerville, Mass.

Illinois. Oak Park, Illinois. History of Oak Park Told by the Trees. By Dorothy Evans, winner of Watson Prize Essay Contest in Botany, June, 1921. Gift of the George Rogers Clark Chapter, D. A. R., Oak Park, Illinois.

Indiana. The Pageant, Indianapolis Centennial, 1820-1920. Gift of W. O. Bates, Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Jones, George W. The Trials of the Christ. Were they legal? 53 p. 8°, 1922. The Argus Printing House, Robinson, Illinois. Gift of the Author.

Journal of a Lady of Quality. Being the narrative of a journey from Scotland to the West Indies, North Carolina, and Portugal, in the years 1774-1776. Edited by Evangeline Walker Andrews in collaboration with Charles McLean Andrews. Gift of Yale University Press, 1921.

Kahn, Otto H. A Plea for Prosperity. Gift of the American Business Men's Association, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Lincoln, Abraham. Anderson (Col.), W. J. Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. By Colonel W. J. Anderson (Typewritten). Gift of George P. Hambrecht, Wisconsin State Board of Vocational Education, Madison, Wisconsin.

Lincoln, Abraham. Barton (Rev.), William E. Address on Abraham Lincoln. The Grand Army Hall and Memorial Association of Illinois, Sunday, Feb. 12, 1922. Gift of Rev. Wm. E. Barton, Oak Park, Illinois.

Lincoln, Abraham. Huntington Art Gallery, San Gabriel, California. Presentation and Unveiling of the Memorial Tablets, Commemorating the Lincoln and Burns Event, Nov. 19, 1863. Abraham Lincoln, Memorial Meeting, Feb. 3, 1909. Abraham Lincoln, Rev. Alexander H. Leo. Abraham Lincoln, George R. Snowden. Abraham Lincoln, Walter George Smith. Gift of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Gabriel, California.

Lincoln, Abraham. Wisconsin's Part in the Celebration of the Half Century Anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation. Pamphlet. Gift of George P. Hambrecht, Wisconsin State Board of Vocational Education, Madison, Wisconsin.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co. Fifty Years of Glass Making. Gift of the Macbeth-Evans Glass Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

McCordic, Fletcher Ladd. A Tribute to Fletcher Ladd McCordic, First Lieutenant, 88th Aero Squadron, A. E. F., 1891-1919. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Edward McCordic, Winnetka, Illinois.

Maps. Portland Cement Association, Publishers. Map of Illinois showing construction progress on Federal aid and State bond issue roads to date, Dec. 31, 1921. Gift of the Portland Cement Association, 111 West Washington street, Chicago, Illinois.

Medals. Three Christopher Columbus Medals World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1892-93. Gift of Mr. DeWitt Smith, South Second street, Springfield, Illinois.

Memorial to the late Judge John W. Warrington. Gift of the Cincinnati Law Library, Court House, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Minnesota State Historical Society. A History of Minnesota. By William Watts Folwell. In four volumes. Vol. I., 1921. Gift of the Minnesota Historical Society.

Mormons. The Book of Mormon. Published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Salt Lake City, Utah, 1922. Gift of Dr. James E. Talmage.

Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union. Annual Report, 1921. Gift of Mrs. George A. Carpenter, Illinois Vice Regent, 945 North Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

Newspapers. The Irving Gazette, Irving, Ill Vol. I., July 13-Dec. 21, 1872. The Nokomis, Illinois, Gazette. Vol II., Feb. 15, 1873: Vol. IV., Nov. 28, 1874. Presented to the Illinois State Historical Library by the estate of Harry F. White, one-time Editor of the Nokomis, Illinois, Gazette. During Governor Shelby M. Cullom's term of office as Governor of Illinois, Mr. White served under him as Captain of the Governor's Staff. Mrs. Harry F. White, 208 Taylor street, Topeka, Kansas.

New York. Long Island. The Evolution of Long Island. A Story of Land and Sea. By Ralph Henry Gabriel. Gift of the Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., 1921.

Park College, Parkville, Missouri. Nauva, 1922. Park College. Gift of Mrs. George A. Lawrence, Galesburg, Illinois.

Periodicals. Ladies' Repository. Vols. 10, 11, 12, 18, 1850-1852. Published Cincinnati. L. Swormstedt and J. H. Power. The Christian Family Annual. Vol. 3. Edited and printed by Rev. Daniel Newell, New York (no date). Gift of Mrs. Paul Graham, Springfield, Ill.

Pictures. Camp Butler. Reprint from the original photograph. Gift of Mr. A. W. Kessberger, Springfield, Illinois.

Pictures. First Fortification Northwest Territory. Campus Martius. Historic garrison built by an expedition led by Rufus Putnam. Also plat of fortification copied from original drawing.

Pictures (Two). Land Office Ohio Company, Marietta, Ohio. Now owned by the Colonial Dames of Ohio. Also newspaper clippings of Marietta, Ohio. Gift of Miss Mary E. Mason, 629 North Third street, Marietta, Ohio.

Portraits. Oil Portrait James T. B. Stapp. By James W. Berry of Vandalia. Gift of William S. Ennis, 39 Schiller street, Chicago, Illinois.

Rushville, Illinois. First Presbyterian Church. Eightieth Anniversary, 1830-1910.

Sangamon County. Historical material. Compiled by Mrs. Knapp. Gift of Mrs. Chas. E. Knapp, Springfield, Illinois.

Spanish American Institute, Gardena, Cal. Annual Report, 1922. Gift of the Institute.

War of the Rebellion. Truth of War Conspiracy, 1861. Gift of Heo Johnstone, Idylwild, Ga.

NECROLOGY

JESSE A. BALDWIN.

August 9, 1854. December 7, 1921.

(By Henry R. Baldwin.)

Jesse A. Baldwin was born upon a farm in the Township of Greenwood, McHenry County, Illinois. He was one of a large family of children, and he early learned habits of industry which remained with him throughout his life. He studied in the country schools and his education was supplemented by a brief course at the State University of Illinois and by constant home study throughout the remainder of his life. He taught school in country districts, and the last year of his teaching was at Crystal Lake, Illinois. While teaching school, he studied law under Judge Murphy, of Woodstock, Illinois.

He became an Assistant United States Attorney under Mark Bangs, then the District Attorney of the United States in Chicago, and continued in the position of Assistant U. S. Attorney during a part of the later incumbency of Joseph B. Leake as District Attorney. He resigned his position to engage in the general practice of law in the city of Chicago. His earnest application and his natural ability, together with his acquirements, soon placed him in the forefront of his profession in the practice of the law. He was a wise and able counselor and an earnest, aggressive and efficient advocate. He was twice elected to the Circuit Court bench in Cook County, Illinois, where he served as a judge of that court for twelve years. In that position he brought the same industry, energy and ability to bear which he had exhibited while in the practice of the law; and his wide knowledge of the law, together with his general grasp of affairs and his sense of justice and courtesy of manner, enabled him to render effective service to the public.

It is interesting to note that the study of law seemed a characteristic of the children in his father's family. Jesse's eldest brother, Norman Baldwin, was engaged in the practice

of the law when the Civil War broke out. He immediately left his office to volunteer in the armies of the Union, where he gave up his life for his country. His brother, Sebre D. Baldwin, had completed his law studies and was about to be admitted to the bar, while serving as County Superintendent of Schools in McHenry County, Illinois; but his death intervened. His brother, Dr. A. E. Baldwin, while in the practice of his profession in Chicago, studied law and was admitted to the bar in Illinois, although he never practiced law here and is now engaged in the general practice of medicine at Kettle Falls, Washington. His youngest brother, Henry R. Baldwin, was a law partner of the decedent in Chicago for nearly twenty years.

At the time of his death, Judge Baldwin was a resident of Oak Park, Illinois, where he had resided for more than thirty years with his family. Early in his life, he married Fannie M. Benton, and to them were born several children, three of whom and his widow survive him: Theodore W. Baldwin, now a resident of California; Norman L. Baldwin, a captain in the regular army, now stationed in China, and William Storrs Baldwin, now living in Oak Park. Others of his children died in their childhood; also, his grand-daughter, Nancy, died in her childhood and her remains lie in the family burial lot at Greenwood, Illinois, with those of her mother, Louise Baldwin Squire.

Judge Baldwin was interested in all matters which concerned the good of the community in which he lived and of the larger community in which he wrought. He was intimately connected with the educational affairs and institutions at Oak Park, and served for a time as village attorney. He was one of the founders of the Oak Park Trust & Savings Bank, and nearly always—up to the time of his death—he was one of its board of directors; and during all the time, except when he was on the bench, he was its attorney. He was a director of the Central Free Dispensary; was for many years an officer of the Religious Education Association; and was a trustee of the Rush Medical College and a trustee of the University of Chicago for many years before his death.

He was also deeply interested in the work of the Illinois State Historical Society.

Judge Baldwin was a member of the First Baptist Church at Oak Park for many years, and was one of the founders of the Chicago Baptist Social Union. He was also a member of and chairman of the Educational Committee of the Northern Baptist Convention. However, he was not a strong sectarian, but his sympathies extended to all religious beliefs and organizations, and his friendships and his associations included those of all religious beliefs and organizations, as well as many which were not connected with any religious organization. Of him it might well be said:

He was a kind and loving husband;
An affectionate and indulgent father;
A patriotic citizen;
An honest and successful lawyer;
A just Judge; and
A Christian gentleman.

STEPHEN WHITE—1818-1921.

Stephen White, the oldest resident of Montgomery County, Illinois, and one of the last Illinois Veterans of the Mexican War, died at his home, four miles south of Coffeen, at 9 a. m. on Thursday, September 8, 1921, at the age of one hundred and three years, six months and twenty-nine days.

Stephen White was born February 9, 1818, the year in which the State of Illinois was admitted to the Union. He was the son of Ambrose White, who came to Illinois from Kentucky in 1817, and settled in East Fort Township, Montgomery County, on Shoal Creek, near where that stream crosses the line between Montgomery and Bond Counties. There Ambrose White passed the remaining years of his life.

Stephen White's funeral took place from the Mount Moriah Church, four miles south of Coffeen, on Saturday, September 10, 1921, and the remains were buried in Mount Moriah Cemetery.

On August 5, 1921, just a month before the death of Mr. White, the Montgomery County News published an interesting account of the life of this remarkable man, which we reprint as follows:

Uncle Stephen White, who lives in a modest cottage four miles south of Coffeen, in the settlement known as New Boston, or "White Town," as it is sometimes called, is as old as the State of Illinois, having been born February 9, 1818, the year Illinois was admitted to the Union, and he still lives near the spot where he was born. According to Mr. White's statement, he will be 104 years old on the 9th day of next February, if he should live that long.

He is the son of Ambrose White, who came to this county from Kentucky in 1817, and settled on the East Fork of Shoal Creek, near where it crosses the county line between Montgomery and Bond counties. The scenery in that locality is, perhaps, the most picturesque in the county. It is very much broken, but the hills slope gradually to the creek,

and show evidence of being covered with soil that is unusually fertile, for the wheat and oats shocks were thick upon the sloping hillsides and fields of fine corn were in evidence on every hand. There is a wide stretch of bottom land, and along the banks of the creek and crowning some of the hills, there are still virgin forests of considerable extent that make the scene one of unusual loveliness. On one of these hills, overlooking the creek and rich bottom land, lives Stephen White, bowed by his weight of over a hundred years, feeble and almost helpless, yet with a mind as bright and active as it was fifty years ago, and a memory that is marvelous for one of his years.

Mr. White loves to talk of the old pioneer days when he used to hunt deer and wild turkey up and down the creek and over the verdant hills.

In an interesting conversation with the old patriarch, he told of the struggles of his boyhood days, but insists they were the happiest days of his life. In those days every pioneer family tanned their own hides and made their own shoes, and Mr. White never owned or wore a pair of shoes until he was old enough to earn the money to buy them. When he was nine years old he began working for Newton Coffey, the man who afterward sold the twenty acres upon which the original village of Hillsboro was located, to the County Commissioners for $50, to be the site of the county seat of Montgomery County. He worked for Mr. Coffey for $1.50 a month at first, but his wages were gradually raised as he grew older and stronger. He worked for Mr. Coffey six years, and the last year he got a "man's wages," or $10 a month.

He relates the following incident that took place while working for Mr. Coffey: "I must have been ten or eleven years old when, one morning, Mr. Coffey loaded up a wagon load of bacon and, hitching an ox team to the wagon, he started me to Vandalia, about 25 miles away, with it. Mr. Coffey himself made the trip on horseback. Of course the journey with the ox team was very slow and it was very late when I returned. Mr. Coffey got drunk at Vandalia and he

told me to go on home and he would follow later. As I was returning through a piece of timber not far from home, I was attacked by a pack of wolves, which had been attracted by the smell the bacon had left on the wagon. They circled around the team and wagon, snarling and snapping, and they scared me and the oxen half to death. I fought them off with my ox whip and the oxen broke into a run, and when we came in sight of home, the wolves disappeared. Mr. Coffey did not get home until 12 o'clock the next day."

Mr. White says he was chased home twice by panthers, once when he had got big enough to "go sparking." He had been up the creek one night to see his girl and was returning very late on foot, through the timber, when he heard a panther scream not far away and the animal got after him. In telling of this incident, he said: "I was scared stiff, but I started to run toward home, and I don't believe a boy ever ran as fast as I did, before that time or since. A high rail fence, staked and ridered, was between me and the house, but I cleared it like a deer and got into the house just in time, for the panther followed me to the door." Mr. White says he used to see plenty of bear on the creek. They were the little black fellows and not very dangerous.

In 1846 Mr. White enlisted for the Mexican War in Company E, Third Illinois regiment. He went to Mexico and was in two big battles, Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo. In the latter battle he was severely wounded, a bullet striking him in the side. This was on April 18, 1847. He never was in the active service after that, and they wanted to send him home, but he refused to come, saying that he intended to stay with his company until the war ended. He and his company were discharged in June, 1847. Ben Sellers, of Mulberry Grove, was his captain, and his colonel was named Willy, and lived below Greenville.

Mr. White related an incident that occurred while he was in Mexico, which we will allow him to tell in his own language:

"One day my company were drilling when I noticed a cornfield nearby full of roastin' ears. The sight made me

so hungry for a mess of roastin' ears that I slipped out of the ranks when the officers were not looking and sneaked into the corn field and began filling my haversack with the corn. Suddenly five Mexicans appeared on the scene, all carrying what appeared to me to be the biggest and longest swords I ever saw! They advanced on me with their swords drawn, but before they got to me I shot and killed one of them, then rushed upon another and ran my bayonet through him. The other three fled, and it is needless to say that I turned and burned the wind in the direction of my company, but I took a big mess of roastin' ears with me."

Mr. White had seven brothers and sisters, all of whom are dead. He was the fourth child of Ambrose White. He was married to Miss Nancy Ewing, June 27, 1847, soon after he returned from the Mexican War, and ten children were born to them, viz.: William Thomas, who has been dead many years; Mary Jane, also dead; Martha Ann, now the widow of Wm. Brown; Eliza Jane, wife of Joseph Jones; Sarah, the wife of John Jones; Ira J. White, Jacob White, Robert White, who is a Baptist minister and Cynthia Adelaide, who is dead.

His wife died 14 years ago, and 13 years ago, when he was 90 years old, he married again, his wife being Mrs. Catherine Jones, the widow of Alex Jones, who is living with him and caring for him as best she can. Mr. White has had 50 grandchildren, 40 of whom are living. He has 82 great-grandchildren, and six great-great-grandchildren. He is a member of the Christian church and lives up to his religious professions. His membership is at Mt. Moriah Church, located just north of the Bond county line.

Mr. White never wore shoes or a hat until he got able to buy them, and he thinks that both of these articles of clothing are unnecessary. "Fancy," he said, "their feet wouldn't need shoes, or other covering, any more than a goose needs shoes."

As a young man, Mr. White was possessed of unusual strength. He is a tall man, with a large frame, and when he was in his prime there were few men who could cope with

him in feats requiring strength and endurance. While we talked with him, the only centenarian in Montgomery county, and in fact the only one with whom the writer had ever conversed, and as we looked into his eyes over which the rheum of old age had gathered, and as we gazed upon his once stalwart form, now shaken and weakened by the storms of more than a hundred winters, we called to mind the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "The Last Leaf":

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the cryer on his round
Through the town.

" But now he walks the streets
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
They are gone.

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.

No. 1. *A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. *Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. *The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D., 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. *Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield. 1900.

Nos. 6 to 27. *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1920. (Nos. 6 to 22 out of print.)

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8. vo. Springfield, 1903.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. CLVI and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

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